WEEK ENDING MARCH 24, 1928

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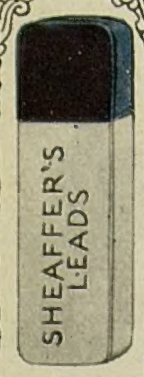

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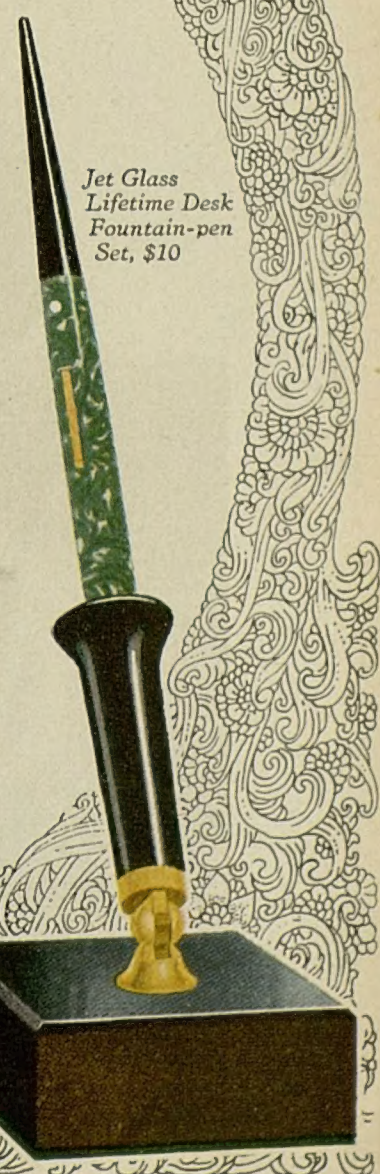

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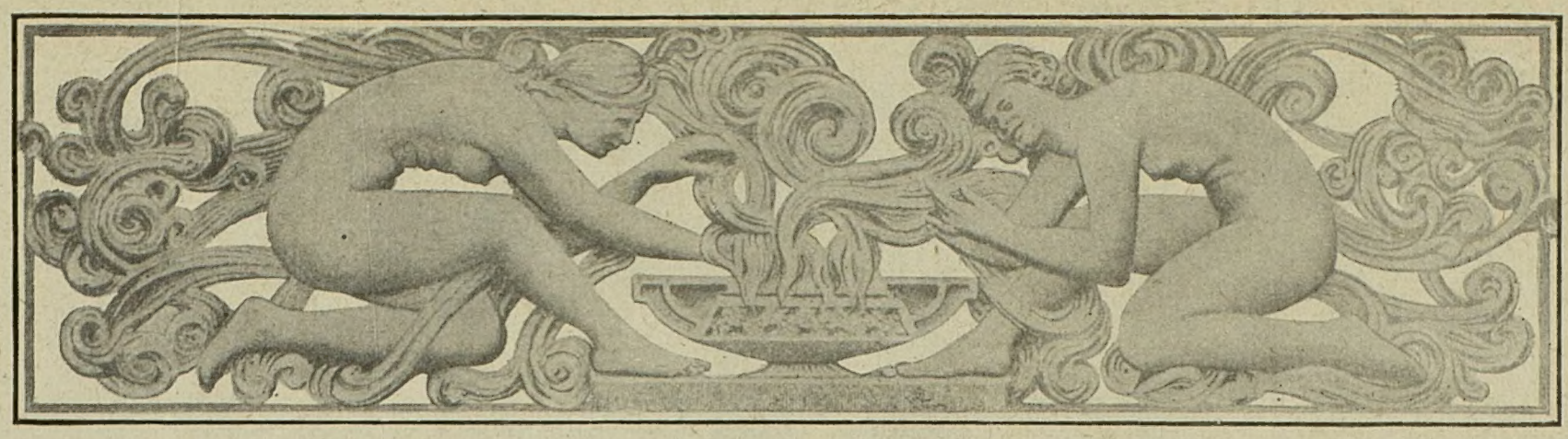

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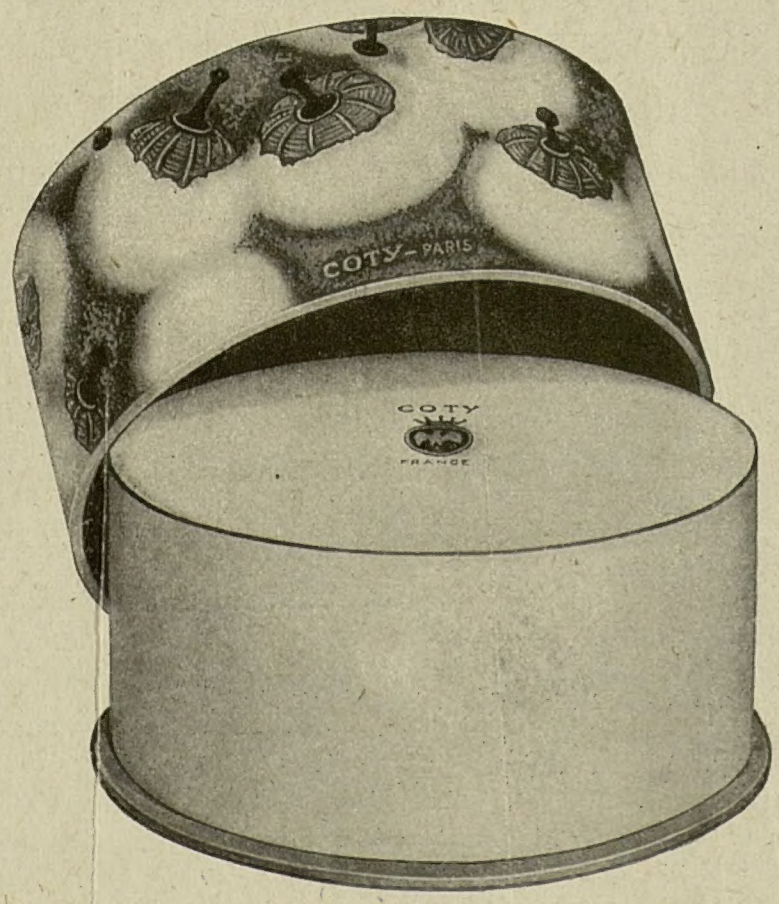

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He sees your face · but we see your back

LOVELY from the front because of the lovely face under it, but what about the back and side views of your hair? For these are the points that reveal the true *texture* and grooming of the hair. And unfortunately, more people actually see us from these angles than see us from the front. Look over the heads on a dance floor or at the theatre if you want to know how important hair is to good looks.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

MARCH 24, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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NO. 12

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

SPRIG HAS CUB

Winter comes to an official end this year on Tuesday, March 20, at 3:45 P. M.

This is the moment, important to astronomers, of the vernal equinox, when the earth is in such a position with reference to the sun, the celestial equator, the ecliptic, and what not, that our day and night, for once, are of equal length. There is another equinox, the autumnal, when summer ends.

If this matter of the equator and ecliptic is not clear, look it up. You may take our word for it, however, that winter ends at the time specified—just as spring will end on June 21 at 11:07 A. M., summer on September 23 at 2:06 A. M., and autumn on December 21 at 9:04 P. M.

With the end of iron-bound winter we greet the buds and the young, the swelling of the sap, and other things of which the poets sing.

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

It is the coming of bears from their hibernation, the waking of the earth, the arrival of a new year.

Of course it has long been obvious that starting the calendar on the first of January is all wrong.

The year ends with the harvest, when the last grain is in, the leaves have fallen, and the earth has gone to sleep. The closing day of the calendar might well be that one on which we turn away from outward things and ask about the chances of having a little steam heat.

We just take January 1 as the beginning of the year because Julius Cæsar fixed it that way and nobody has changed it. Man is a creature of habit, and the chances are that there will never be a motive strong enough to bring about a change from what seems a rather idiotic calendar.

But, however our year is divided and however we make our fiscal arrangements, the fact is that this is the time when we buy new clothes and start afresh with the business of life.

It is the time when feet begin to get restless. Some will be going to Europe. Some will be making their cars ready for tours across the continent. Some will be contemplating no more than the enterprise of eighteen holes every Saturday. But that's life.

Each year as he grows a year older this particular writer hates winter worse. His cooling blood craves warmth.

Each year we think more longingly of California or Florida as a place to spend our sunset days.

Each year we give more time to wondering how the cold months can be successfully blotted from our consciousness.

Many birds and animals do it. They migrate in the fall, the proper end of the year, or they seal themselves up in stumps and go to sleep.

Most of us cannot migrate, and very few of us can seal ourselves in stumps. It is unlikely, on the whole, that the calendar makers will agree to end the year with the fall and begin it with the spring, as is meet and proper.

In short, it appears that nothing can be done about the matter.

But at least we can bid winter good-by and good riddance of bad rubbish. We hereby do so, with pleasure.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

GENERAL MITCHELL, commander of America's aces in the World War, kept an intimate record of everything he saw on the front. LIBERTY has arranged to present this vivid, day-by-day picture of the great struggle, just as the author wrote it, in LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY. It starts next week.

CAPTAIN DEATH, the second of a series by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, takes the reader back to the days when bloodthirsty pirates roamed our lonesome coasts. There's romance, gripping horror, pathos, and humor interwoven in these stories by one of fiction's master writers.

GRACE ROBINSON, in CUTTING SEX OUT OF POLITICS, presents an intimate sketch of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, widow of the late Senator Medill McCormick, which shows strikingly how this pioneer among practical women politicians plays the game which once was considered as man's alone.

A WORLD BY ITSELF is the last of a series in which RUDYARD KIPLING reviews his impressions of Brazil, that land of mystery and romance which for hundreds of years, despite the mingling of races, has preserved the national heritage of its Portuguese settlers.

As a sheik he was the cat's spectacles, and she—she was a three-alarm fire! There's many a laugh in the story of what happened when they got together in EASY STREET—NO PARKING, by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS and GUS TRAVIS.

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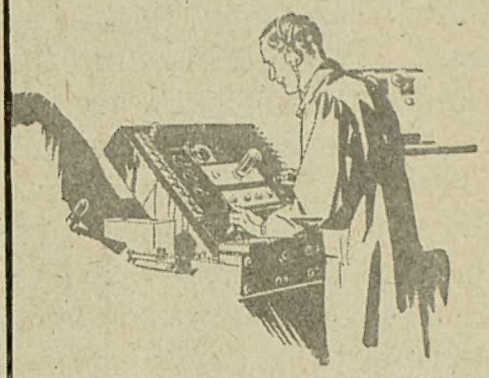

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The Sea-Rogue's MOON

HE raised himself on one elbow and lay looking at me out of his shadow eyes like a damned man.

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

A Tale of the Days When PIRATES *Were Bold—The First of a Series*

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

(Reading time: 28 minutes 15 seconds.)

THROUGH a crack of the pantry door the guest was visible. He sat in a window corner, elbows on table, face crotched between both hands.

Sunset glow faded in till and taproom. Winds went down with the sun.

Through an open casement behind him came the roar of ocean, seeming to grow louder as the world darkened. Aromatic odours of cinnamon, lime juice, malt, of spirits, of brown sugar, hung heavy in taproom and till, tinctured by freshening fragrance of mounting seas.

After a while the young man turned and closed the casement window behind him.

"Boy!" he called.

Now, I chance to be a girl and no boy; nevertheless I answered him.

"Boy," said he, "fetch a light!"

"Two, sir?"

"No; one."

"Very good, my lord—"

"Why do you call me that?" he said in a startled voice.

"Because you look it, sir—"

"Damnation—I'm Jack Ross; and see to it that you remember!"

I went to the till shelf and took a candle in a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SEA-ROGUE'S MOON
Continued from Page Seven]

pewter stick. When I had set it aflame from a kitchen coal, I carried it to the young man in the taproom.

Noticing that his leather jack stood emptied, I laid one hand on it inquiringly.

"Yes," he said; "your New Berne brew again."

"Will you sup, sir?"

"Not yet."

When I returned with the slopping jack, he took it from me, blew the foam till it flew like spindrift all over the table.

"Come here, you freckle-faced pup," said he, "and wet your virgin lips like a true man!"

I thanked him, tasted the brew, and set the jack between his spread arms.

"How old are you?" said he.

"Seventeen, sir."

"Have you ever been at sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"With Tom Cocklyn, eh? Before he turned honest innkeeper?"

"No, sir."

"I think you lie, you little swipe," said he; "you've sailed already On The Account,* and you know it!"

"Would you make of a young boy an old pirate, sir, because he is servant to Tom Cocklyn of Topsail Inlet?"

"Come," said he, "admit that you've sailed in The Red Sea Trade!"

"Shall I take you, then, for a pirate, sir, because you bait here at the Lost Ship?"

"You had better not," said he, glaring at me out of sea-gray eyes.

AFTER a pause: "A long clay," he said, "and some Charles-Town, scented."

I fetched him a new clay pipe and the Chinese jar of tobacco which was scented with vanilla bean and mixed with orange flowers.

"Will you sup, sir?" I asked again.

"That's twice you ask. . . . Yes, I will sup when the gentleman I am to meet arrives."

"You say his name is Captain Death?"

"It's spelled that way, but pronounced Deeth. . . . An old English name, I believe."

"Yes, sir. And when this Captain Death—"

"Deeth, I tell you!"

"Yes, sir. . . . When he of the ominous name arrives I am to show him into the back parlour and come and notify you, my lord."

"And if you call me 'my lord' but once again, I take the flat of my sword to you!"

I retired to the till and, through the wicket, considered him intently where he sat morose. Then, satisfied, I took a lighted candle from the buttery, went into the hallway, and out by the back door to the mews. From the stable, where I had led his hard-run horse an hour ago, I took a lantern faced with green glass. This I lighted; then, covering it with my jerkin flap, I sped with it across the dunes to the edge of the tall pine forest.

There was a dead tree there. Upon a crooked stick I hoisted my lantern and hooked it on a stark limb, where it swung, burning with a clear green light, like a flame o' witch fire above a bog.

When I returned to the Lost Ship Tavern, I crept behind the till, where, seated upon a high stool, I peered, sometimes through the spindles at the young man by the window, sometimes out at the moon, which now was become the Sea-Rogue's Moon, so called; and was full; and drew heavy surf that thundered ceaselessly beyond the inlet.

My meditations were stealthy, dark, and merciless, born of deathless patience. I knew what there was to be done with this young man, but not yet whether I could accomplish it.

I slid off my high stool and went into the kitchen, where Herith sat asleep; and roused him and made him mend the fire against the coming of Captain Death.

We had no other guests at Lost Ship Tavern.

As for Tom Cocklyn, my master and host of this solitary seaside ordinary, he had gone to Edenton in Albemarle, which is the capital of our Proprietary of North Carolina.

He had told me that his business lay with Charles Eden, Esquire, our Governor, concerning the constantly increasing swarm of pirates—of which he said there were more than two thousand cruising now betwixt Cape Breton and Cape Florida.

But Tom Cocklyn usually lied to me, though he did not suspect I knew it; and I wondered where he really had gone, leaving the lonely tavern to me and to Moll Fair the chambermaid, and to our black cook, Herith.

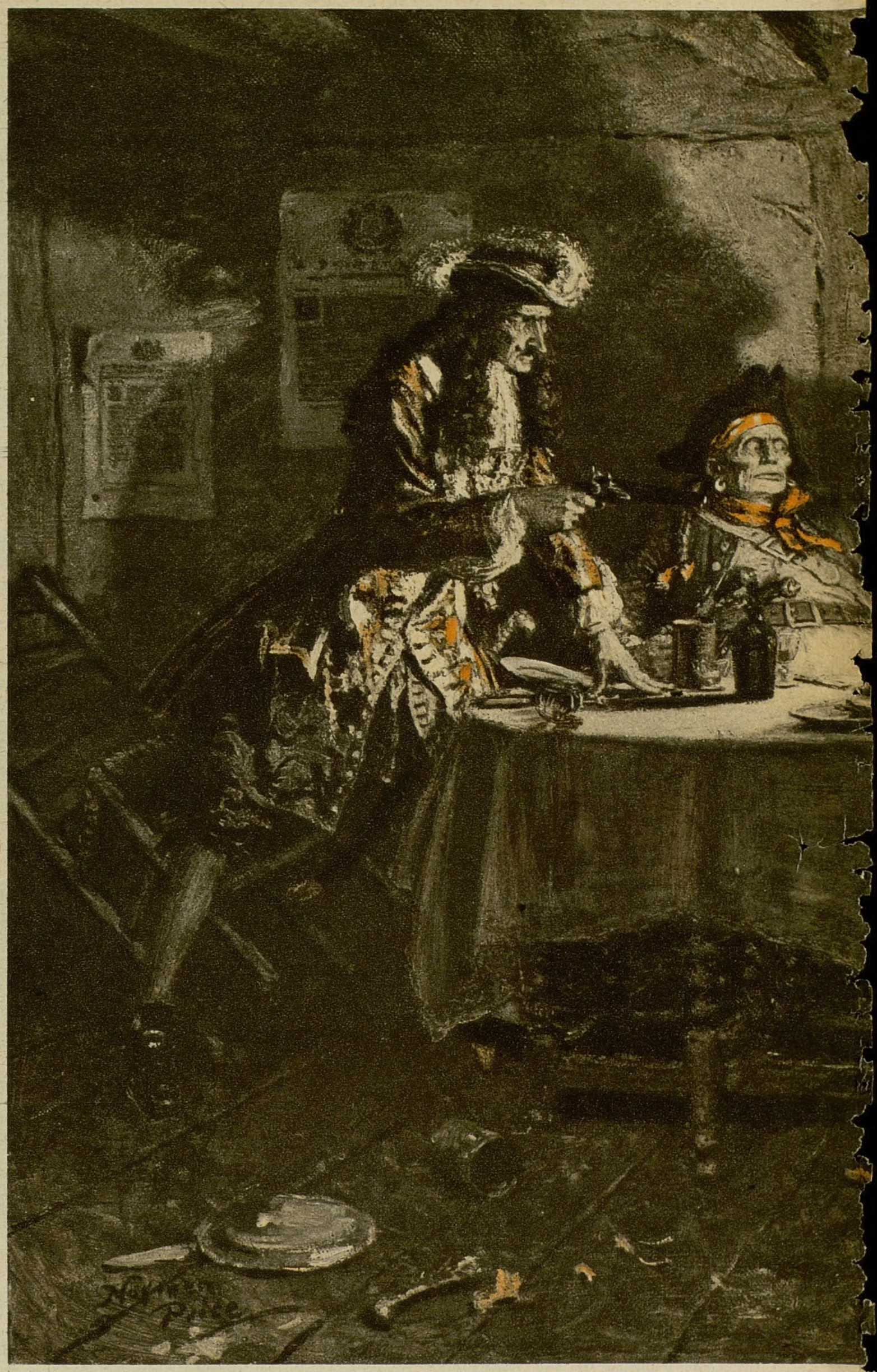
MOLL FAIR came to the kitchen presently—a yawning young slattern.

"Freckles," says she, "does that glum young gentleman bed here this night?"

"I know not," said I.

She went into the pantry and took a peep at him.

*On The Account and The Red Sea Trade were terms for piracy.



STIFF with terror, I stared back at Sprigg; but his calm, pale, murderous eyes were fixed upon Jack Ross, not on me.

" A handsome devil," she whispered, " but a sullen one. . . . You think him a Red Sea Trader or a highwayman out o' Charles-Town, Freckles? "

" Do his business and his good looks concern you? "

She gave my ear a hearty pinch.

" Does not any handsome rascal concern any woman—you freckle-peppered lickpot? . . . Draw me a drop o' malt, then, there's a pretty rogue—"

" Not a bubble," said I, " and only a pint of small beer with your supper crust and cheese—"

SHE took hold of my ear to pinch it again, then flounced off to the kitchen, where, I doubt not, she laid her upon the settle and fell asleep like the very slut she was.

I went into the dark till and looked through the spindles.

The solitary figure in the corner had not stirred. Candlelight cast his distorted shadow on the plaster wall behind him. Through the small, thick windowpanes moonlight splintered into a kind of iridescent web across the darkness.

In another web, of my own weaving, this dozing, unstirring fly was to be caught, perhaps.

As I stood peering in at him who said he had a rendezvous here with a gentleman called Death—and he spoke truer than he knew—he lifted his brooding face and stared around him out of shadow eyes.

" Boy! " he called harshly.

I ran to him. He commanded a noggin of cold pineapple rum, and bade me line the glass with lime peel and lay a small stem of cinnamon in it.

WHEN I fetched his grog he had thrown himself back on his chair, his spurred and muddy boots extended, his laced riding coat flung wide, showing a flapped, flowered silk vest, and blond lace, and a pair of horse pistols.

" Boy! "

" Yes, my lord—"

" You whelp, will you bridle your damned mouth! " he interrupted savagely, catching me by the arm in a grip of steel.

" I'm sorry, sir," I whimpered; but he nearly jerked me off my feet, and I thought he'd crush my arm bones ere he had done with me.

" Damn you for a swipe! " he said. " If you call me ' my lord ' before Captain Death I'll wring your girl's neck for you! "

I snivelled.

" Understand this," he added: " I'll not have Captain Death know—I mean, suspect—that I am other than I seem—I mean, other than I am—which is Jack Ross, come to Carolina out of Virginia. . . . And so into Albemarle, where is the refuge of all mean whites and runaway servants and—ruined men."

He gave me another and fiercer shake.

" That's who I am—Jack Ross, gentleman, ruined by gaming. . . . If you want your curly yellow head knocked off, call me ' my lord ' in his presence! "

I said that I never should have called him " my lord," only that he seemed like one of our great folk.

" For whom, then, do you take me, that you blab and chatter of lords and great folk? " he demanded, with a new and uneasy note in his anger.

In my secret mind I thought to myself that somehow, by accident, I had pricked the truth in him and the explosion revealed it. But I only gaped at him like a gaby.

He looked at me narrowly for a moment or two before his gaze began to soften.

" Come then, my lad," said he, " did I frighten you? "

" Not very greatly, sir."

" Why, that's well. Come, you young rascal, you shall have a pull at my grog. Old Vernon's famous grog. Here's to you, then! "—he drank

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SEA-ROGUE'S MOON
Continued from Page Nine]

—" and now, you to me! " He thrust the glass toward me.

I wet my lips and returned it.

" No stomach, eh? Why, then? You are a tall lad, after all—though slim as a girl. And you have bowels and a heart, have you not? Answer me! "

" I know not what is in my body, sir."

He laughed. " Now, I wonder," said he, " what Tom Cocklyn pays you to rub down horses and draw small beer in this dingy taproom. Eh? "

" Nothing, sir."

" Indentured? "

" Yes, sir."

" To old Tom Cocklyn! How is that, then, you young rogue? "

" Mr. Ross," said I, " my father was captain of the Fancy Nancy, East Indiaman, out of New York for Cadiz. . . . Two years ago. . . . Well, he lost his ship one day. . . . And died of it. So did my mother. . . . What becomes of destitute children? Is this world tender toward them? "

" Hah! " said he. " Why not revenge yourself on the world, then? "

" I have no quarrel with the world, sir."

" Why not? I tell you that all men of spirit, whom the world treats scurvily, should quarrel with that same world and take revenge of her."

" How, sir? "

" As I mean to do! "

He sat up, with an ugly laugh, and laid his hands on the butts of two brass pistols in his belt.

" Tell me," said he, " are you ambitious to become a real man? "

" I do not believe I could become one," said I.

" Nevertheless you shall," said he heartily; " and mend your fortune, as I shall mend mine. Come, you rogue; play the man! What matters a thin and spindle body if the heart be stout? Any lad of spirit can learn to use a lighted linstock, or be taught to swing a hanger or fire a pistol! "

" Mr. Ross," said I fearfully, " have you ever sailed On The Account? "

" Not yet." He gave me a sharp look, caught my arm again, and pulled me into the candlelight. " You young buttery rat, I've told you enough to hang me in any other tavern save the Lost Ship. Do you know what a wagging tongue would cost you? "

" A slit gullet, sir," I whimpered.

AT that his grim look softened, and presently he laughed again.

" Well, boy," said he, " will you sign a man's articles and sail with Death and me? "

" Whose articles, sir? "

" Captain Death's."

" To take all flags, sir? "

" To take all flags and be damned to them! "

" Would Captain Death sign a boy aboard him for The Red Sea Tr—"

The loud clanging of the tavern doorbell cut my words. I turned, sped through till and pantry out to the hallway, and unbarred the tavern door.

Two men stood outside. The pot-bellied one—he of the pasty, caved-in face, pipestem legs, and dreadful bulging belly—waddled into the hallway.

" Is Jack Ross here? " he asked in a hoarse and crummy whisper.

" Be pleased to name yourself, sir," said I.

" Tell him Captain Death is arrived."

" Who else, sir? " I looked at the tall, elegant, dandified man who lounged on the doorstep behind him.

" Francis Farrington Sprigg," said he in an affected voice; and sauntered across the threshold.

I looked hard at him, for his was a cruel name in the Carolinas.

He took snuff then, regarding me with all the disdain and insolence in the world; and, dusting his sharp nose with a laced handkerchief that smelled of a thousand roses, he whispered to the other.

" Dinner for three," said Captain Death in a hollow voice.

I led them to the back parlour; fetched a lighted candle to keep them company; ran to the kitchen; awoke Molly Fair and black Herith; and hastened on to the taproom.

" Mr. Ross," said I, " Captain Death is here—"

" Deeth, damn you! "

"—and with him Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg—"

" Oh. . . . Bring them here and lay a cloth."

The wench shrieked, tore loose, and ran.

He got up and took me by both ears. " If you call me 'my lord' in their presence I'll break every chicken bone in your flimsy body! "

With that he turned me around and gave me a kick which sent me a-spinning.

I returned with Captain Death. Behind him strolled Francis Farrington Sprigg in his silks and laces and high-heeled boots.

There was something dreadful to me about Captain Death, who was like a sick man wasted to the bone; and the ghastly skin on his sunken visage revealed the skull's shape underneath.

But what was more frightful was his great bulbous belly and his hollow voice, seeming to burst out from the bony cavern of his ribs—hoarse, horrible.

" Owls, snakes, and lizards! " he growled. " If there's still rum in the world let me soak me to the bones! And here," said he, " is Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg. A very dainty gentleman. Fetch him a plate o' cream and let him lap it! "

He burst into a jarring laugh; shook hands with Jack Ross; and Francis Farrington Sprigg did the like, looking at the young man down his long, pointed nose.

" Pineapple grog for three, boy," said Mr. Ross; and they all sat down together as I went into the till and became busy with limes, sugar, and cinnamon.

I could not keep my eyes from Captain Death. He was like a swollen spider; and his candle-cast shadow was like one, wavering on the wall—as though he were a-dancing in his web, which fat spiders sometimes do.

When Moll Fair laid the cloth, Captain Death caught her and pulled her to his bony knees; but the wench shrieked, tore loose, and ran, and would not again leave the kitchen, where she sat with a scared look.

A dish of smoking fish, browned capons and rice—that was their dinner; and Captain Death spat out fishbones, and took a whole capon and tore it with his dirty, hooked fingers.

Francis Farrington Sprigg ate like a cat, I swear, and daintily; and I even thought I saw his limber tongue traveling around his glass as though lapping the malt-brew foam.

Jack Ross ate not at all; but he drank enough, one elbow on the table.

" That young lickpot yonder, watching us from the dark till," lisped Francis Farrington Sprigg—" is he to be allowed to listen, Mr. Ross? "

" Freckles! " called Jack Ross. And, when I came to his side: " Do you mean to play the man? Yes or no? "

" Yes, sir—if you do."

" You cleave to me, then? "

" As close as may be, my—my friend and patron."

He shot a terrible glance at me, for I nearly had called him " my lord." Then the look of anger and fear faded in his reckless sea-gray eyes and he clapped me jovially on the shoulder.

" Here," says he to Captain Death, " is a young recruit for you, and we shall make a man of him yet if you sign him."

" And what will Tom Cocklyn say to that," lisped Francis Farrington Sprigg, " if we crimp his young dish-licker out of his kitchen? "

" *Press,* not *crimp,*" protested Jack Ross, laughing. " To press is to persuade—with kind words and gently—"

Francis Farrington Sprigg wiped his prim lips with his napkin and looked around at me. Never had I seen such bland, cruel eyes or so long and sharp a nose.

" Where lies the station ship? " said he to me.

" Inside Cape Fear, sir, and off Old Clarendon."

" Do you ever go aboard Sir George Sayles? "

" Every two weeks, sir."

" With fresh fish, corn, and butchers' meat? "

" Yes, sir."

" In his frigate off of Topsail Inlet? "

" Yes, sir."

" The Sea-Hawk, her name? "

" Yes, sir."

Francis Farrington Sprigg turned to Captain Death.

" How shall we know that this young rogue is not a spy? " he asked in his mincing, affected voice. And there was more cold terror in it for the slight lisp—like the faint hiss of a white-mouthed snake.

CAPTAIN DEATH'S crummy voice was hoarse in my ears now; and he began a-cursing and a-damning, and promising that Tom Cocklyn would strip the skin from my every bone for me if ever I turned false.

" Take him or leave him," broke in Jack Ross, disgusted; " only you say you desire recruits for the Black Bee brigantine—"

" I did not ask for a litter of kittens! " growled Captain Death. " Send him aboard Sprigg, and let them lap milk from the same saucer."

Sprigg's cold eyes turned on me. " Where is the Sea-Hawk's beat? " said he very softly.

" Between Cape Lookout and Cape Fear, sir."

" What signals does he set, off Topsail Inlet, to call Tom Cocklyn? "

" A reefed Jack and a Dutch ensign at the main, by day; three red lamps at the fore besides her riding lights, sir—until answered."

" How does Tom call the Sea-Hawk? "

I lied and said I did not know. Said Sprigg in his lisping voice:

" What is that green light on the wood's edge yonder? "

" Where? "

" Where the pines end on the dunes."

There was a silence; then Sprigg got up out of his chair. Under the flap of his laced coat a heavy pistol sagged. He pulled it free, cocked it, and I thought he meant to blow my brains out.

Stiff with terror, I stared back at him; but his calm, pale, murderous eyes were fixed upon Jack Ross, not on me.

" Have I seen you before? " he lisped.

" Have you? " asked Jack Ross coolly.

" At Port Royal? "

" Possibly."

Sprigg's eyes never left Jack Ross, but he said to Captain Death:

" I told you so. We are come into a trap. This rake is youngest son to Lord Cardross, and a ruined man, who sells us this night to Sir George Sayles! "

" A lie," said Ross in a quiet voice. " I would not betray a guilty mouse that trusted me. . . . As for the rest—yes, I am John Ross. And I am ruined. And seek the sea to mend me."

"I told you so," lisped Sprigg to Captain Death. "Are we to be taken in this trap set for us by this penniless gamester and Tom Cocklyn—"

"Have done a-fiddling with your pistol!" said Mr. Ross contemptuously; but Captain Death shoved away the table and straddled to his feet.

"What do I care what his name may be?" he roared out in his windy voice. "If he means to sign articles with me, let him clap on his hat and come aboard me now!"

At that Mr. Ross turned, took his hat, shoulder belt, and sword from the peg where they hung, and, calmly smoothing out the plume, clapped the laced beaver upon his head.

"I am at your orders, Captain Death," said he gayly. But, even as he spoke, over his shoulder through the window I caught a glimpse of men moving like shadows under the cedar trees by the kitchen garden. And I knew that these three men were already doomed.

"Light us out," said Mr. Ross pleasantly.

THEY followed me along the passageway to the barred door. Death, that was pronounced as it was spelled, awaited them outside. I led them lightly to their end.

By the dark back parlour Sprigg stopped, and, in his cold, fastidious, lisping voice, repeated his distrust of young Ross, of me, of Tom Cocklyn, and of the Lost Ship Tavern.

"All these smell of treachery a thousand leagues," said he, lifting his cocked pistol to fold his arms and rest it across his left wrist. It pointed at Mr. Ross.

"You murderous, milk-lapping leopard," growled Captain Death, "if you meddle with my recruits you'd best look to your rotting ship when I hail you."

Young Ross only laughed at Sprigg, careless of his horse pistol and his pale, small eyes; and we moved on again toward the tavern door.

"Unbar it," growled Captain Death to Francis Farrington Sprigg.

As he spoke, Mr. Ross passed his arm around my body and drew me against him.

"Do you come with me, then, freckle-face?" he began in his careless, bantering way—and suddenly became silent.

The next instant he jerked me around to face him, and saw the hot blush mounting from my throat to the roots of my yellow hair.

For a second our eyes met; then I dropped the candle; and, at the same instant, Captain Death unbarred the door and flung it open, and strode out into the moonlight, followed by Francis Farrington Sprigg.

Before Mr. Ross could stir, I sprang ahead of him, slammed the door, and shot the great bolt of iron clanging through both staples.

"Bang!" went a musket outside, followed by a shattering shot from a horse pistol. "Bang-bang!" went the muskets.

I heard a loud voice crying: "It's Captain Death of the Black Bee!—dead as bloater!"

Another shouted: "Sprigg's up again and running for the woods where the green lamp burns! After him, my bullies! Take him, my hearties! Tallyho! Stole away! Stole away!"

I caught Mr. Ross by the sleeve and dragged him back through the parlour, through pantry and till, and into the taproom.

He was deadly white, but calm.

"You treacherous young wench," said he, "so you've done our business for us, have you?"

"Not yours," I panted.

"What! Do you not mean to sell me to Sir George Sayles—you lying slut?"

"I sell nobody. I punish."

He glared at me in bitter contempt.

"A tavern drab and a taker of blood money," said he. "Ply your trade now, and end it!"

I CAME close and stood before him and spoke in a voice that trembled with passion:

"Say what you will of me, my lord, but I have promised God to help rid this world of the murderous gentry called pirates, who put my young mother to torture and outrage . . . and left her dead; and my father tied alive to a hatch on his own deck . . . and so set his ship afire in midocean . . . and so left them."

He stared at me.

"Nevertheless," said I, "I shall not deliver you up who have not yet signed their articles nor ever sailed On The Account. Follow me, if you please."

As he stirred not a finger, I led him by the hand to the foot of the dark stairs, drew him up after me to the garret above, and so into my little chamber in the loft.

As he stood there, dumb, with shadowy, haggard gaze fixed on me, suddenly such a rage possessed me that I struck at him with clenched hands and gave him so violent a push that he stumbled backward and fell upon my trundle bed.

"You are more fool than knave," I cried in a choking voice, "or you should hang at Charles-Town between high tide and low—so hear me God!"

He raised himself on one elbow and lay looking at me out of his shadow eyes like a damned man.

THE longboat's crew disappeared into the night, lugging a corpse.

"Keep my chamber and stir not," said I, "until the Sea-Hawk's men depart. Then get you back into Virginia where you ought to belong."

He thanked me very quietly. After a brief silence I heard men at the barred door below, and went down and opened. They were the Sea-Hawk's men with their first mate, Mr. Wemyss.

He came in, closed the door, shutting out the crew, and, grinning, whispered to me:

"We shot old Captain Death to death, but Sprigg got away. Were there others, Nan?"

"None."

"My lads thought they saw three in the taproom—"

"I was the third."

"Oh. . . . Well, Sprigg had a longboat and crew inside the raceway. He's gone, damn him."

"God forgive you for letting him go, Mr. Wemyss," said I, trembling all over.

"I know," he said. "He took a Portuguese bark a month since and murdered all. He took a sloop belonging to Barbadoes, a Martinico man, and one, Hawkins, with logwood; and on the 27th a Rhode Island sloop—and he tortured and murdered all. . . . Where is Tom Cocklyn?"

"Gone to Governor Eden in Edenton—he *says*."

"Nancy Topsfield," said the mate very solemnly, "Sir George Sayles bids you watch Tom Cocklyn for your life's sake."

"I have long believed that two masters pay Tom Cocklyn, and that he betrays both," said I wearily. "I am sick of men and their ways, —sick to the bones. . . . Will your men drink a draught before they go?"

But he said he must get back to the Sea-Hawk with no more delay; and added that they were taking Captain Death along to hang him in chains on Execution Dock in Charles-Town.

When he went out, I stood at the open door and watched the longboat's crew from the Sea-Hawk disappear into the night, lugging a corpse which was all bones and a bag o' guts.

After they had gone, I ran out along the dunes to the dead tree where hung my green lantern. With my crooked stick I unhooked it, lowered and extinguished it; and ran back to the Lost Ship.

IN the kitchen was Moll Fair, too scared to speak; but black Herith sat asleep in the chimney seat. He had sailed On The Account in years gone by, and a shot or two from a musket was of scant interest to him.

"A sailors' quarrel," said I to Moll; "get you to bed."

She went, all a-shiver, and I at her heels, and shut her door tight after her. Then I went to my attic chamber, where young Ross was lying.

"Come, sir," said I; "saddle your horse—for I do no more for you than I have done, and pray that I never see your face again!"

He rose and followed me down the stairs, through the door, and out into the moonlit mews.

"Good-bye," he said in a gentle voice.

"God keep you from the gallows, my lord," I replied bluntly.

He stood silent for a moment. Then:

"What is your name, Freckles?" he asked.

"Nancy Topsfield, my lord. And if ever any murdering pirate learns it I shall know he had it from you!"

He gazed upon me in silence. God knows, he was the handsomest young man I ever had beheld, and very beautiful in the moonlight.

Then, still silent, he took off his plumed hat to me and made me a most courtly bow—the first bow ever offered to me by any man.

And so left me there in the swimming lustre of the sea-rogue's moon.

In next week's issue, Nancy lives through the terror and thrill of a lifetime in the space of an hour. Watch for Captain Death.

A Footnote to The Sea-Rogue's Moon

And the Other Stories to Come

THE east coast of North America was infested by pirates when the Colonies were young.

These sea wolves roamed, singly or in packs, along the lanes of trade. They came into harbours and took merchant vessels under the noses of enraged governors and horrified citizens.

Sometimes they landed and laid a port under contribution. Charleston, South Carolina, was served in this fashion by that beguiling sea saunterer Mr. Teach, sometimes known as Black-Beard.

Between the years 1690 and 1720 there were more than 2,000 pirates afloat off our coasts between Maine and Florida.

On New Providence Island, in the Bahamas, and dreadfully convenient to our coast, nearly 2,000 more of this sea gentry loafed about to acknowledge the Royal Proclamation, accept the King's pardon, go to sea again in pretense of honest privateering, turn pirate once more at the first opportunity, and end, often, on Execution Dock.

It was almost as much as a skipper's life was worth to trade along the Atlantic coast. Everywhere some sea-rogue or other lurked to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SEA-ROGUE'S MOON
Continued from Page Eleven]

take incoming or outgoing vessels.

The Royal Navy maintained station ships in the West Indies and along our coasts—a kind of marine police—and in some measure these warships and their tenders checked the ever-increasing piracy threatening total extinction of some of the American Colonies.

This, then, was the situation confronting the seaboard population of America in 1700. New York City had become a stench in the nostrils of England, and was called a pirates' nest.

Virginia named the Albemarle Colony, in Carolina, Rogues Bay.

The coasts of the Carolinas and Virginia were peculiarly adapted to the uses of pirates, where were so many inlets, sounds, bays, creeks—all good lurking places and good refuges if chased by superior forces.

Also, here pirates could careen and clean their vessels.

Now, in regard to the historic characters which appear in The Sea-Rogue's Moon stories, the majority are not imaginary but real, and so are the episodes concerning them. No liberties have been taken with facts, nor has history been consciously violated in these stories.

Upon one or two matters the author has permitted himself to speculate—for example, upon the fate of Mr. Francis Farrington Sprigg, whose terminal history remains a mystery.

Mary Read, the girl pirate, really appears to have been the generous, courageous, and chaste character presented. The duel she fought, and the motive for fighting it, are historically correct.

The character of the other female pirate, Anne Bonny, has been drawn without prejudice. It was said of her that she was not only unable to remain faithful to her latest lover, but that she couldn't even remain so to a whole ship's company. Her cold-blooded remark to John Rackham, known as Calico Jack, a few moments before he was hanged for piracy, is fact, not fiction.

BLACK-BEARD'S real name was Drummond. He was a filthy creature—no crueller, perhaps, than Ned Low and Francis Farrington Sprigg, but morally viler. He called himself Edward Thatch, which often was written Teach.

Tom Cocklyn met his fate as indicated. Poor Stede Bonnet faced his fate less courageously at the end. Why he was not sent to England for trial, as Lieutenant Rhett advised, nobody seems to know. He should have been examined in lunacy.

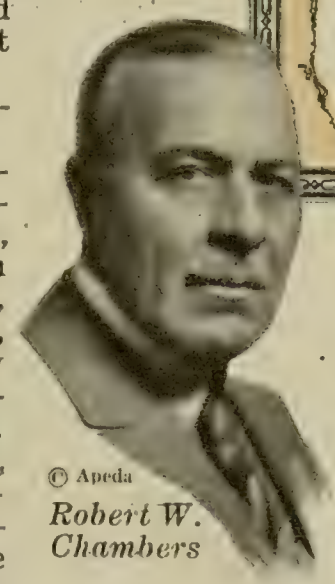
Israel Horneygold was supposed to be brother to the pirate Horneygold who turned pirate chaser.

The young man John Ross who figures largely in these stories, is supposed to be the youngest son of Lord Cardross, who went to Port Royal in 1683.

Nancy Topsfield is a created character.

In regard to the Honourable Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina, opinions differ. He made an excellent Governor, and if, in a moment of weakness, he trafficked unlawfully with pirates, he paid a terrible price for it in the end.

His secretary, Knight, seems to have been on unholy terms with Black-Beard, anyway. And of one thing there is no doubt: the general belief was that both Governor and secretary were in league with pirates; and that is why the merchants and planters of North Carolina sent to Governor Spotswood of Virginia for help against pirates, and did not run to their own Governor Eden.



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Robert W. Chambers

Few people in these days realize how terrible a war was waged in the Carolinas between the infant Colonies and the Tuscarora.

This war was practically at an end at the time the action begins in these stories, and it is merely mentioned.

But until the Tuscarora finally marched northward to join the Five Nations in New York Colony, and change their federated title to that of The Six Nations, there was no safety for the whites in the Carolinas, and little even in Virginia.

Districts more frequented by pirates lay along the coast between Cape Fear and the Virginia Capes.

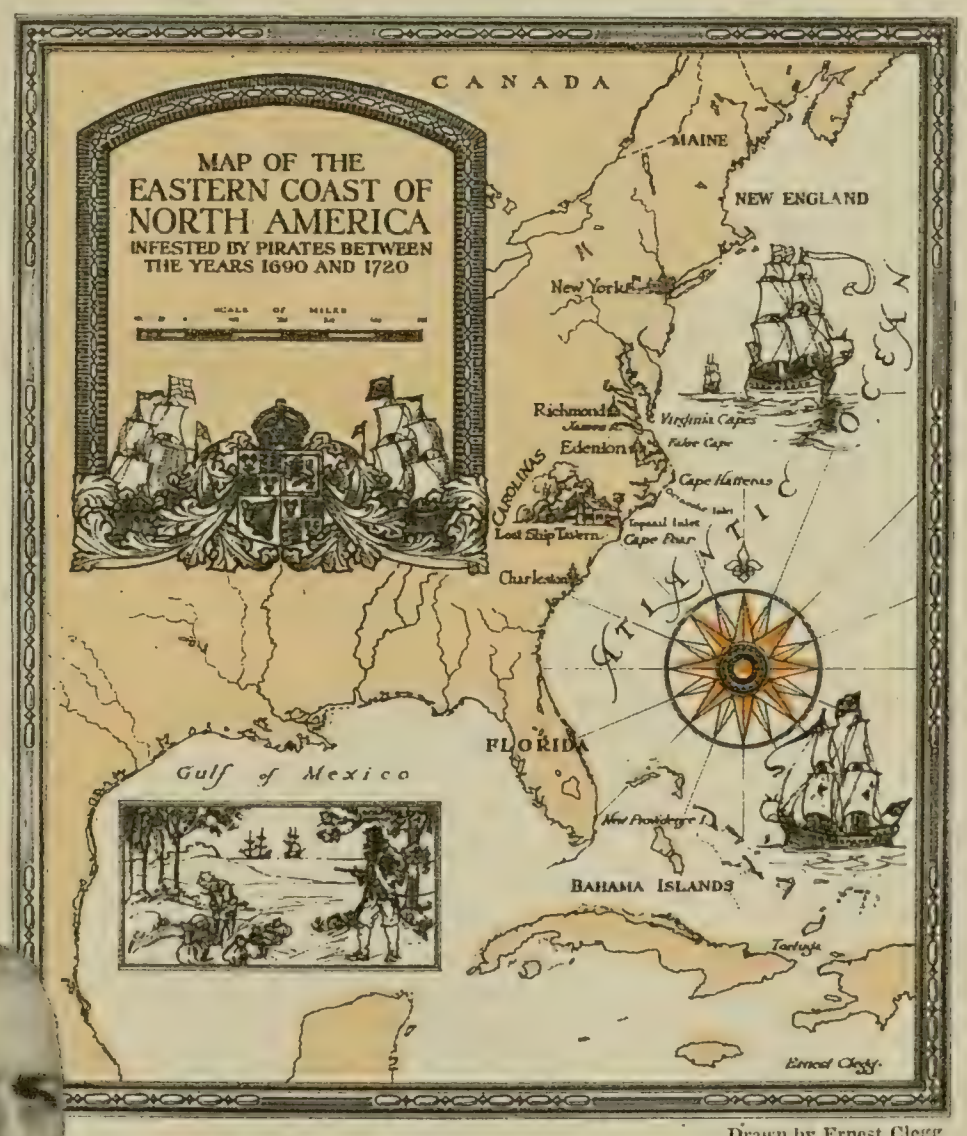
Topsail Inlet, where much of the action in these stories takes place, was a notorious rendezvous for sea-rogues. Here they came to careen, or for water or provisions, or to revel.

Here the talented Mr. Teach played his dirtiest trick on his fellow rogues, and left a couple of dozen of them, later, to suck their thumbs on a maroon shore where, by sheerest luck, poor Stede Bonnet found and rescued them. To little purpose, for the majority were sent to the gallows when Rhett took Stede Bonnet.

Poor Bonnet! His last letters read like letters from a lunatic just awakening to a first glimmer of reason.

But in those days there were few to care, and nobody to inquire, whether a man of wealth, position, consequence, and highest respectability, who, utterly ignorant of the sea, suddenly turned pirate, might not possibly be mentally irresponsible.

Earlier, the world sent a guiltless man (William Kidd) to the gallows for murder and piracy, who never had committed an act of piracy and who had been known for his honesty and domestic virtues—a man of substance, to whom the city of New York had voted a sum of money in recognition of public virtues.



Drawn by Ernest Clegg

A chart of the Atlantic seaboard showing where the action of Mr. Chambers' thrilling series of pirate stories takes place.

SO it is small wonder that later they hanged Stede Bonnet, once major in the British Army, and a gentleman of consideration and attainment, who, however, scarcely knew the stem from the stern of a ship when he purchased a schooner on the spur of a mad moment and ran up the black flag to take all nations.

The life of a foremast man and conditions generally in the merchant service in those days were rather shocking. Temptation to turn pirate, therefore, was the stronger; and it really is a wonder that so many ships' crews remained honest.

Yet, piracy usually began, not in the merchant service, but aboard privateers.

Letters of marque and reprisal were rather vague, and the limits set elastic. It was the easiest thing in the world to stretch such commissions over the borders of piracy, and to begin to take flags representing nations not at war with England and her Colonies.

Of course the Grand Mogul's trade suffered the worst; and whether his Empire was at war or at peace with other nations, the ships of those nations generally considered the Mogul's vessels fair prey.

IT was the roar of rage from the Grand Mogul, after the pirate, James Avery, had taken a ship of his with one of his daughters aboard, that loosed the lightning which destroyed Captain Kidd.

For the Mogul swore that unless England made reparation he would destroy every English, French, and Portuguese factory in India and murder the factors. The frightened East India Company ran to the King of England with piteous cries—and, not knowing that Avery was guilty, found it convenient to charge Captain Kidd with the crime. Something in this manner began one of the darkest tragedies that ever disgraced England and America and England's King and courts of law.

Contrary to general opinion, the captain of a pirate ship was not an autocrat. Elected, he held his post at the pleasure of his officers and crew, and could be deposed for cause.

The cruellest captains held their positions longest.

Teach occasionally shot up a few of his crew for no other reason, he admitted, than that it was a good thing to do to keep them to their duty.

One crew deposed and degraded its captain because he seemed to be afraid to attack a man-of-war more heavily armed than he.

In action, however, when action once was decided upon in general conference aboard a sea rover, the captain reigned supreme.

Articles of agreement signed by the crew aboard a pirate are curious documents to read. The death penalty for infringement is frequently mentioned.

It was due to these articles that Mary Read obtained permission to pick a quarrel with, and fight, her opponent aboard Jack Rackham; and her reason for doing it certainly did her credit. Contemporary portraits of this girl, and of Anne Bonny, crudely bear out personal descriptions left by those who knew them.

The description of that able gentleman Judge Nicholas Trott comes from *Nancy Topsfield* and, therefore, is scarcely reliable.

Governor Johnson of South Carolina was the able executive pictured—as was also, of course, the celebrated Governor Spotswood of Virginia.

It was a strange century in our country, ruthless and picturesque; and who were rogues and who honest folk, ashore or afloat, is often very difficult to decide.

The Lords Proprietary of North Carolina—even through their Palatine and Vice-Palatine—being utterly unable to keep order in the Colony and defend and develop it, were presently kicked out, as is well known.

Governor Eden was the first Governor who amounted to anything in the Colony. The mystery surrounding this man remains really unsolved.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

Picture by HANSON BOOTH

The hope of France—an allegory of the dark early days of 1918, when the Allies pinned their chances for victory upon the coming of America.

Ten Years Ago *This Week*

A Backward Look at the Great German Drive of March, 1918

By FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 22 minutes 35 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Colonel Palmer has been a war correspondent for more than thirty years, and is a veteran of every important war during that time. When the British army would allow only one American correspondent at the British front, he was chosen to represent all the American press associations. Later, as an officer in the American army, he was kept on the move as an observer and in the course of duty saw all our divisions at the front. This article, and others which are to follow in early issues, are the result of a recent revisiting of the European battlefields, undertaken at the request of LIBERTY.]

THE old front line in France! I had known it as a policeman knows his beat. I was going over it again, not in summer weather, when tourists see the battlefields, but in winter, when the soldiers knew the stark, chill vigils of the trenches.

Homes, factories, and towns are rebuilt. Shell craters are leveled in fields sown with wheat. Man, so mighty in destruction, has been mighty in construction.

Miles I rode without seeing a sign of war's devastation. Then a scarred tree trunk was sentinel reminder above a grove of second growth which had risen where a forest had been whittled down by sieges of shell fire.

Again a choppy sea of grass-carpeted meager soil or pasture land where man had done no plowing since the shellplowing. Your foot caught on rusty fragments of barbed wire or kicked up rusty bombs. And the slopes of grazing land in Champagne were still webbed with the faint white, weed-fringed lines of the trenches whose walls of chalk had not fallen in.

Once more in my ears was the roar of artillery that never died for the four years I knew that old trail. Memory set the sky with quivering sausage balloons and dueling airplanes. The earth became raw, bloody in eruption, peopled by the fighters in their gouging, titanic wrestle in which no foul was barred. And I was making a discovery. Memory and time!

"I begin to see it," I was thinking.

In the restored land of peace, in the silence of peace, the wonder of peace in that familiar setting, the vast terrible and confusing detail became clear in its mass effect and purpose. I had, in the fullness of its meaning, the drama from March to November, 1918, when we poured 2,000,000 men into France and our part was the element of world-grilling suspense.

I was not thinking that it was well to tell the story again. It seemed to me that it had never been told. I feel as if I were telling it for the first time, very simply now, I hope, and clearly; telling it for those who were in the fighting, those who were at home pushing from behind and making the sinews of war, and for those who were too young to fight or push and are quite vague as to what happened.

HERE we are in Avesnes, a town in northern France. It seems the best place to begin the story. Avesnes was the headquarters of Hindenburg and Ludendorff of the German High Command in their supreme hour of power and hope. Here they directed the drive of March, '18, and estimated that the price of victory would be a million and a half casualties.

"The men were lost in thought," says Hindenburg, writing of the people of Avesnes; "the women doing the talking and the children singing and playing as if the world were at peace."

Children born since that day now play and sing in Avesnes. The men who were lost in thought will tell you that they saw the endless gray-green, heavy-helmeted columns, and the streams of artillery, and all that made up the hell-maker's train, passing. And the thought in which they were lost ten years ago was that there was slight prospect of resisting all that power—unless America was not too late.

The caviling, broken-hearted, disregarded,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from Page Thirteen

half-demented Ludendorff of today, whom no one salutes in passing in the streets of Berlin, may think back as the victim of the gamble of war to that day in March, ten years ago.

He may see again the hosts that were to do his bidding, when everyone saluted all the way up to him, and he saluted only Hindenburg and His Majesty William II.

That other most conspicuous victim of war's gamble, the futile old Kaiser, going through the empty puppet show of royalty in his exile at Doorn, may also think back. He may imagine himself on his special train at Avesnes, when his army went forth to win or die for faith in him.

If America had been too late, the Kaiser would sit on top of the world, the most powerful and resplendent of figures. Germany would be receiving reparation payments from France and England.

Belgium would be a German province and King Albert a German puppet or exile; the German frontier at Verdun; all Poland German; and Jugoslavia and Alpine Italy would be Austrian.

Yes, all this, unless—after Paris and the Channel coast had been taken in the early drives of '18—America had kept on massing an army to fight it out to the last man and last dollar. Then we should have had to have 4,000,000 men in France. We should not be a rich creditor nation. Our fields of white crosses in France might cover 1,000,000 dead.

An endless stream of German troops pouring through a captured Belgian town.

The scene of Ludendorff's great drives in early '18, which aimed to crush the British and force them into the Channel. Cantigny, where the American First Division went into action, also is shown.

FOR that was the issue forged in Ludendorff's mind. By all the European standards of military judgment, as we look back, his confidence in victory was warranted. Nowhere in the spring of '18 was an Allied soldier on enemy ground. Russia had been licked into revolution and surrender, and Roumania and Serbia overrun. Italy was down from the Alps, at bay on her own soil.

France's man power was exhausted by 1,000,000 dead. She had broken up 100 battalions to close up the gaps made by casualties. The British had 180,000 less infantry at the front than in '17; and 380,000 less recruits had been taken into the British army than the previous year.

In the winter of '16-'17 Germany had shortened her front in the west by falling back to the Hindenburg Line for defense with fewer numbers, in order to spare enough men to crush her enemies on the other fronts. That job finished, she turned to the final job in France for the campaign of '18.

Ludendorff, who was supposed to be the tactical genius behind the figurehead of Hindenburg, was to have his turn in the limelight. This was to be his battle, Hindenburg lending his prestige and wisdom in council to the younger man's plans.

One army; one mind. In December Ludendorff had begun his troop movements east to west. From the start of the war, Germany had had the jump of superior preparation. She still held it. In each stage she had kept the initial advantage by leading in the progress of tactics.

But the German war machine was not against the official corruption and shiftlessness that led Russia's blind mass under her jelly Czar. It was against British and French veterans in the solid line of fortifications from Switzerland to the sea, as Ludendorff well knew.

Every great offensive to break through in France had failed. The infantry wedge of the French, the long bombardment and limited objective of the British, and the terrific mass German drive against Verdun had failed.

Most bitter of failures, the French offensive of the spring of '17. Its ghastly and futile slaughter led to the mutiny of some French units.

It made Joffre's plea to President Wilson upon our entry into the war—for God's sake, send soldiers—the voice of despair. Killing, killing, the campaign of attrition by superior numbers, until one side was worn down, seemed the only way to victory on that stubborn front.

It was not in Ludendorff's mind to wait on that, with America coming and Germany facing starvation. New blood in the west. The ever-victorious Hindenburg - Ludendorff combination in the east would show that Germany was still a step ahead on tactics.

Ludendorff had the interior line. He could mass his army in a shorter time at a given point because his troops had not so far to go. Every fighting man and the last resource must be in the effort. Additional guns and machine guns captured in the east did not make enough. Make more. Work, you old men, women, and children in the factories, pouring out ammunition! An idle hand in Germany is traitorous.

A RUTHLESS weeding of officers at the front; a masterly forging and welding. Winning commanders in other offensives teaching the new tactics. New phrases added to the military vocabulary—"shock battalions" and "infiltration." Picked veterans, proved in courage, skill, and endurance, were put in the shock battalions.

No flying wedges, no limited objectives, no heavy masses this time. Small clusters of men or thin lines in open order, as the situation demanded. Quality instead of quantity—all pinch hitters—were to advance carrying machine guns and trench mortars, an endless wheel of men, fresh units leapfrogging the exhausted.

Nothing that could possibly be foreseen left to chance. The man machine synchronized with metal machine into one gigantic war mechanism. Rehearsals and dress rehearsals, gutturals of stiff command and correction, "Do it again!" Week after week in the winter mud and storms.

Every gun tested with live shell for its range. Infantry in simulated attack moved up behind barrages of live shells. Combat planes guarded against prying enemy scout planes. Heinie developed owl's eyes digging trenches, gun positions, bringing up guns in the night; all hidden to the aviator's eye in the morning, the landscape the same.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

When you want the soup to be a big part of the meal

Some one asked us for our explanation of the remarkable popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup and why its use has increased with such leaps and bounds in the past few years.

Aside from the delicious quality of the soup, there are two important reasons. First, the growing preference for vegetables in the daily diet. Second, the heartiness of Campbell's Vegetable Soup—the fact that this substantial vegetable food can be made the principal dish of many a meal.

Fifteen different vegetables. Beef broth. Cereals. Herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two ingredients in all. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. So convenient!

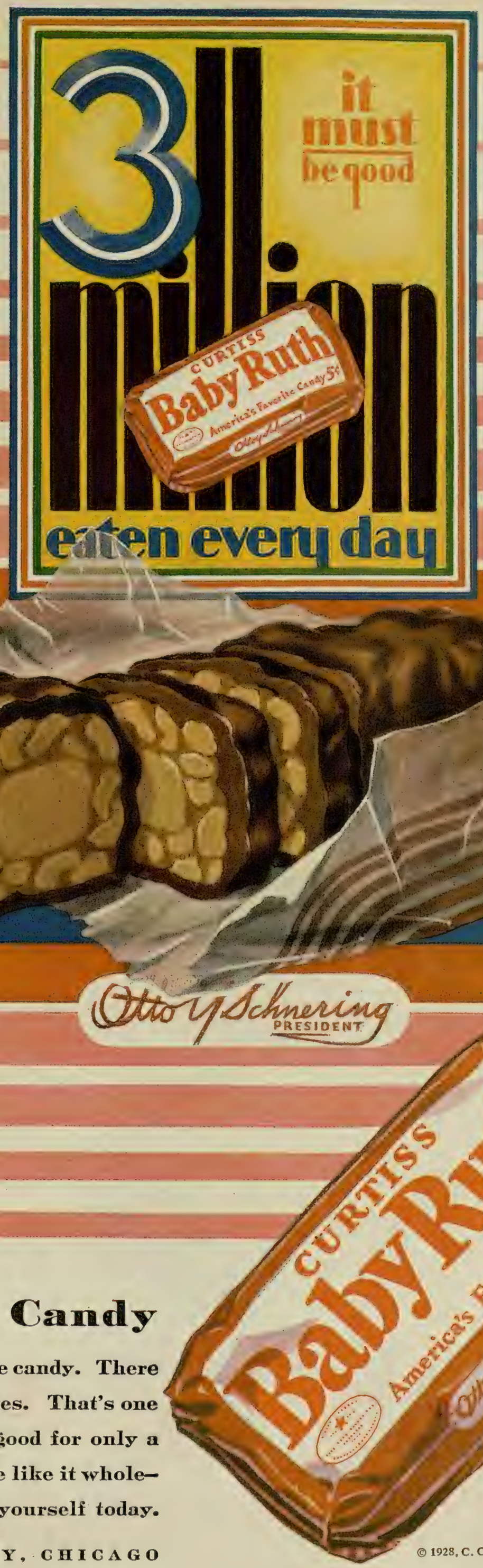
Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label.

12 cents a can

I like my books but Campbell's cooks,
Are "works" that I adore.
Such perfect taste—I always haste
To ask for more and more!

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER



It's All In The Candy

Baby Ruth's goodness is all in the candy. There are no gilt ribbons, no fancy boxes. That's one reason why we can make it so good for only a nickel. Some like it sliced; some like it whole—it's delicious either way. Treat yourself today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO

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CRISP, TOASTED PEANUTS, CLEANED AND CULLED—just the roughage your system needs —WITH HEALTHFUL CHOCOLATE, PURE BUTTER, WHOLE MILK AND EVERYTHING NICE---THAT'S WHAT BABY RUTH IS MADE OF

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Ludendorff could not prevent the enemy knowing that he was massing; but he would prevent him knowing where he was to strike. The British line was strongly held to the north, guarding the precious narrow strip of Channel coast and the sliver of Belgium still in Allied hands. To the south it was weak.

Against this the avalanche would be sent, its point striking the joint with the French, bending back the British army toward the sea. This required no small wedge, or the sides of the wedge would close in in cross fire, as in other offensives.

The attack was to be over a broad front of seventy miles, the broadest of any western offensive.

German industry had brought the field guns close up behind the trenches, their mortars even in front of their trenches. Did the Allies know this? This was a worry in the Headquarters at Avesnes. We shall see.

The time set for the attack was the morning of March 21. But one thing that Ludendorff could not foresee, or the Kaiser command, was the weather. There had been heavy storms and much mist; good for hiding preparations, bad for action.

And all day, on the 19th, the wind had blown from the Allied side. This would drive back into the attackers' faces the cargoes from the gas shells which were to suffocate British soldiers when the fragments of other shells did not tear their flesh.

On the morning of the 20th there was less wind. The weather sharps thought it would die down on the morrow, but there would be much mist. Ludendorff wanted visibility.

Should he postpone the attack? By noon he must decide. Every man and part of the machine was in place. The hounds might lose their hunting edge if held in leash twenty-four hours longer.

He gave the word to go.

A NIGHT broken by a little shell fire like the whispering of cat's-paws of wind before the hurricane of the heaviest bombardment even the Western Front had known. And that began at 5 A. M., preparing the way for the veteran infantry.

What infantry! No Allied soldier will belittle his own courage and fortitude by belittling the German's, which he overcame. Heinie knew the stake. That, too, had been drilled into him.

It was break the rim of steel around his country or it would close in to crush him. Starvation, penury, humiliation, three years' struggle in vain; or wealth and plenty, a place in the sun. In the east he had broken the rim. Only one part still held.

Father Hindenburg had always found a way. He had a new trick up his sleeve.

"You've got him going," whispered the trainer. "Finish him in this round."

One more great blow for the fatherland, one more victory. Then home and peace. And so the shock battalions rose at the signal and drove into the mist that held the world decision.

This from the German side. Now for the Allied side. Now for the question of how that moving wall was to be stopped. One army, one mind, against three armies and several minds—statesmen's minds, generals' minds, public minds.

And German camouflage had succeeded. The Allies did not know just where the main force of the avalanche would strike. Pétain, the French commander, would hold his troops on guard lest it be in Champagne or toward Paris.

Haig, the British commander, had begged Premier Lloyd George to empty England of troops into France, to summon more recruits, to keep his mind off Turkey; for the loss of the Western Front meant the loss of all.

On one thing all were agreed. England and France would never have, of themselves, the strength for another offensive. That trench line had always held. It would hold against the new onslaught. It must be held to secure France as a drill ground for the American army which must turn the scale.

And what about the American reputation for speed? Allied skeptics were asking behind the curtain of censorship. On that day when Ludendorff gave the word to go, America had been almost a year in the war and had had only four divisions in the trenches.

U. S. Official photos

The drawing of the draft (above), with Secretary of War Newton D. Baker opening the capsules. At left, a line of recruits at Camp Zachary Taylor.

The Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth Infantry passing in review in mass formation at Camp Gordon.

NOW we go back to June, '17, when a new General, with a staff of expert officers, arrived in France. He had been in the storming of El Caney, in Cuba; pacified and ruled Moro chieftains in the Philippines; and seen the Russo-Japanese War as a military attaché.

It was clear to the Allied generals who had been commanding millions of men in war for three years that John J. Pershing, who had never commanded 10,000 men in action, had much to learn.

Being a good listener, who was also from Missouri, he was only too glad to be shown. It happened that he was grounded in the military principles that apply to 5,000 or 5,000,000 men, and knew, like Grant and Lee and Foch and Hindenburg, how to stick to them. This requires "big thinking," and "J. J. P." had some very big thinking to do.

After he had been over the front, heard all views, and figured things out, he sent this word to Washington on July 6, '17:

> Plans should contemplate sending over at least a million men by next May.

After this had been digested by those who thought that all we needed to turn the scale was to supply the Allies with money and munitions, he sent another dispatch, which said:

> Plans for the future should be based, especially in reference to the manufacture of artillery, aviation, and other material, on three times this force—i. e., at least 3,000,000 men.

That was still bigger thinking. America is a big country and Washington knew it had a big job.

Pershing's army was to strike in flank toward the Briey iron fields and the German

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Forty men or eight horses"—the First Division moving up to the front in French cattle cars.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Continued from Page 17]

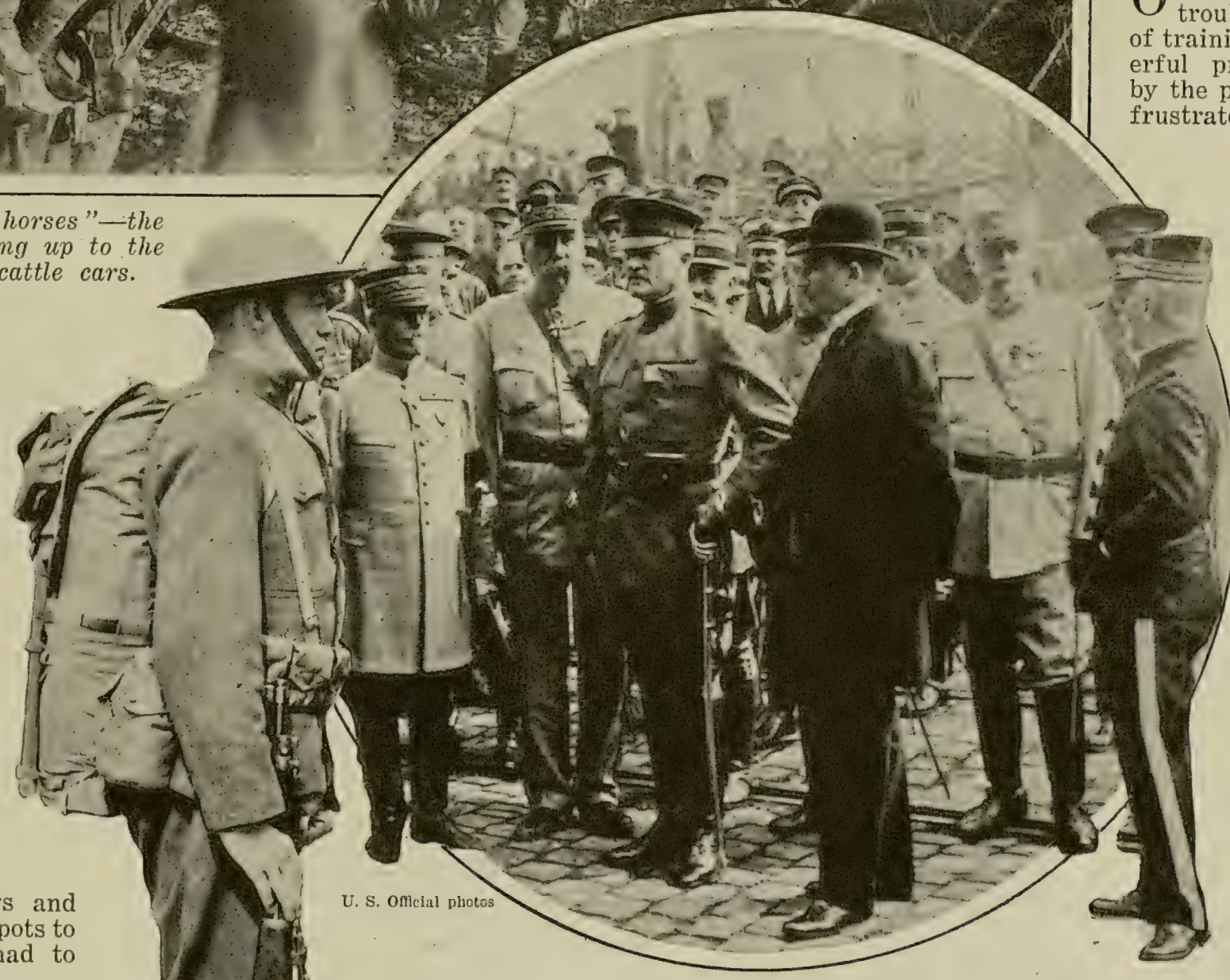
line of communications to Belgium and western France. Lorraine was to be the American sector.

Supplies for it could not come to the ports of northern France. They were congested by the transport of the other armies. So we must use the ports of southern France.

The French required all their rolling stock, so we had to bring our own for that long distance across France, and build everything, from piers and sidings and food and ammunition depots to telephone lines. We had to move America to France.

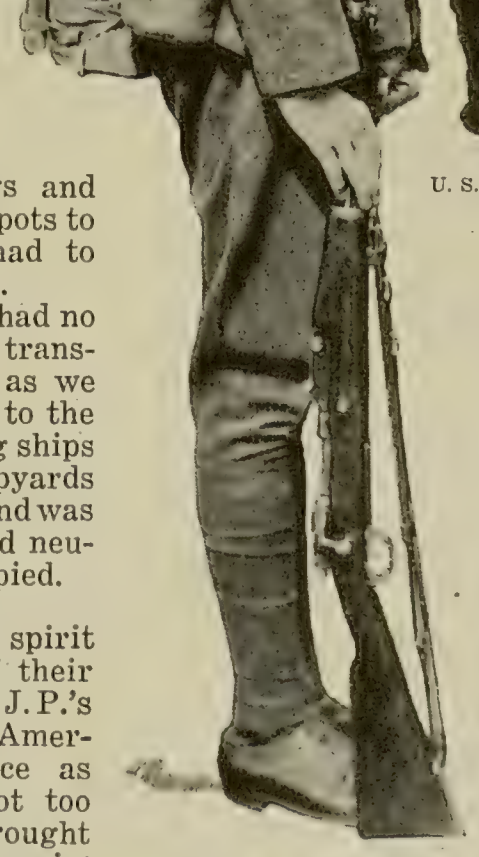
Unprepared America had no merchant marine for sea transport. The submarines, as we shall see when we come to the navy's part, were getting ships faster than Allied shipyards could build them. England was on rations, all Allied and neutral shipping fully occupied.

THE French, low in spirit after the failure of their spring offensive, upon J. J. P.'s arrival wanted to "see" American soldiers in France as proof that we were not too proud to fight. We brought some. A battalion of the pioneer First Division paraded in Paris. The French felt better, but wanted to have the battalion in the trenches right away.



U. S. Official photos

General Pershing being greeted by French commanders upon his arrival at St. Nazaire, France.



A typical American doughboy of 1918.

"I will have them ready first," was the Pershing answer. He would not feed untrained units into the line piecemeal. This was a vital feature of his plan from the start.

"At no time in our history has discipline been so important," he wrote in a general order. "Discipline of the highest order must be maintained at all times."

Discipline to meet German discipline. One army; one mind. That discipline was hard, but it had to be. He would not undertake an offensive until he had a big army which would get the mastery over the enemy at the start and keep it.

Troops kept dribbling into our training ground in cold Lorraine. Drill, drill, drill, you rookies, in the face of rain and sleet! No matter who you were at home, you are a doughboy in the U. S. army now. "Do it again!" the command of new officers as the challenge of citizens being made into soldiers to the "Do it again" of the German veteran officers to their veterans preparing for their great drive.

The men of the First, Second, Twenty-sixth, and Forty-second know what that winter in Lorraine was. Billets over the manure pile in wet uniforms; no fires; not enough equipment; no food luxuries; letters two and three months in arriving—

Ask yourself this, Buddy, as a young Napoleon: "If we cannot supply fifty or sixty thousand men in France, how can we supply a million?"

Had Pershing no heart? But drill, drill, drill, and shiver.

ONLY a part of J. J. P.'s troubles was this business of training and supplies. Powerful pressure, accompanied by the pin pricks of intrigue, frustrated him. As spring drew near, the prospective German blow was stirring fear in Allied councils. I saw a note written by Lloyd George in which he broke out that the war was lost. The only hope was America, and he thought we were too late.

The Allies saw America toying too long on the drill ground. She must be taken firmly, if politely, by the hand and led into battle. Break up our units in France, join them to men hurried from our home training camps and feed them, as recruits, into the ranks of the Allies to replenish their man power.

"I shall make an American army," J. J. P. kept on saying. "If a crisis comes, then we will put our troops in to the last man."

"Too stubborn, this Pershing," said Premier Clemenceau, who struck behind J. J. P.'s back to Washington, hoping to have him relieved by a more tractable commander. And when Washington inquired of J. J. P. about it, his answer was that the question of the infiltration into the Allied armies had better be settled in France, where conditions were better understood.

When home on a special mission in January, '18, I found Allied propaganda for infiltration beating at the doors of Congress and the White House and seeping through many insidious sources. We were not a military nation, it was argued. If we wanted to win the war, we had better turn over our troops to expert command.

I had a chance to see President Wilson on

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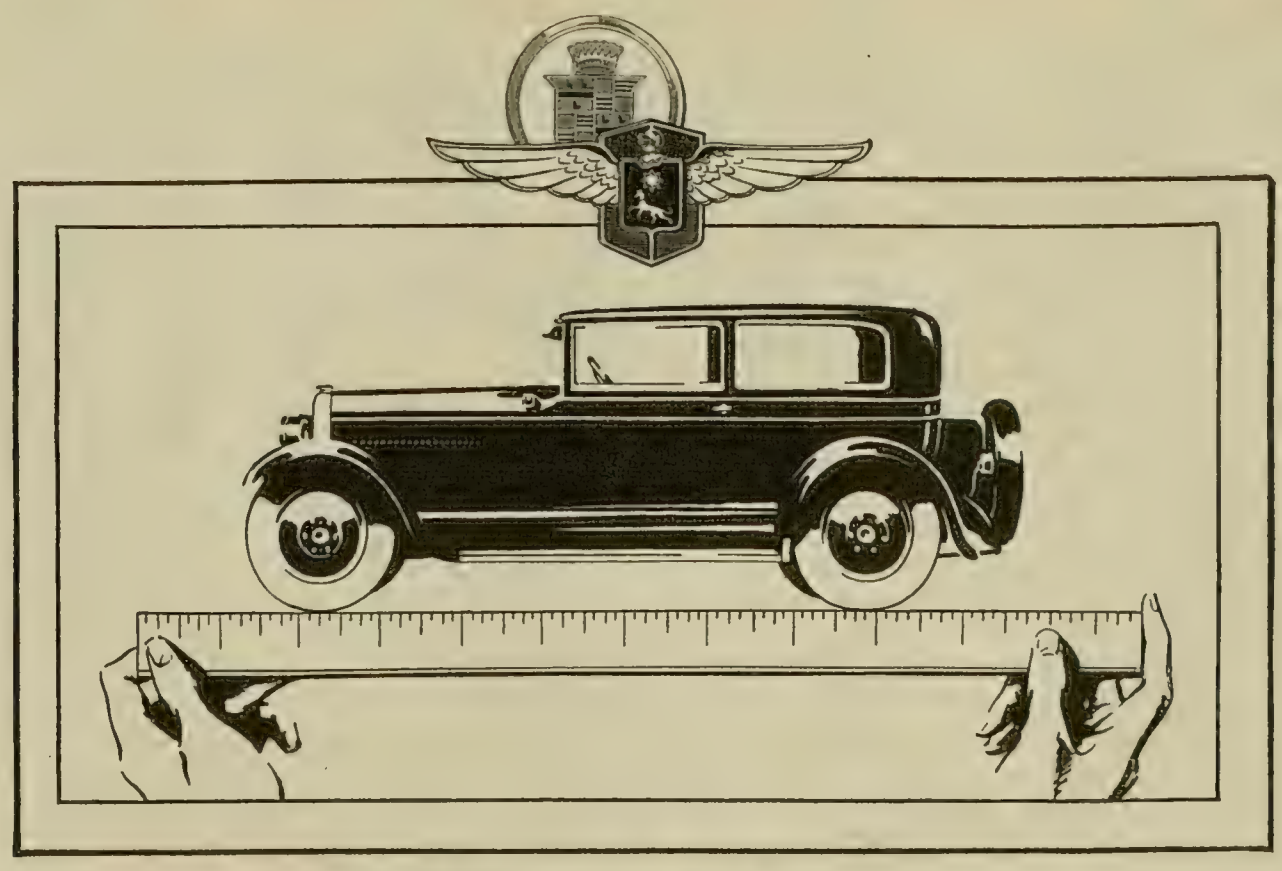

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This simple truth is often ignored in the scramble to buy a used car "bargain."

The Cadillac-La Salle dealer in your city understands fully that he must deserve patronage if he is to succeed. So, in selling his used cars—regardless of their make—he strives always to give satisfaction. He wants you to buy again. He hopes that you will recommend him to your friends.

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Signed.....

Address .....

City.....State.....

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from Page Eighteen

the subject; and, although a mere major, I spoke out of three years' first-hand experience with the Allies in war. If Allied armies could not co-operate, how could mixed battalions co-operate? National human nature was stronger than world causes under war's strain.

When the President replied, "We will make an American army, but in a crisis give our last man," it was the best news I had heard in the war. At least we were going to avoid the one sure way to lose it.

In early March, '18, when Secretary Baker came to France to see for himself, proximity further confirmed his support of J. J. P.'s view. I was assigned as one of the officers to accompany him. He saw the trenches; also the ports and the lines of communication where the chaos of effort was beginning to take form as part of the plan for 3,000,000 men.

Then, on the famous morning of the 21st, we came to the headquarters of Pétain, the French Commander in Chief. Official greetings were to the tune of the Niagara roar of German shell fire in the distance. Little news out of the mist. The Germans were advancing. Probably they would make a gain. Offensives always did on the first day. The second day was the test; then they had always lost their vigor—as their infantry got beyond artillery support and the defense piled up against them.

On the way to London I was to show the Secretary over the old Somme battlefield, which I knew through the long battle of '16. But the Germans were there ahead of us.

Ludendorff's concentration had struck the weak place; found the joint. The mist had a compensation, after all. It shrouded those clusters of picked fighters that were his spearheads. They were often past the strong points of the thin British line before they were seen by the British.

ON the second day fresh clusters were through all the lines of defense. A deeper advance than on the first day; the precedent of western offensives already broken. We passed streams of refugees from rebuilt homes in regions which the Allied offensives of '16-'17 had won. We passed remnants of battalions blasted out of the furnace. How they had fought! How those in front were fighting! An army in retreat, in distress, slashed and maimed, but reforming, rallying, snapping back, giving ground but not giving up.

And the next day, Sunday, we were in London. Quiet always, London on a Sunday. This was not like the Sunday after Mons in '14. That defeat was seen as just a setback at the beginning of the war. It meant England must put her back into it. More strength required.

In March, '18, England's strength was all in. Against her new army, become veteran, the Germans had still superior numbers for their war machine, which was making the same kind of a sweep in France as it had in the east. England took the news with English phlegm, but it cut deep. Faces were gray, and few of them on the streets.

The war in the open, free of the trench systems, which had been the objective of every offensive, had at last been gained—and by the enemy. The devastated battlefield of the Somme, which the British had won piecemeal in the long, grueling attacks, back in the enemy's hands. All the lives lost in winning it seemed in vain.

Shells bursting in Paris as another German surprise from a new gun that carried shells seventy miles. Gray faces in Paris, too.

Back in the Mills House in Paris, which Pershing had now made a temporary headquarters, the map next showed the Germans past the Somme battlefield, on fresh ground. Their guns were in range of the great railroad center of Amiens. But going slower now, the British, reorganized, taking enemy measure.

"I think that this attack has about run down," said J. J. P. "It is time for unified command. I'm for Foch."

If it had been tried before, Allied jealousies would have undermined it. The unity had to come from such a crisis. When things were going well, each nation thought of how to win the war for itself. President Wilson's telegram advocating unified command crossed Secretary Baker's recommending it.

Pershing went to Foch as comrade in arms and said, in faith with his promise, "Infantry, aviation, artillery—all that we have—are yours to dispose of as you will." The French put this on the walls of Paris on the occasion of the visit of the Legion—"Lest we forget."

A thrill over the wires to Lorraine. The pioneer First Division entraining, "forty-and-eighting it" for the battle front. Not a case now of "maybe you will be a soldier," but of made soldiers, to fight as a made division.

Having been arrested by British stonewalling in the Somme country, Ludendorff made a fresh concentration elsewhere. On April 7 he struck, on the Lys, the north British front; not toward Paris, as was expected. His first thought, a limited objective, expanded, when the going seemed to be good, at the prospect of crushing the British back into the Channel. He drove in more reserves. More wicked business in blood-saturated Flanders. The bastion of Kemmel fallen; the heights of Cassel threatened.

"Strong in defense, stubborn, but not supple like our French," I remember Father Joffre saying in referring to the English.

Now Earl Haig, the British commander, in the darkest moment since the Marne crisis, himself such an example of British character, made his famous "back-to-the-wall" summons to John Bull stubbornness.

"Where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way," was the call of Sir Donald Currie to the splendid veteran Maple Leaf Corps.

One army, one mind at last on the Allied side, and that mind Foch's, with Haig's, Pershing's, and Pétain's behind it.

Help where help was needed, regardless of which Ally held the endangered part of the line. Stand or fall together. The British had been taking the pounding. Supple French, rising to the spirit of the Marne and Verdun, were hastened to Flanders to re-enforce the British bulldog grip.

THE second drive was stopped. Two rounds of the German offensive were over, at a cost of 300,000 British casualties and heavy casualties to the French. And the Allies, staggering, wondering how they had held, knew they had only a breathing spell.

Look at the map with this article. The Germans had cut to a depth of thirty-seven miles in front of Amiens. They still had superior numbers, still had the jump. More German drives were coming.

Our divisions in France need not worry now lest they would not be in a "big show." Our First—how good the sight of it was for battle-weary eyes!—was going in at Cantigny, and the other three need have no fear there would not soon be room and plenty of it for them.

"Look at that map!" the German trainer was saying as he formed his new shock battalions. "See what we have gained in two rounds. We have them groggy. One more smash, one more victory, will do it before America can get in. Paris ours!"

With 5,000,000 soldiers on the Western Front, the 130,000 we had in France—including all the engineers and workers building up the supply system—were a small balance. Look at that map, America, working on the big Pershing plan, whose wisdom is now as clear as the lines on the map! There was one mind, one nation in America in that incredible time. Everybody behind the President, pushing or storming for a better chance to push, as we built locomotives, freight cars, ships, and made munitions and piled the docks with everything in the mail-order catalogue for shipment to France.

As big as you want, J. J. P. We had 1,400,000 men in our home training camps. Taking a lesson out of England's delay, our early application of the draft was crowding in more recruits—but 3,000 miles away from the front.

"Look at that map! Send us men, and send them quick!" cried the Allies. We were getting the German liners, left in our ports at the beginning of the war, into commission; the Allies were hurrying us ships.

All aboard, America! Sardine-pack your soldiers on transports! To the rescue of your own pioneer divisions as well as the Allies'! You have to be in against the German drives or Pershing may lose his drill ground on which to form his own shock battalions for his great drive.

And they were in, and in time, as we shall see; and if the Allies at the last ditch had not had the hope that we were coming to stiffen them, they might not even have held the March and April drives.

The world was changing fast in 1918. The story of another crisis in the stirring events of ten years ago will be told by Colonel Palmer in an early issue.

Official photo U. S. Army Air Service

COMING—

Leaves from My War Diary

By General William Mitchell

A THRILLING chronicle of battle and an inside story of what happened behind the lines, in the words of the former air commander of the United States army.

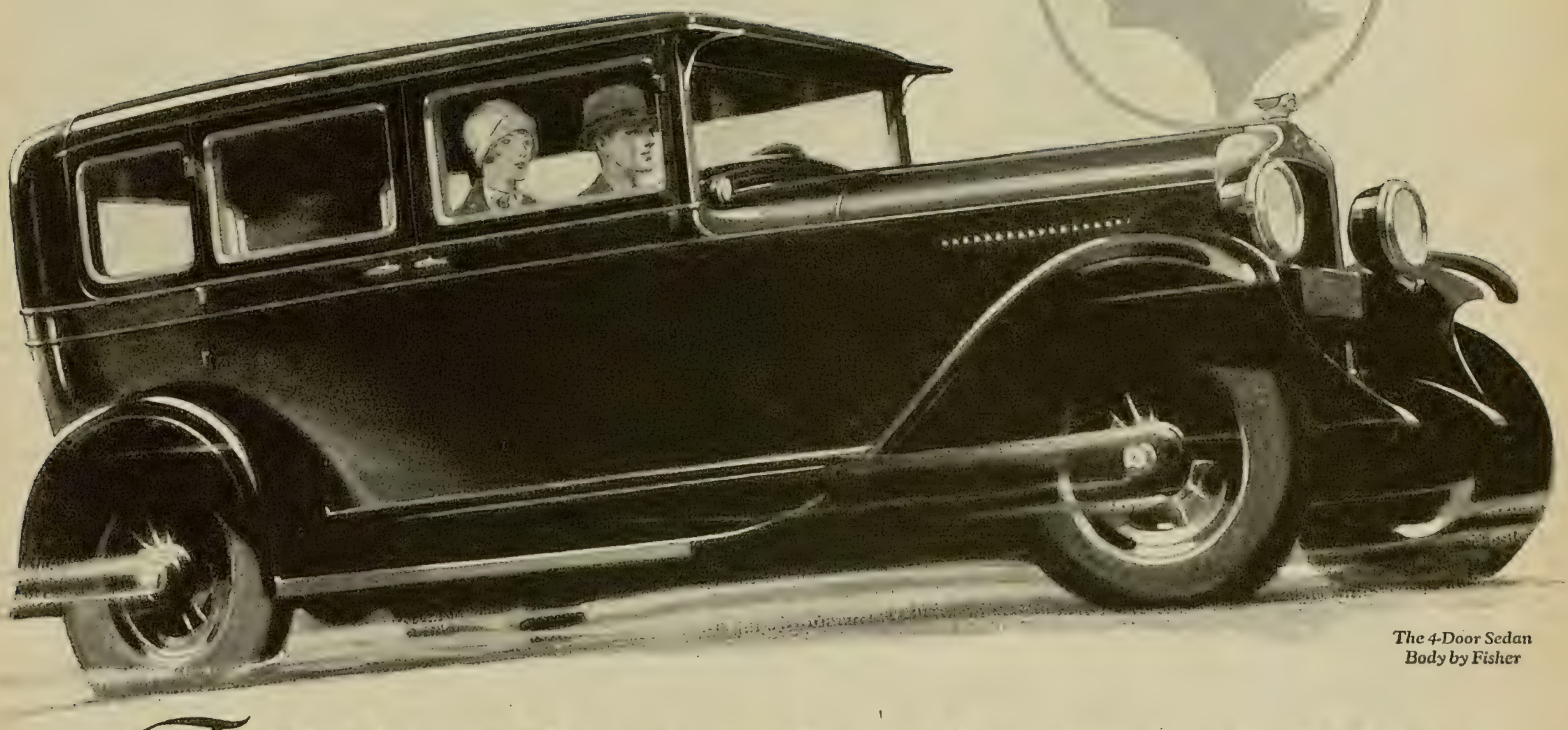
He commanded our air forces at the front. He kept an intimate, personal record of what he did and saw. He was court-martialed, afterward, for speaking his mind.

This is what he wrote while the fighting was going on—a frank and uncompromising narrative of America's great adventure in Europe as he saw it.

Watch for the opening installment in

Next Week's Liberty

a Successful Six
now winning Even
Greater Success



The 4-Door Sedan
Body by Fisher

Full-throttle speed as *far* as you like *without taxing this Staunch New Six*

The New Series Pontiac Six offers sweeping advancements in engineering design as well as appearance. It incorporates great new features of design and provides masterly new bodies by Fisher. Yet it embodies to an even more marked degree that quality of heroic endurance which the first Pontiac introduced into the field of low-priced sixes.

And how reassuring it is to have a six which sells for only $745, which is smartly styled, really roomy and supremely comfortable—and in which you can travel at full throttle speed, as far as you like, without fear of straining either engine, chassis or body! Three years of pitiless testing at the General Motors Proving Ground brought the original Pontiac Six to the public a car of known stamina and dependability. Two additional years of constant technical improvement—with additional billions of miles in owners' hands—have made it even stauncher, even more reliable. The largest engine in any low-priced six is the keystone of its sound design. An oiling system which forces 250 gallons of oil an hour through the engine at 35 m. p. h. is an important factor in its endurance. Oversize engine and chassis parts contribute to unfailing performance and freedom from adjustments and repairs.

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$745

Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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PONTIAC SIX
NEW SERIES

A MESSAGE FOR THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

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Here is a tremendous *made-market* for the manufacturer of motor-car accessories.

And it is the *biggest* potential market for the maker of motor-cars. For this same territory has 74.4% of the country's bank deposits and receives 77.6% of all the wages paid. *Wealth!*—a large part of which can be converted to buys of motor-cars.

LIBERTY'S Growth in Automotive Advertising is a Sure Index of Profitable Returns

AUTOMOTIVE advertisers come into LIBERTY—*and stay in* LIBERTY—on increasing schedules because returns to them justify the investment. Good advertising in LIBERTY translates *pulling* power into *purchase.*

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1925	**159,465.00**
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1927	**1,208,675.00**
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FOR 1927, LIBERTY *gained* 94 pages of automotive and accessory advertising. The Saturday Evening Post *lost* 85 pages.

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

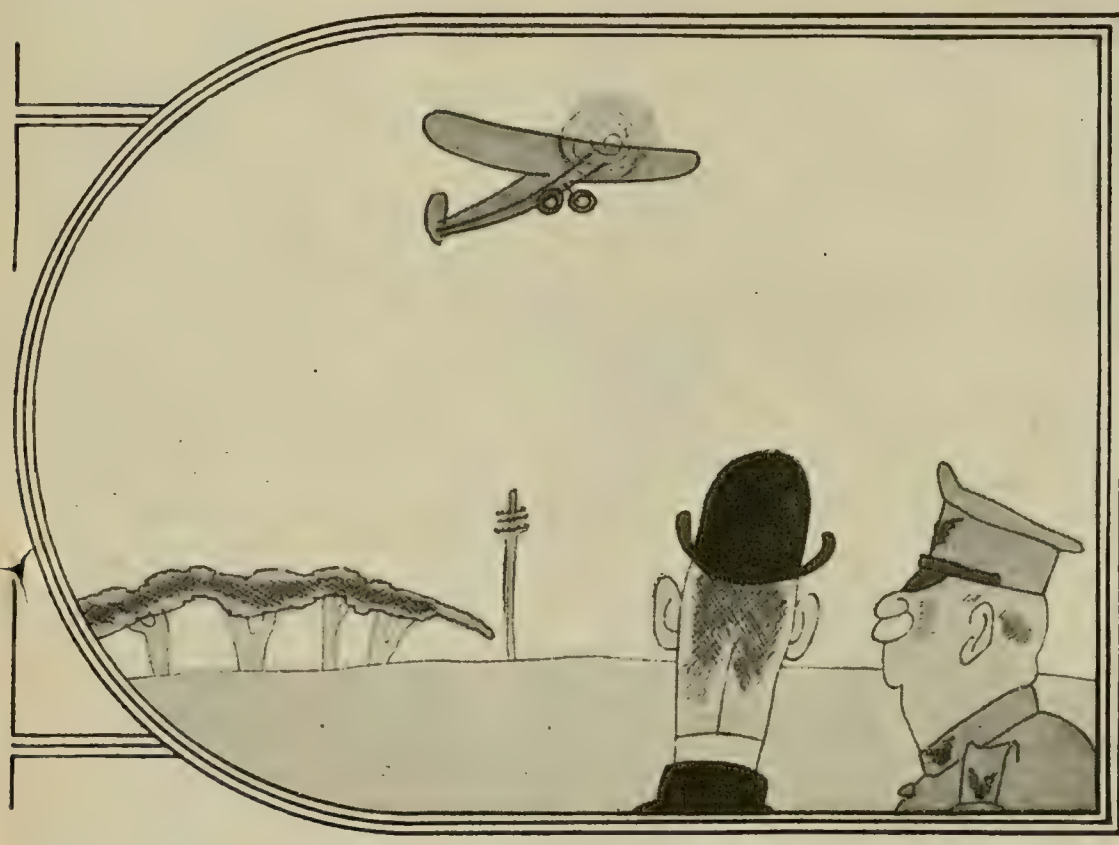
Over 1,500,000 Net Paid Circulation—99% Newsdealer Sales

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES ON THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE. PLATE 1: Alvin P. Jones, a hard-headed American business man. PLATE 2: Abdul-Hammam, a Turkish poet. PLATE 3: the Grand Lama of Tibet. PLATE 4: Lord Algy Bottomsborough-Henninghem of Berkeley Square. PLATES 5, 6, and 7: Abdul-Hammam, the Grand Lama, and Lord Algy, as they look in horn-rimmed spectacles.



NEW YORK CITY OFFICIALS trying out aviators in the hope of finding a Lindbergh to send out as a good-will ambassador to up-State New York and the forty-seven other States where the metropolis is looked upon with distrust.

THE GREAT AUTOMOBILE PRICE WAR brings the cost of motor cars nearer the danger mark. Projected view in the streets of New York when cars will sell for $52.38, showing the traffic caked in a solid mass.

THE HERO OF 1928—SO FAR. Big-league ball player shows up at the training camp with the mustache he has grown during the winter.

The First Man *of the* Screen

Drums of Love Faintly Echoes the Griffith Greatness that Was

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 18 seconds.)

NO matter what trend the motion picture may take, there are three names that always will hold their places as the pioneers. These three are David Wark Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin.

The films owe more to Griffith than to any other one person. He developed the trio of tricks upon which the celluloid technique of today is based: the close-up, the flash-back, and the fade-out. Since Griffith found these three aids in telling a shadow story, but one other trick has appeared: the traveling camera. The Germans developed this, along with perfection of camera angles.

What matter, then, that Griffith's newest film, Drums of Love, is slow, overbeautiful of photography, and perhaps a little old-fashioned? Griffith can go on making passable pictures for years and the screen will still owe him a tremendous debt.

Had Griffith cared to protect his camera tricks and had he been able to hold them, as the inventions of the radio have been protected and held, he would be a millionaire many times over. In those pioneer days at the old Biograph studio, however, Griffith was a young adventurer, careless of the future. Today he is still making pictures because he needs the money. Today he is just one director among hundreds, a dreamer in a city of film factories.

It is easy to forget Griffith's part in creating the movie. Back in 1913 it was Griffith who first ventured beyond the single-reeler. The film was Oil and Water, and it startled the exhibitors by being in a reel and a half. By 1914 Griffith had advanced to making Judith of Bethulia in four reels. Then he made the great pioneer plunge of pictures. He spent the then fabulous sum of $100,000 and produced The Birth of a Nation.

That film, which has earned close to $5,000,000 up to date, is still the outstanding landmark of pictures.

This son of a Confederate general, Roaring Jake Griffith, who became an actor and, out of a job, drifted into films, won fame, went broke, and hired himself out to Famous Players in order to pay off his debts, now is venturing forth again as an independent maker of pictures. There are still debts to be paid.

A scene from D. W. Griffith's new picture, Drums of Love, with Lionel Barrymore (left), Mary Philbin, and Don Alvarado.

Knowing all this—and knowing, too, the shy, gentle, kindly Griffith who has struggled for six years to pay off old debts—it is hard not to enthuse over this new film, Drums of Love, which the first man of the screen has just evolved.

GRIFFITH has taken the thirteenth-century love legend of *Paolo* and *Francesca*, immortalized in Dante's Inferno, and shifted it to South America of a century ago. There is too much of this shifting of story in Hollywood nowadays. The film capital is afraid to name a definite time and place. There are too many to find errors and proclaim injured sensibilities.

So *Giovanni the Lame* becomes the great-hearted, misshapen *Cathos*, tyrant of a mythical South American kingdom. *Francesca* becomes *Emanuella*, his young and unhappy wife, the bride of a political union brought about to save her father's neighboring kingdom of Grenada. *Paolo* becomes *Leonardo*, *Cathos'* gentle and handsome younger brother.

Emanuella and *Leonardo* come to love each other at first sight. *Cathos* discovers the illicit passion and ends the lives of the lovers with his dagger. Another unhappy ending. Hollywood has gone tragedy with a vengeance.

Griffith has invested his romance with exquisite photography, but the story is told too slowly, with endless scenes of parade and pageantry. The acting does not hold up—and, to me, Lionel Barrymore is the chief offender with his performance of the ugly hunchback husband. His *Cathos* is just a padded actor doing a Jack Barrymore.

Jack, you know, always *Dr.-Jekyll*-and-*Mr.-Hydes* all over the screen.

MARY PHILBIN'S young princess is more successful. Nature made Miss Philbin a brunette. Griffith transforms her into a blonde—and Griffith shows better judgment than Mother Nature. Miss Philbin, who always has been a drab *Cinderella* of the celluloid, emerges as a provocative young person with considerable IT.

The subtitles declare that *Emanuella* was a princess sorely tempted by love. Miss Philbin's come-hither playing reveals something else again. Thus her love scenes with Don Alvarado, a promising young man who does *Leonardo*, have more than a little warmth. Here Griffith's Drums of Love beat with a real tattoo of abandon. The old master can still turn out a hot scene with the best of them.

Otherwise we are afraid Griffith was correct when, in his curtain speech, he admitted he might be wrong again.

The *Paolo* and *Francesca* legend was not such a happy choice. Griffith should have stuck to the Adriatic and the thirteenth century. Transforming the immortal love story to South America makes it savor of a thousand other film tales.

Giovanni the Lame, after all, was just the forerunner of a multitude of tired-business-men husbands who have been too busy writing insurance and kingly manifestos to keep an eye on their young and pretty wives.

Do you know that—

Joseph Kennedy, head of FBO, is reported to have taken over Gloria Swanson's contract? . . . Her films in future will be made on the FBO lot for release through Paramount? . . . Thomas Meighan is to play a tough bootlegger in his first Caddo production? . . . Dolores Del Rio's first United Artists film under her new contract will be Konrad Bercovici's The Bear Tamer's Daughter? . . . Ruth Chatterton plays opposite Adolphe Menjou in his next, Super of the Gaiety?

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Garages	5 minutes
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Presidential Possibilities-
RITCHIE

A Frank and Intimate Picture of Maryland's Three-Time Governor

By
JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 18 minutes 56 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the eighth of a series by Mr. Bennett. Another article in an early issue of LIBERTY will deal with the character and attributes of President Coolidge.]

YOU can't write cant about Ritchie.

There is no cant in his speech or in his conduct; no equivocation nor evasion in either. He is not the type of hypocrite who, wanting a drink of liquor, disappears into the bathroom to take it.

And if you ask him for his views on prohibition—for publication—he does not wish you were deaf and dumb, and he does not say, "My views on that subject will be made known at the proper time."

But, within three seconds after you have put the interrogation mark to your sentence, he looks you in the eye, keeps his voice even, and says:

"Why not face the truth about national prohibition? The truth is that national prohibition has bred more inter-State discord, and more political cowards and hypocrites, and has done more damage to the body politic than any other thing which, in my time, has entered our national life."

"What would you do about prohibition, Governor, if you were a candidate for President of the United States?"

"Urge the voters to demand that Congress turn the subject of prohibition back to the States, so that each State can, within Constitutional limitations, settle the question as its own people wish it settled."

"Then what?"

"Then work and wait until the sentiment of the country enables a change in the Eighteenth Amendment."

"When will that day come?"

"I don't know. But I do know that either the Volstead act must be changed or it must be enforced—and I am convinced that it cannot be enforced.

"We have spent nearly one hundred and fifty millions trying to enforce it, and have lost nearly four billions of dollars in revenues while the effort was being made—and our last state is worse than our first was.

"I don't say these things because I think a drink of liquor is of high importance t a well man, but I do think that freedom from laws which invade personal rights is of the highest importance to a well nation.

"For national prohibition is not *sui generis*. It is not an anomalous manifestation. It is only one illustration, though perhaps the most conspicuous one, of an unholy zeal for governmental regulation.

"Regulation, I mean, not in the interests of peace and order, but in the interference with the social activities and customs of a great people.

"I said 'unholy.' I mean it. For, under the Volstead law, we can subject the same man to trial by the Federal government and by the State government. That comes pretty close to putting him in double jeopardy. It may not make much difference to the one government that he has been tried by the other, but it does to the man.

"All persons involved in a case of conspiracy may be taken from their homes to any State, no matter how distant—if one of them happens to have committed a single overt act there—and may there be tried. And the right to trial by jury has been infringed by padlock injunctions."

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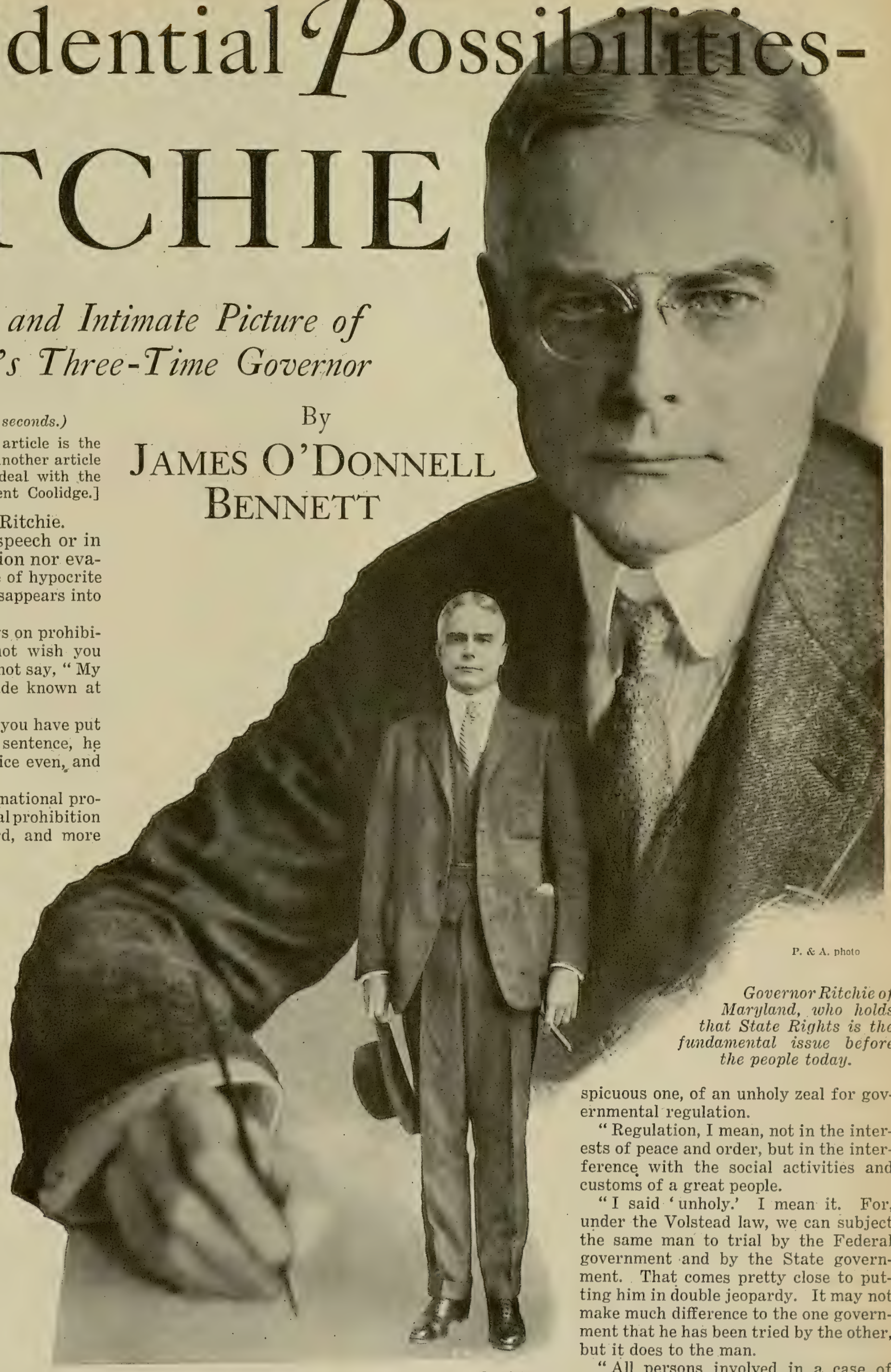

Int. photo

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Governor Ritchie of Maryland, who holds that State Rights is the fundamental issue before the people today.

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

On the night of this interview Ritchie had uttered in Washington a long, thoughtful, stimulating speech on immigration at the convention of the American Historical Association, which is a representation of the choicest intellectuality of this country. He had listened to other distinguished speakers. He had been personally greeted by many of the banqueters. He had made a good impression.

As midnight drew on he was tired, and I suggested that perhaps he would rather I came to him in the morning for the talk he had promised LIBERTY.

"No," said he; "I would rather clear away our appointment tonight. Robert Crain wants you to come out to his house with me. I sleep there tonight, and I wish to get back to Annapolis early tomorrow."

Robert Crain is Washington lawyer, Maryland stock breeder, politician at large; close friend of George Brennan, who is kingmaker to the Democratic party when the makings are available; close friend, too, of Frank Lowden, who is a Republican Presidential possibility; and closest friend of Albert Cabell Ritchie, in whom, as a Democratic Presidential possibility, he takes an interest at once fatherly and shrewd.

SO to Robert Crain's town house we went. The amply shelved library was pleasant; the open fire crackled cheerfully. A quiet, genial, instructive two hours followed.

It is extremely easy to do Ritchie injustice. Like Reed of Missouri and Smith of New York, he has paid some of the penalties that go with candor.

In some layers of the trans-Mississippi mind there exists a picture of Ritchie as a tippling, sporting politician wishful to ride to the White House on a truckload of Maryland moonshine.

The picture is not valid.

Ritchie looks too well to be a tippler and works too hard to be sportive. At the age of fifty-one he is in his third term as Governor of Maryland, and he began being Governor at the age of forty-three. Since he was admitted to the bar thirty years ago, he has worked hard and risen steadily.

In the space of seven years he turned a Democratic gubernatorial majority of 165 in the State of Maryland to a Democratic gubernatorial majority of 61,000.

In Maryland they do not ask you, "Are you a wet or a dry?" but "How wet are you?"

Yet Maryland, where it is almost an unwritten law not to renominate a man for Governor, has not clung to Ritchie because he is a wet, but because he has readjusted and economized the whole administrative machinery of the State by wiping out overlapping boards and bureaus; because he has reformed the school system by putting it in charge of honest, competent men and then letting them alone; because within the eight years of his governorship the real and personal property-State tax rate, which had been steadily mounting since the Civil War, has been reduced 30 per cent; because he advocated the budget system and established the merit system; because he introduced the State purchasing system; because he forwarded the building of a State system of good roads and greatly advanced public education; and because he obtained legislation which eliminated elections every other year in Maryland —"thus," as he put it to me, "saving a lot of money and economic waste."

That is the official Ritchie.

The personal Ritchie is a genial, normal, candid, thoughtful American of the old stock, who is pleased to the point of excitement that serious men are thinking seriously of him as promising Presidential material. But he is not owlish about it.

"Wouldn't you," said he, with the boyish openness that disarms even so cynical a machinist as old George Brennan—"wouldn't you be tickled to death if they talked about you for president of the Chicago *Tribune?*"

IN saying that, the Governor was taking account of the fact that his listener was a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*. The further fact that, in the contingency he mentioned, the reporter would be scared to death, did not figure in the Governor's rosy picture.

"Well," he sailed on, "that's the way it is with me. I'm glad to be talked about for President. It's all velvet to me. Of course I'm pleased!—but I'm not morbidly serious about it."

The point is that Ritchie may be the glider of the coming Democratic National Convention. If Al Smith's strength shall be, as last time, just great enough to destroy him by coalescing all other strengths against him, then Ritchie may glide into the nomination.

Ritchie has the prime qualities of a successful glider: He is pleasant. He is good company. Everybody takes to him. By birth and in bearing he is an aristocrat; but he is unassuming.

To a conversation he contributes his share but no more, meanwhile relishing your jokes, but not boring you with his own. He seems a thoroughly good fellow, but he is also a sagacious and by no means a flexible politician.

If he is elected, the White House will be as cheery as it was in Roosevelt's time, and Ritchie will

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

When Ritchie Hits the Bull's-Eye

WHEN a law does violence to the individual conscience it will not be observed. When it does violence to the social conscience it will not be enforced.

* * *

The life of law is its enforcement.

* * *

Centralize government and men begin to lose interest in it.

* * *

A democracy which refuses to do political thinking is digging its own grave.

* * *

There is no surer way to discover the truth than through the expression of individual thought.

* * *

No two States are alike. No one wants them to be alike. In union is strength, but in diversity is life.

* * *

To talk of personal freedom has come to be considered in some circles treason to the uplift.

* * *

Blocs and wings now seem to think their sectional and class interests more important than political faith.

* * *

The one great issue of the hour is to bring government back to the people and the people back to the government.

* * *

A law restricting personal freedom must reflect the convictions of society. Its appeal must be answered by the will to obey.

* * *

Government should keep its hands off business as long as business keeps its hands off government and engages in no practices which are unfair or stifling to others.

* * *

If the power of the press has not yet attained its full development, it is nevertheless, thank God, a power which in this law-ridden land is still free and self-regulated.

* * *

There is no political education like exercising the rights and duties of self-government, and there is no surer way of destroying political vitality than to yield those rights.

* * *

I protest the Volstead act because it lacks social sanction. Hence it is not, and cannot be, enforced. It prompts, not order, but disorder. The communities which resent this law cannot be clubbed into taking it.

* * *

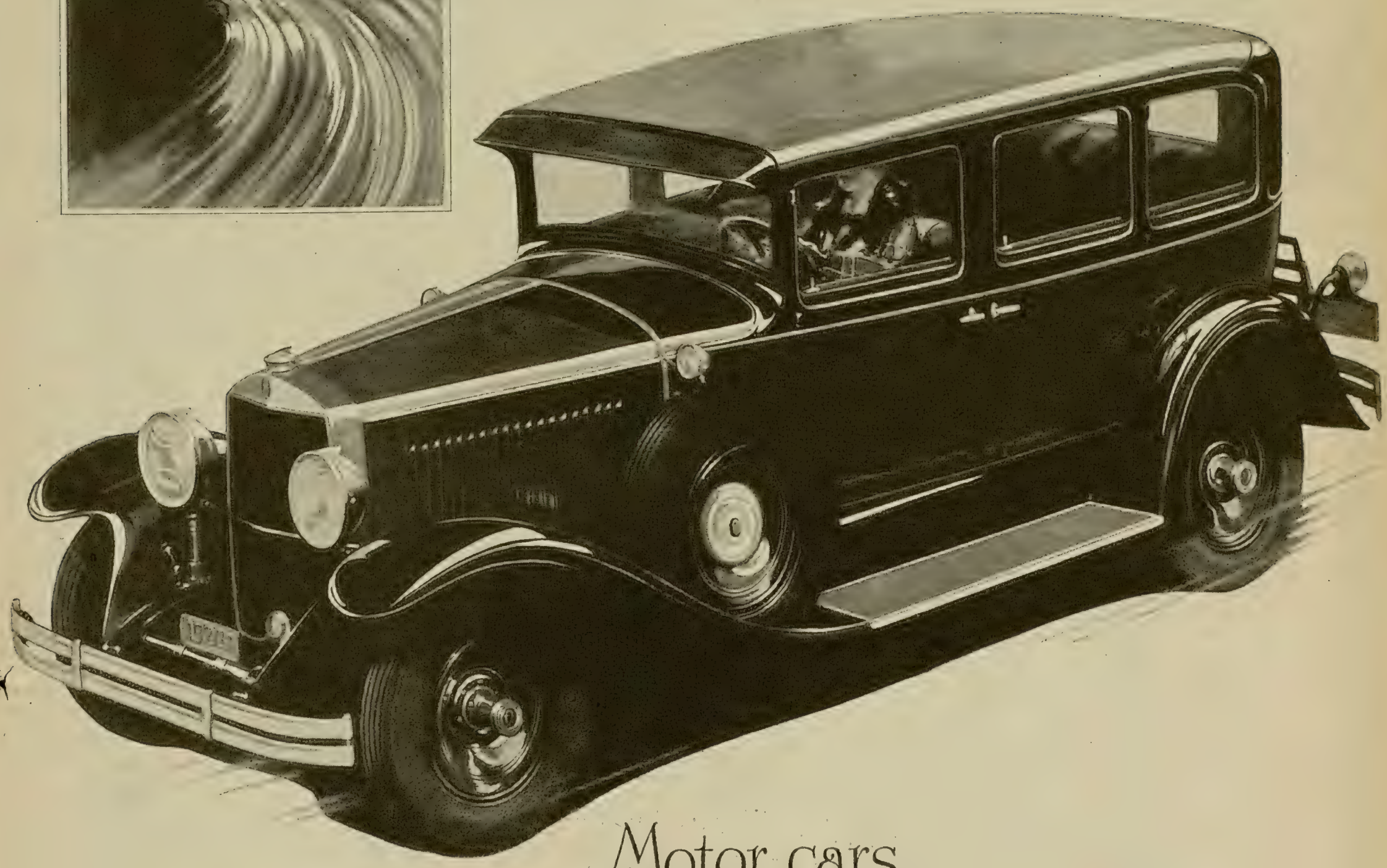
In the growth of centralization the objects of government become lost in the mechanics of government. Laws become more important than men —power more important than liberty—business more important than human rights.

* * *

Out of the very necessity of things, centralized government becomes a government of bureaus, and a government of bureaus becomes a government of clerks and stenographers, of field agents and inspectors, and of red tape. And one bureau breeds another.

Swiftness

It is for those times when moments are really precious—not for the wanton abuse of speed—that the ability to travel swiftly, in comfort and safety, becomes so desirable to those who drive and ride.



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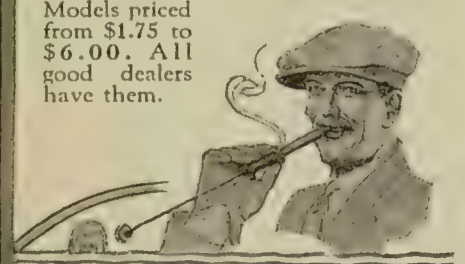

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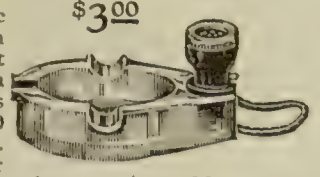

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AGENTS—write for special proposition.

The CUNO ENGINEERING CORP. MERIDEN, CONN.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
[Continued from Page Twenty-eight]

be the pleasantest President since the time of Frank Pierce, who charmed all Washington with his suavity and bonhomie, though he could not charm a second term out of the country.

OF all the likely prospects, Ritchie is the only one who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He is the only one who is an Episcopalian. He is the only one who is a bachelor. He is strikingly handsome—good brow, finely modeled nose, strong chin, silver hair, black eyebrows, and a complexion more rosy than ruddy.

He has the kind of handsomeness Kyrle Bellew had when he was the premier matinée idol. At the banquet of the pundits Ritchie was sartorially perfect. He was eyeglassed. He was witty and well poised. He held his own amid scholars and diplomats.

He believes his ideas are the hope of the Democratic party. His fundamental idea is State Rights. He spells State with a capital S when he speaks of any one of our forty-eight commonwealths.

He is not for having the States nullifying acts of Congress, but he is passionately for having Congress, as he puts it, "quit nullifying the acts of the States."

He is a John C. Calhoun with the fangs drawn.

"For a long time," he said, "I have, as opportunity offered, been pleading for a reawakening of the political consciousness of America. I have been trying to point out our failure to preserve the balance between the powers which the States granted the nation and those they reserved for themselves.

"But in this pleading I am sometimes considered an office seeker after a slogan, and sometimes a political mossback who hasn't heard of the Civil War, and sometimes a renegade holding lightly the Constitution I was taught to revere.

"It's true that State Rights is a phrase to which the battles of the Civil War attached the label of a lost cause and the stigma of nullification and secession. Either State Responsibility or Local Self-Government would be a better phrase. Nobody could be gladder than I am that nullification and secession are dead issues forever. But the right of a State to settle its own affairs is still a vital right.

"I wish the darn term State Rights hadn't got a black eye as a term, because it's easy to say—and this is a land of slogans.

"So call the sound principle involved 'State Responsibility.' That's the concrete issue before the American people, but they don't yet know it. If that isn't the real issue of today, tell me what is?

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

RITCHIE does not hesitate to express himself on prohibition and its enforcement —or lack of it.

"Anyway, the only way for the Democrats to win is on this issue of local self-government. If it is not the issue in 1928, certainly it will be in 1932.

"You can't govern a great, free people with a Federal yardstick. They won't continue either great or free if they submit to it. The people as citizens will cease to be. They will become just inhabitants.

"When the people wake up to that; when they wake up to the importance of drawing the line between having the States control and having Washington control, then the Democratic party will come into its own. It generally does when the people wake up."

RITCHIE'S religion is letting a good man alone while he works out his own salvation. It was thus that he wrought the reformation of Maryland's school system.

"The system," he said, "had got into a rut. Under my administration it was pulled out. I got good men and then let them do their work. Now educators come from other States all the time to study our system. They never did before.

"It is so with every department of our State government. Maryland's government is purely an administrative government now. If it goes wrong it is because the men are wrong. We need no more laws."

The Governor thinks it is from his Jackson Day speech at the Iroquois Club, Chicago, in 1926, that his status as a State Righter—with the fangs drawn—may be dated.

"I think," he said, "that this Iroquois thing"—and he scanned the fourteen pages of a pamphlet entitled The Creed of Democracy—Individual Liberty and State Responsibility, which he will send you if you mail your request to Annapolis—" was what started me toward any national prominence I may have as a State Righter.

"It got publicity all over the country. Apparently nobody ever had said what I was trying to say—this State duty in the matter of child-welfare legislation and so on.

"I don't want to seem inhuman. I recognize that social amelioration is the finest note of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Social reform has its distinct place in the world. I would be the last to discount its purpose or to question the motives of its sincere advocates.

"But many of them are impatient of delay, intolerant of the orderly processes of government, and too ready to substitute dictation by legal mandate for the better policy of education and persuasion.

"Slowly but steadily, by Federal supervision over roads, agriculture, health, education, infant hygiene, motherhood, and what not, the liberty of the State and of the individual is becoming impaired.

"The Federal government shapes the development and the policy of the States, and shapes them, not to fit the States' own peculiar needs, but to fit some uniform Federal idea emanating from Washington. Thus is all government weakened.

"To this overcentralization is largely due the modern notion that law, instead of being a system to protect life, liberty, and property, is rather a scheme for social control intended to secure the moral well-being of the individual, and to secure it by forcing upon all the people what some of the people think their well-being requires.

"When you set up the central

government as *parens patriæ*, it easily becomes the instrument of leagues, groups, and militant minorities.

"We now elect a President by a majority of a minority, and that's awful! That's sluggish! That is why I am for a restoration of State Rights.

"The more rights, the more powers, you put in Washington, the more legislation you transact there, three thousand miles from some of the people, the surer you are to devitalize those people politically. They will lose interest in government because they won't see it. They will be governed by bureaus and their self-reliance will be destroyed."

THE Governor insisted that in overcentralization there is a peril that touches the pocketbooks of you and me.

"Twelve years ago," he continued, "Federal subsidies to the States came to less than six and a half million dollars a year. In 1926 the unconditional and the fifty-fifty subsidies and subventions came to over a hundred and ten millions a year. It is appalling! The consequences are worse.

"For, if this matching of Federal and State dollars keeps on, every State will soon find its taxpaying power heavily mortgaged in advance for the support of projects launched from Washington.

"Now, then, the sources of Federal taxes are so remote from the Federal taxpayer that he thinks of the Federal subsidies and subventions as gifts from heaven. He forgets that he is always the man who pays in the end."

What irks Ritchie the Marylander more than anything else is that puissant commonwealths with illustrious annals should allow their historical and autonomous significance to be blurred.

"The States," he said, "must demand the right contemplated by the Constitution to exist as sovereign units and not as mere geographical divisions."

Because he highly prizes the dignity and the opportunities of thoroughly developed Statehood, he would rather be one of forty-eight Governors making local history than one of ninety-six Senators muddling with world history.

That is why he did not choose to take the United States Senatorship that was his for the asking at the end of his second term as Governor in 1926.

He chose to make the campaign for election to the governorship for the third time in a State (I follow the Ritchie scheme of capitalization in this article) which in ninety years had never, with the exception of Ritchie, re-elected a Governor, nor renominated a Democrat for Governor. Many said he was tempting fate.

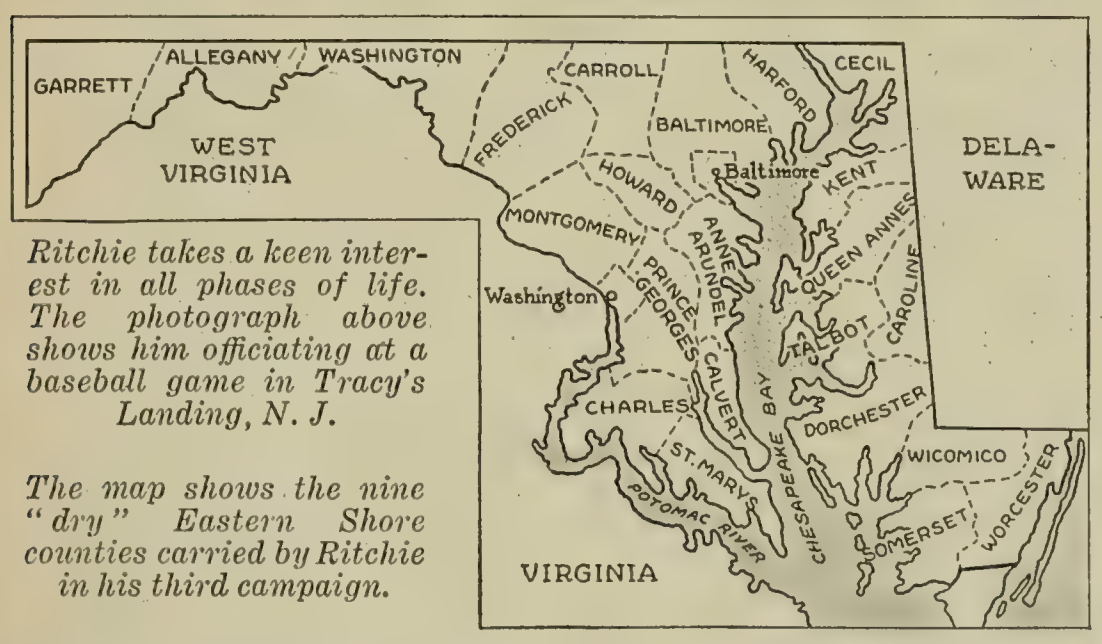
RITCHIE gleefully acknowledged that to me, saying: "Yes; there were awful forebodings aroused by the announcement of my candidacy for a third term. Some said it was a return to the seventeenth-century proprietorial days of Lord Baltimore."

In the face of forebodings the result was phenomenal. In the convention Ritchie had no opposition and was unanimously renominated, and in a State with a popu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wide World photo

Ritchie takes a keen interest in all phases of life. The photograph above shows him officiating at a baseball game in Tracy's Landing, N. J.



The map shows the nine "dry" Eastern Shore counties carried by Ritchie in his third campaign.

Have YOU taken advantage of our Special Life Insurance Offer to LIBERTY Readers?

ONE MILLION LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES

The Greatest Life Insurance Bargain of its kind ever offered! Just send $1.00 and Coupon below. Policy sent by mail.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION!

Only $1.00 *a month* With Coupon Below

THOUSANDS already have sent the Coupon and $1.00 to obtain a Life Insurance Policy on our amazing special service offer to Liberty Readers. Have you? By taking advantage of this opportunity you may obtain—WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION—a Standard Life Insurance Policy in the Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago, a Nationally Known, Legal Reserve Company, Established 28 years—which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and IN ADDITION provides DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance for accidental death as stated in the policy. This offer is limited. Send the Coupon below with $1.00 as directed.

This is STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE, providing Guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability benefits and other standard privileges. This policy does not have to be exchanged. The premium of $1.00 a month always remains the same. It never increases.

The cost is the same to everyone, regardless of age. The amount of insurance which $1.00 a month will secure is shown in the Table at right. To determine the amount take your present age at nearest birthday. This amount is payable whenever you die.

This offer is open to persons in normal health between the ages of 10 and 50, living in the United States or Canada. Note: If you are not in normal health or are not a standard, insurable risk, please do not apply.

For the benefit of those who wish to obtain larger amounts of Insurance under this offer, arrangements have been made to issue these policies in multiple sums. For example: for $2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of insurance; for $3.00 a month THREE times the amount, etc. Limit for males, FIVE UNITS, or five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS, or three times the amount.

LIMITED OFFER
Send Coupon at Once!

Get one of these policies for yourself and every eligible member of your family at once—before this offer is withdrawn. It is the greatest life insurance bargain of its kind ever offered—standard life insurance with DOUBLE and TRIPLE Indemnity, Guaranteed Cash, Loan and Paid-up Life Insurance values, Total Disability and other benefits—for only $1.00 a month with the coupon below, WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Don't miss this opportunity.

Address Coupons to:

Liberty Readers Insurance Department
Federal Life Insurance Company
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

What This $1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only $1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for $1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in Table below. The amount of Insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death.

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	$2,565.00	$1,710.00	$855.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1,395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1,350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
48	921.00	614.00	307.00
49	882.00	588.00	294.00
50	843.00	562.00	281.00

NOTE: *Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months.*

COUPON

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPT.
168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I certify that I am a reader of Liberty Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer.

Note: For a dollar a month Policy check here ☐ $1.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units; for females, three units.)
☐ $2.00 ☐ $3.00 ☐ $4.00 ☐ $5.00

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon

My Name Is..... (Write Your Name In Full. Do Not Use Initials.)

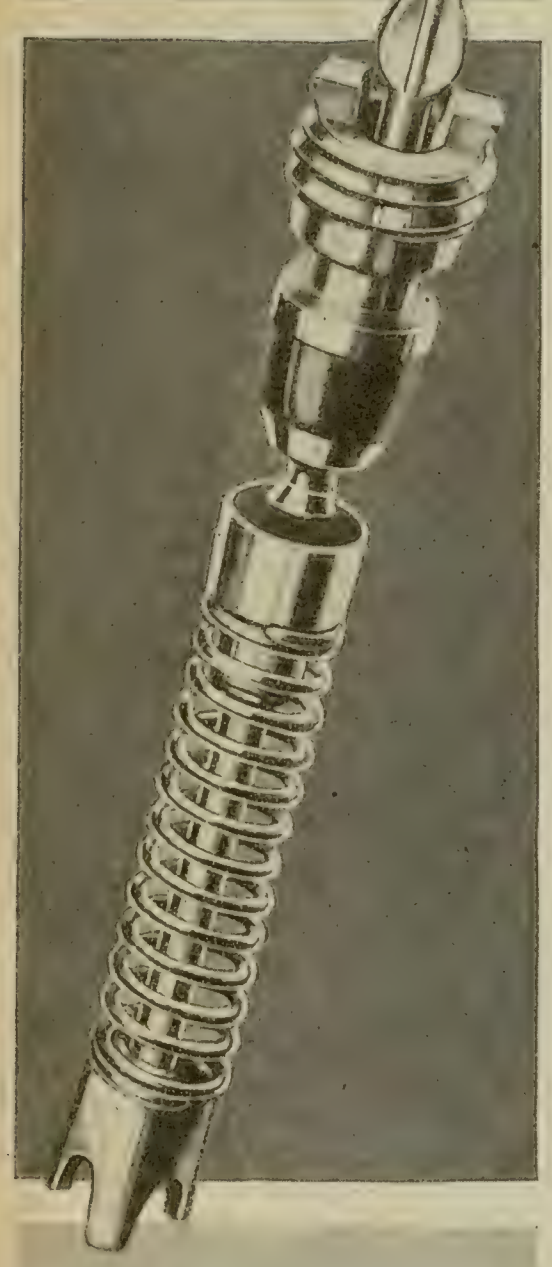
My Home Address Is.....

Date of Birth..... (Day, Month, Year) *My Age Is*.....

Beneficiary..... (Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death)

NOTE: This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon

Replace *once* a year



NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with *genuine* Schrader Valve Insides in good condition screwed down tight.

To make sure the valve insides in your tire valves are in good condition, replace them once a year. No mechanism, however sturdy, will last forever.

Schrader Valve Insides are sold five in a red metal box costing but 25c. Buy a box from your nearest dealer today.

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TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
Continued from Page Thirty-one

lation of about a million and a half he was re-elected by a majority of 61,000. For a dozen years he has been an astonishing vote-getter. Let him tell it:

"In 1915 I was elected Attorney General of Maryland by a majority of 25,000. Emerson C. Harrington, the candidate for Governor, had a majority of 3,000. Baltimore has half the population of Maryland. The counties have the other half.

"From 1903 to 1926 the Democrats had always lost the counties. But in 1926, when I ran for Governor for the third time, we carried the counties by 12,000.

"NOW, I'm not telling you this with the idea of making you believe I'm a wonderful fellow, but because it may indicate to you that, in regard to a certain vexed question, the times are changing.

"The point is this:

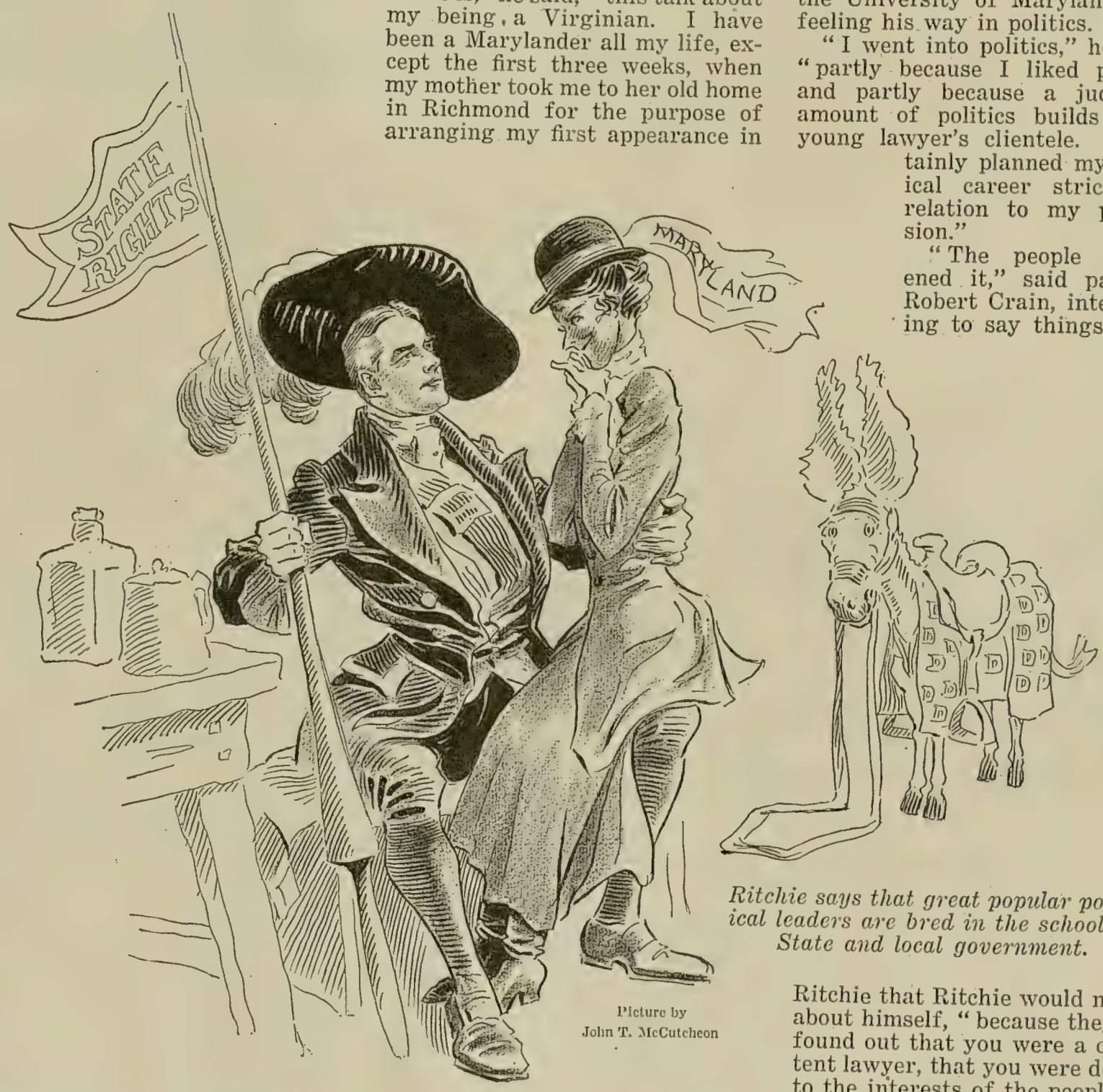
"I had twice lost the counties which, as I was telling you, the Democrats had always lost since 1903. But in 1926 we carried the counties by 12,000. Now, we have in Maryland counties that are as dry as the dryest area in this country. Our nine counties on the Eastern Shore are like that. They are also strongly Methodist.

"There are five counties in southern Maryland, some of which had been Republican almost since the Civil War, partly because they have a large Negro population. But we carried them all in 1926. The second time I ran for Governor—that was in 1923—I carried the State by 41,000; the third time I carried it by 61,000.

"All that may have some significance. Does it mean that the drys are shifting? Hasn't it a good deal broader significance than anything appertaining to me personally?"

One thing irks the equable Ritchie.

"It is," he said, "this talk about my being a Virginian. I have been a Marylander all my life, except the first three weeks, when my mother took me to her old home in Richmond for the purpose of arranging my first appearance in the world. People say my mother was a great beauty. I think she still is."



Picture by John T. McCutcheon

Ritchie says that great popular political leaders are bred in the school of State and local government.

Here is a quaint touch in connection with Mrs. Ritchie. When Albert Fox was assembling material for a sketch of the Governor a few weeks ago, he asked Ritchie how old his mother is. "She might," replied the Governor, "prefer not to have that publicly stated."

As a sidelight on the man the reply almost justifies the question.

Let Ritchie continue:

"The blood of Virginia is, however, in my veins, for I had a great-grandfather who was Governor of Virginia and an uncle killed at the battle of New Market. On my father's side our people sprang from the Ritchies of Forfarshire, or Angus as it was called in old times. They settled in what is now Frederick County, Maryland, in 1740.

"When I ran for Attorney General in 1915, somebody suggested that my Scotch ancestry would help me in certain localities that were considerably Scotch. I didn't know I had any Scotch ancestors, so I went to my mother about it. 'Why, yes!' said she; 'your father's people came from Scotland, and so did my mother's.' But I lost the Scotch localities."

Ritchie's father was judge of the Supreme Bench in Baltimore. The son led the life of a young Baltimorean of quality and of means—taking his A.B. at Johns Hopkins in 1896, studying law at the University of Maryland, and feeling his way in politics.

"I went into politics," he said, "partly because I liked politics and partly because a judicious amount of politics builds up a young lawyer's clientele. I certainly planned my political career strictly in relation to my profession."

"The people broadened it," said paternal Robert Crain, interrupting to say things about Ritchie that Ritchie would not say about himself, "because they soon found out that you were a competent lawyer, that you were devoted to the interests of the people, and that you had great industry."

IN 1910 Ritchie's kinsman, Senator William Cabell Bruce, then general counsel to the Maryland Public Service Commission, appointed the young man assistant general counsel—or "people's counsel"—to the commission, and the young man won his first decisive prestige in 1912 by winning for the people their case against the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light & Power Company.

In 1915 came his election to the Attorney Generalship, and as Attorney General he obtained legislation abolishing all special counsel for boards and creating a State law department. It was first-class constructive work.

Again Robert Crain interjected, saying, "The long and short of that, Governor, was that as Attorney General you continued to show the people that you were a very competent lawyer and had great industry."

Another important piece of work

he did as Attorney General was the drawing of Maryland's World War legislation. It became a model and other States copied it. Among other salutary provisions, it made all work who couldn't fight.

In 1918 he became general counsel to the War Industries Board, and as such was stationed in Washington. In the autumn of 1919 came his first campaign for Governor.

SUCH has been his even-tenored story. No rows. No scandals. And today a national figure.

There are two reasons for that. One is that Ritchie has a genius for making good friends. The other is his gift for expressing himself at once forcibly and persuasively.

As to the first attribute, although he has been a reformer, there is today no section, no element, in his State that is not friendly to him.

He is right with the corporations, with the farmers, with the oystermen, with the taxpayers, and

Heap Big Chief of Maryland as he looked when honored by an Indian tribe.

with the rank and file. He has had but one brush with the Legislature. That was in 1924, and the issue was larger appropriations for the University of Maryland. Ritchie won.

He calls himself a "political fundamentalist," because, he adds, "after all, in statecraft, as in other crafts, there are precepts and practices which the experience of time teaches us are sound. There are certain old fundamental truths of public policy and democratic government which a nation forgets at its peril."

He declares a weakness of the American people to be that they would rather talk politics than act politics. He wants them to go to school in politics, and he believes their States are the best possible schools. He said:

"It is charged that American politics no longer produces great popular leaders. The reason is not far to seek. For it is in the school of State and local government that political leaders are bred. It is absurd to say that a nation which can produce great financial and industrial leaders cannot tempt them into the service of the State if the needs of the State are brought home to them. But this can be done only by making government local instead of remote."

As to Ritchie's gift for expression: He is adept in fashioning the well chiseled sentence. He has a good style. He knows when to use "if" and when to use "whether." He has a command of allusions.

Within a dozen pages of one of his addresses I found allusions to Aristotle, Montesquieu, Coke, Bacon, De Tocqueville, Bryce,

Int. photos

Ritchie at a Washington Vamps convention.

Marshall, Kent, Story, and Dr. Siegfried. He thinks things out and then packs his meaning in—thus:

"It is one thing to enforce the law and deplorably another thing to enfarce it.

"By excess of government you weaken not alone the government, but the governed.

"Human conduct is the one thing that cannot be standardized. When you try that you make men inhuman.

"We are face to face with a day when we look to the policeman to enforce the ideas of the few as the obligations of the many.

"Those who at least knew what their rights were under a government of law often do not know, under our present government of men, whether they have any rights at all.

"TO enable men to be governed and at the same time to preserve their liberties—that is the fundamental confronting every American."

Senator Bruce, who is for Ritchie for President, calls him "the foremost champion of individual freedom, business independence, and local self-government whom the Democratic party has produced since the Civil War."

But do you know who is Ritchie's candidate for President? Al Smith, whom Ritchie calls

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Splash! A Tingle!

Then all day face comfort from the

AQUA VELVA

After-Shave!

The after-shave! As important as the shave itself. For it means the proper treatment of the newly-shaven skin.

Aqua Velva, made expressly for this purpose, is the product of 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin . . . best to keep *Faces Fit!*

Splash on Aqua Velva after you have shaved. It gives a sparkling tingle! Then, throughout the day, it keeps your face *Fit!*

It protects . . . from dust, germs, wind, weather. Helps to prevent chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen. Keeps the skin flexible, free from *unnatural* dryness by conserving its *natural* moisture.

Yes, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin as perfectly conditioned as the Williams lather *leaves* it.

50 cents for a large bottle. Or Free Trial Size if you will ask for it.
Address, Dept. L48, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Gastrogen Tablets bring quick relief from indigestion—and without distress from gas

"Because I travel quite a bit, my living habits are sometimes irregular, and I suffer from an occasional attack of indigestion," writes Mr. B. Donlevy of 19 West 48th St., New York. *"I had grown to expect and dread a siege of gas and hiccups every time I took a dose of soda. But when I learned that Gastrogen Tablets work so quietly, I decided to try them—and I'm glad I did. They stop my indigestion quickly with no aftermath of belching, and they taste so good it's a treat to take them."*

Many people almost prefer the discomfort of indigestion to the embarrassing disturbance that a dose of soda usually brings on.

For by its very nature, soda can't avoid leaving an alkaline residue in the stomach. This residue hampers normal digestion and creates the gas that causes hiccups, belching and distressing internal rumblings.

Gastrogen Tablets contain no soda. They are compounded of antacids that *cannot act except in the presence of acid.* So, after neutralizing the acidity of the stomach, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes from the system harmlessly and unchanged. You get quick relief — you get effective relief (for Gastrogen does not retard normal digestion)—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation, the medical term for the social error of belching.

Gastrogen Tablets work so quickly that they drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 or 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today —try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort — you'll be surprised and delighted at the quick and comfortable relief they bring, and you'll enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor every time you take them.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 Tablets for 20c and in cabinet-size bottles of 60 Tablets for 60c.

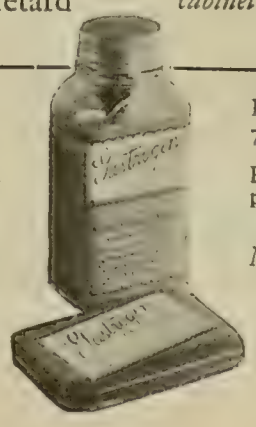
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$



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73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-three]

"that heroic and romantic product of American opportunity."

In an early issue of Liberty Mr. Bennett will present a close-up of President Coolidge, a vivid word picture of his qualities as a man and as Chief Executive of the nation.

Poems You Ought to Know

From In Memoriam

By Alfred Tennyson

[Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), Victorian poet, published his first volume of verse at eighteen. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1850, succeeding Wordsworth; and that year he published the elegy in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, from which the lines below are taken. He was created first Baron Tennyson in 1884.]

O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

* * *

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

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SYRACUSE, N.Y.

EVERY metropolitan service is provided in this new and modern 600 room hotel. All outside rooms—with bath. Rates from 3.00 up. Sample rooms 4.00 up.

Excellent Dining Rooms

Two Good Cities

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Recently modernized and refurnished. Large rooms —new baths — lamps on beds. In heart of banking and business area. Noted for its hospitality and good food. 300 rooms from 2.25 up.

Two Good Hotels

Both under the direction of ROY P. BRAINARD

EMPLOYMENT FOR 500 MEN AT ONCE

Mitchell, So. Dak.—Walter M. Willy, of this city, is in need of 500 men to help market his new and amazing invention which makes glare from passing automobiles impossible. This device fits and matches all cars. It can be installed in a minute. It is inexpensive. It is entirely different from anything else previously used for this purpose.

The inventor is now ready to place this remarkable discovery on the market and has an introductory free sample offer to mail you. Write Mr. Willy today. Charles Hickey wrote for this free sample offer. Since then Mr. Hickey has made $4,931.50 profit and earned $977.25 in prizes. To get this liberal offer simply write your name and address, enclose this ad in an envelope and address it to W. M. Willy, C-267 Logan Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.

SAVE $1,500 to $3,000 In Cleaning Cost

Describe Your Cleaning Problem

HOTELS, theatres, office buildings, dept. stores, factories, schools and apartments need *powerful* vacuum cleaning. Investigate the Invincible Portable Vacuum Cleaner. Quickly gets dirt that ordinary cleaners can't move. Compact—sturdy—long-lived. Saves time, labor, money and repainting costs. Cleans all floors, walls, ceilings, overhead pipes, etc. Low operating expense. Most Invincibles save their cost the first year. Describe Your Cleaning Problem—we will show you with facts, figures and illustrations how Invincibles have solved the same problem for others.

Invincible Vacuum Cleaner Manufacturing Company
105 Davis St., Dover, O., U. S. A.

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She Who Sleeps

Barry and His Father Seek a Living Girl in the Valley of the Dead

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

BARRY CUMBERLAND was knocked unconscious. A moment before, he had seen a girl he could never forget.

When he wakened in a hospital, this is what he remembered: Driving at dusk, before a storm, he had lost his way between his country club and his father's New York residence. Off the main road, after several wrong turnings, a house loomed up before him. Then had come a flash of lightning which had revealed a vision: a lovely girl on a high balcony, in the dress of an Egyptian princess. Rigid with amazement, he had lost control of the car. Then—oblivion.

When he told about the princess, his story bore all the earmarks of a hallucination. From childhood Barry had been surrounded by pictures of ancient Egyptians, for his wealthy widower father, John Cumberland, rode Egyptology as a hobby.

Barry's friend, Jim Sakers, kidded him unmercifully when, recovered and hunting out the high-balconied house, he found only a virago of a caretaker in possession and learned that the place belonged to one John Brown.

Later Barry thought he saw the long-eyed girl in the John Brown garden. He thought, too, that she passed him in New York in a limousine.

And he was to have stranger thoughts still.

A dealer, Danbazzar, brought a papyrus to his father. This document, in symbols thousands of years old, made the claim that a certain Princess Zalithea had submitted herself to a sort of mummifying process which would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

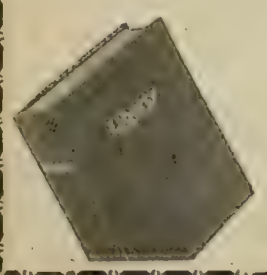
FROM a high crag Danbazzar and John Cumberland watched a horseman making his way down the valley.

The Pirates are here!

NOW infesting these shores is the bloodiest crew of burly, carousing pirates ever known to man. The first of these cut-throats arrives in this issue of LIBERTY! Start now and don't miss a single one of these 12 enthralling narratives by Robert W. Chambers.

Fights at sea that thrill you through and through! Grappled ships and grappling men! Exciting duels! Blood-chilling exploits! Real deeds of real pirates—Black-Beard Teach, Captain Death, Calico Jack Rackham, Francis Farrington Sprigg, the brothers Horneygold, Mad Stede Bonnet, lovely Mary Read, Bonnie Anne and many others. They're back to life again in these colorful stories—treading the blood-drenched decks of their fearsome ships—plotting and scheming in the half-lighted tap-room of Tom Cocklyn's sinister inn—amazing you with their daring, their cruelty, their thrilling, glamorous adventures on sea and on land.

Keep this whole series in the handsome LIBERTY Binder; black binding stamped in rich gold. You will want to re-read these stories many times. The LIBERTY Binder will hold them all—holds 13 copies of LIBERTY, each week's issue quickly and easily inserted. Price only 80¢. Get yours *now!* Use the coupon, please.



LIBERTY, Binder Dept.
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....Binders
for which I enclose 80¢ each.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

3-24-28

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

preserve not only her body but her life.

Together with the papyrus was the formula for a mixture designed to waken the Princess from time to time. The papyrus bore the likeness of Zalithea. To Barry's amazement, it strangely resembled the girl of the balcony!

John Cumberland privately consulted experts, bought the papyrus, and resolved on a visit to Egypt—and the tomb which Danbazzar had found. Barry was to join the expedition, as well as Professor Blackwell of Yale. The Professor decided to go on to Europe a week ahead. Young Cumberland saw him off.

Among the passengers, just before the gangway was cleared, he caught a glimpse of Her!

It was a dazed Barry Cumberland who reached the sands of Egypt.

Part Four

DANBAZZAR'S camp was in the neck of a *wadi* on the north of the caravan route from Thebes to Farshut. Farther north, and visible from the tents, on the summit of a mountain stood an ancient watchtower, used in the days of the Pharaohs by the tomb guard. All about were remains of stone huts which had probably been their quarters.

On the right, above terraced, desolate hills covered with débris of abandoned excavations, rose the stately mass of El Kurn, the Horn.

Here, in this weird quarry to which no one ever penetrated, they had their base of operations. The native excavators had their quarters several miles distant, in a sort of tumble-down village principally inhabited by dogs. An entire absence of sanitary arrangements was the outstanding novelty.

They reached camp at dusk, to find that a native cook had prepared dinner and that Hassan es-Sugra, who had gone ahead, was waiting to receive them.

Before attacking the meal, Barry, tired though he was, climbed the side of the *wadi* and stood on the edge of a small plateau, looking out to the rosy haze which marked the course of old, distant Nile. The unforgettable dusk of Egypt was falling.

Rocks showed like black smudges on a gray canvas, and the sky was passing through an amazing transformation of delicate blue to shell pink, which, by some natural magic, combined to form the violet afterglow which is not the least of this country's beauties.

The great adventure had begun. Tonight he was to see for the first time the tomb of Princess Zalithea!

He uttered a deep sigh, which was a sigh of contentment, and climbed down the steep descent again to the camp.

They dined inside one of the tents, Danbazzar deeming it unwise to court attention from any chance travelers upon the ridge above.

Plates of steaming tomato soup (tinned variety) were set upon the small square table which even boasted a white cloth. The cook, a big, bearded fellow from the Fayum, his magnificent teeth revealed in a constant grin, was just placing loaves and a pitcher of water upon the hospitable board.

Danbazzar, wearing a white shirt open at the neck, riding breeches and gaiters, seemed utterly appropriate in that setting. John Cumberland, also coatless, sat on the right of the table. He seized a loaf and began to carve it vigorously, looking up as Barry entered.

The only member of the party who seemed out of place was Professor Blackwell, who faced his friend across the table. He wore a black alpaca jacket and had omitted to remove his sun helmet.

Barry took the vacant chair. "If we go on in this style we shan't starve."

Professor Blackwell bent toward him, and:

"There's plenty of liquor," he whispered in his ear, "but all these fellows are strict Moslems and we should lose their respect, so Danbazzar informs me, if they knew we drank anything stronger than water."

The soup dispatched:

"Stick your head out and tell Mahmoud we are ready for the chicken," said John Cumberland.

Barry nodded, stood up, and stepped outside the tent. The camp kitchen had been established in a sort of cave in the side of the *wadi*. Mahmoud, the cook, smiled as he cooked and sang soft Arab love songs.

Before the entrance to this little tunnel, leaning upon his ebony cane, Barry saw Hassan es-Sugra, reflectively studying the efforts of the chef. At the same moment he detected a faint, sweet sound. From a great distance it seemed to come—above and beyond—a rhythmic, silvery jingling. It was the sound of camel bells! High above, on the mountain ridge, a caravan was passing on its way from Thebes to Farshut.

AFTER dinner, pipes and cigars being lighted, they held a council of war, seated around the table in the tent. At this council Hassan es-Sugra attended.

"Although no precautions have been neglected," said Danbazzar, "there appears to be suspicion about the object of our journey in certain quarters. I had an interview yesterday with the secretary

of the Mudir of Luxor. We have known each other for some years, and he gave me a big dose of advice about the route beyond El Kharga. He was most hospitable, and so anxious for our comfort that I'm dead sure he knew I was lying. He knew we had no more intention of visiting the oasis than he has."

"But how could the truth have leaked out?" John Cumberland asked.

"What about these people in the village," Barry suggested, "where the men are quartered?"

Hassan es-Sugra extended his palms and softly intruded with a remark.

"They are of the Hawwarah," he explained, "or claim to be. They owe allegiance to their own sheik and he is my friend. No, it will be some of the workmen, while in Luxor, who have been talking."

"Then what can we do?" John Cumberland demanded.

"I could thrash two or three of the men," Hassan suggested gently, "until I found one to speak the truth."

BARRY stared in amazement at the æsthetic face of the speaker, thinking that he jested; but no smile appeared. This was apparently a serious offer.

"No!" Danbazzar's deep voice broke in. "It would do no good. If this fellow Tawwab suspects anything—"

"Exactly," said Professor Blackwell uneasily; "that is just what I am wondering. If he suspects anything, what will he do? Inform the Inspector of Antiquities?"

Danbazzar knocked ash from his cigar.

"He is an Egyptian," he replied. "What would he gain by that?"

"Ah!" John Cumberland exclaimed. "*Gain!* That's the answer—baksheesh!"

"Under the present government," said Danbazzar gravely, "always!"

"Well!" Cumberland shrugged his shoulders. "I came prepared to pay! Is it safe to start?"

"Yes."

DANBAZZAR turned to Hassan es-Sugra.

"Hassan," he directed, "make sure that all's clear."

Hassan saluted deeply and went out of the tent.

"It's a bit of a scramble," Danbazzar warned. "Everybody in fiber shoes, and don't forget your flasks."

Their preparations were complete when Hassan returned with the news that the road was clear.

The route they followed was merely a native path and not one of the roads ordinarily used. For a goat or a barefooted Egyptian it was navigable enough, but it was not all that might have been desired by a party of townsmen out for an evening stroll.

At last they came out on the hummock of a hill, and below them, magnificently outlined in shadow, lay the Valley of the Queens.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A jackal absconded with one of Professor Blackwell's slippers.

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

Above towered that strangely shaped mountain once sacred to the goddess Hathor.

Awhile they paused there, and then set out again, Danbazzar and Hassan leading.

By what sailing marks the pilots traced their course was not apparent. But through the desolation of this land of tombs they passed, the way twisting and turning, their route being sometimes upward and sometimes downward, until at last:

"Here it is!" said Danbazzar.

They stood before a sheer rock face, its irregular surface pitted with openings. Above a mound of drift Hassan es-Sugra began to dig with his stick, clearing sand and rubbish away. Barry watched him.

Somewhere here, deep in the heart of this rock, she lay, that Princess of long ago! She whose picture, portrayed in the papyrus, was a vivid representation of the girl he had seen on that balcony in far-away New Jersey!

"See!" Hassan es-Sugra turned, extending his palms. "The cartouche, sirs! As I found it a year ago!"

A ray from Danbazzar's electric torch shone on the rock. All bent forward eagerly.

Deeply carved in the surface it was there for all to see—the curious sign which, translated, meant: "She Who Sleeps but Who Will Awaken."

II

NOTHING succeeds like impudence. The original plan had provided for work at night only; but the flooded state of the Nile Valley was so discouraging to tourists, and interruption of labors in the remote spot where the tomb was situated so unlikely, that Danbazzar at the outset decided upon day shifts and night shifts.

The entrance to the tomb lay in a fairly deep recess; and Danbazzar had constructed, in convenient sections, a huge screen—practically a piece of scenery. The material for this accounted for the presence of several strangely shaped cases among their baggage, about which Barry had wondered.

Set in place before the entrance to the tomb, with top pieces and side pieces, or wings, it was joined with sand and rubbish to the rubble of the valley path. When lovingly finished by Danbazzar—seated upon a light scaffold—with odd dabs of paint applied to a wet surface upon which sand had been thrown, the result was magical. Whilst it slightly altered the conformation of the landscape, one would have had to tap the screen to learn that it was of wood and canvas, and not of rock.

Access to the interior was gained by an ingenious door, low down at one corner. This door was in reality a shallow box filled with rubble and cement and opening upward. In the space between the screen and the rock there was ample room for work, which was carried on by lanternlight.

With two men always on duty, one at the high end of the valley and one at the low, to give warning for operations to cease, detection was next to impossible, short of treachery on the part of an employee.

ON the morning that this screen was completed, Danbazzar, paintbrush in hand, stood surveying his work with the pride of an artist. He turned to Barry, who stood beside him, and:

"Some illusion, I think!" said he.

"It's simply amazing!" cried John Cumberland.

"I worked behind that screen, sir," said Danbazzar, "for three months, and not a soul but my men ever knew I was there! The last month I spent covering up what I'd found."

"I take it," said Cumberland, "we can soon demolish what you reconstructed?"

"Pretty soon," Danbazzar agreed. "But I had to make a sound job of it."

He touched Hassan es-Sugra upon the shoulder.

"Hassan," he directed, "let the first party begin at three o'clock. You have my instructions. I shall be back at five."

Returning to the camp, where they intended to remain during the heat of noon, they were met by a very courteous Egyptian official.

Danbazzar exhibited neither surprise nor alarm.

"Ah! Mr. Tawwab!" he cried genially, "it was really good of you to hunt us up!"

Mr. Tawwab's smile was noncommittal.

"The Mudir felt anxious about you," he explained; "and, learning that you had not yet started for the oasis, suggested that I should see you."

"We are honored and delighted," Danbazzar declared. "Allow me to make known to you Mr. John Cumberland, Professor Blackwell, and Mr. Barry Cumberland. This is Mr. Ahmed Tawwab, secretary to the Governor of Luxor. Coffee, I believe, is prepared. You will join us, Mr. Tawwab?"

"Certainly."

The Egyptian bowed, and they all entered the tent which served as dining room, office, and council chamber.

"The Mudir," Mr. Tawwab explained, turning the gaze of his languorous eyes upon Danbazzar, "learns from the Mudir of Assiut that a considerable party of Hawwarah Arabs, led by a sheik of the *Hamman fally* and plainly meaning mischief, has been reported from El Kharga, in the Great Oasis. It is perhaps a political or a religious demonstration, but the Mudir thought it wise to advise you that there may be danger."

"Convey my thanks to His Excellency," said Danbazzar gravely. "We are all most indebted."

"But," Mr. Tawwab pursued, rolling a cigarette between his flexible fingers, "I understand that you are a fairly large party, and, of course, you can make choice. He will be glad to learn, nevertheless, that his information was correct, and that this warning has reached you before your setting out."

MR. TAWWAB having presently departed:

"What does this mean, exactly?" John Cumberland demanded.

"It means, sir," said Danbazzar grimly, "that our screen was only erected in the nick of time. We shall be watched!"

"Do you believe the story of the Arabs?" Barry asked.

"No," Danbazzar answered promptly, "I don't!" His fierce eyes grew very reflective. "Nor do I believe that Ahmed Tawwab came from the Mudir at all. He has discovered the identity of your father, has got wise that we're here with some secret purpose, and he's going to make

AFTER dinner, pipes and cigars being lighted, they held a council of war.

ay. It was against grafting of this sort that I udgeted when I mentioned the price for the ex-edition, Mr. Cumberland."

UNDETERRED by these vague threats, operations were commenced that day. A tiny opening, a mere crevice, had been left by Danbazzar in he reclosed entrance, some ten feet above and to he left of the inscription on the rock.

The first party set to work to enlarge this. By ightfall enough had been done to show that this ndeed was the entrance to a narrow, sloping haft, carefully closed at the top with stone blocks.

John Cumberland's excitement became intense. arry deserted the job only when a night shift of xcavators came on duty, walking back, tired but nentally exhilarated, to the camp with Hassan s-Sugra.

As they pursued their way through moonlight nd shadow down to the little *wadi*, Barry spoke random.

"How long, Hassan," he asked, "should it take reach the tomb?"

"It is doubtful, sir," was the reply. "Perhaps, if the stones are not too hard to be broken, only a few days. Perhaps longer. And then, we do not know if the passage is clear beyond the first portcullis. And, at the bottom of the shaft, the entrance to the funeral chamber will have to be broken."

"But the way in from the top? The part you closed up again last year?"

"That should be easy, sir. Perhaps by tomorrow. But there is still all the shaft."

"Is that a long job?"

"Always," Hassan replied, "it is a question of the conditions. Sometimes the air is so bad that men cannot work in these tombs."

"A question of Kismet, eh?" said Barry.

"Kismet, yes!" Hassan es-Sugra smiled in his sweetly grave way. "If it is written that we succeed, we shall succeed. If not"—he shrugged his shoulders—"no matter!"

Dog-tired, Barry undressed and threw himself upon his camp bed. He shared the tent with Professor Blackwell.

He seemed scarcely to have closed his eyes before he was awakened by a stray beam of morning sunlight. Someone had raised the flap of the tent. He opened his eyes. The bearded, grinning face of Mahmoud appeared in the opening.

Mahmoud had a little English, and:

"Sir!" he said. "I come to tell you. They make a small opening—too small for me. But this morning Hassan es-Sugra goes through!"

"What!" Barry was out of bed in one bound. "You mean he has gone into the tomb?"

"He goes in, *effendi*, and comes out again!"

"Where is he?"

"He is there, in the valley."

"What!" came a harsh, sleepy voice.

"They've reopened the tomb, Professor!" Barry cried excitedly. "They've reopened the tomb!"

The Professor sat upright, fumbling under his pillow for his glasses, as Barry made a grab for his clothes.

John Cumberland and Danbazzar were not in camp; and having hastily disposed of hot coffee and biscuits, Barry and the Professor started for the excavation.

They had come out on to the plateau looking down upon the valley, when, upon the still desert air, the note of a police whistle reached them! The guards were armed with these; but this was the first time there had been occasion to use them.

"Damnation!" Barry muttered. "Who can it be? Come on, Professor, let's hurry!"

Coming out of a narrow ravine which opened some twenty yards above the site of the excavation, they almost literally ran into Mr. Tawwab!

He was standing not more than a dozen paces from Danbazzar's screen, smoking a cigarette and looking about him curiously.

III

FROM a high, steep crag Danbazzar and John Cumberland watched a horseman making his way down the slope of a distant valley.

"He's gone!" Danbazzar said, and looked back over his shoulder.

Cumberland heaved a great sigh of relief, and, standing, stretched his cramped limbs. The two climbed down to the path below, where Professor Blackwell and Barry awaited them.

"Do you think I got away with it?" the latter asked.

"No," Danbazzar said promptly; "not entirely. Your explanation that we had gone out for jackal was good—"

"Excellent, in my opinion!" Professor Blackwell murmured. "You are really an accomplished liar, Barry."

"Well," Barry explained, laughing, "I knew we shouldn't find you in the camp, and some sort of explanation had to be offered. I spoke loudly enough for you to hear me behind the screen, so that if he insisted upon staying till you returned, your story would correspond with mine."

"Unfortunately," said John Cumberland, "he must have heard the whistle."

"He did," declared the Professor, "although he never once mentioned it."

"That is why I know he didn't believe you," Danbazzar added. "I shall go into Luxor on Monday and talk business with Mr. Tawwab." He turned to Barry. "You haven't heard the good news yet!"

"They cleared the entrance!" Barry's father spoke excitedly, "which Danbazzar had reclosed. They set about the portcullis, and Hassan found a flaw in the rock itself beside this otherwise immovable stone door—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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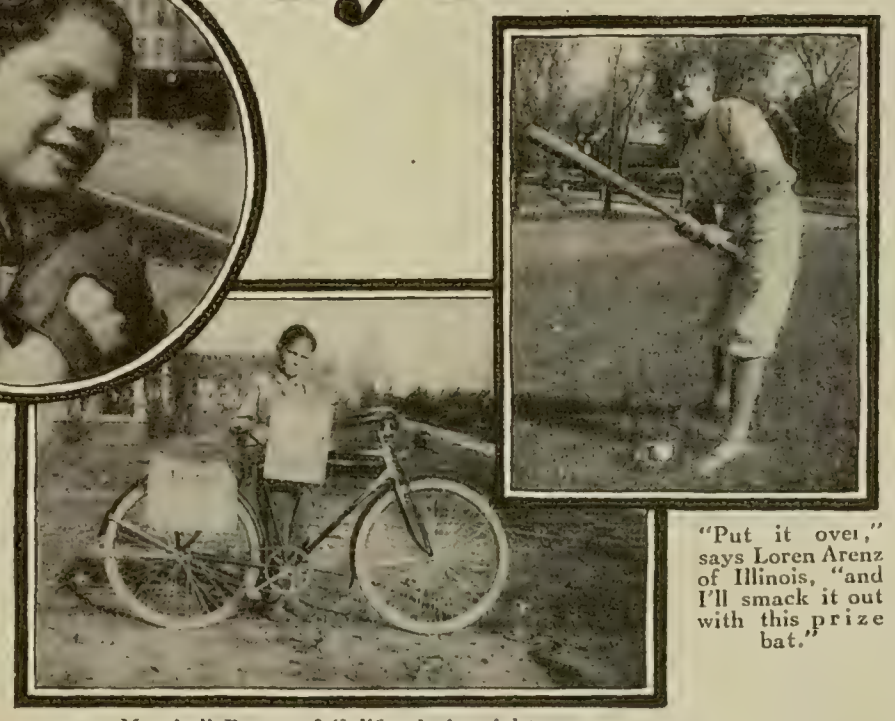

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

"Why didn't we find it last year?" boomed Danbazzar. "I figured that portcullis was a long, tough job!"

"Have you actually been in?" cried Barry.

"No," his father replied; "the opening isn't big enough yet. But Danbazzar and I were looking along the passage when we heard the whistle!"

"Hassan has been down," said Danbazzar. "There's an obstruction twenty feet below, but he reports the air is fairly good."

"But what's the obstruction?" Barry asked.

"I fear another portcullis," said Danbazzar. "But the roof of the shaft seems to have partly collapsed at this point and Hassan is uncertain whether there's another portcullis or not."

"Could I possibly get through?"

Danbazzar looked him over briefly, and:

"No," he replied; "but we have dropped a light into the shaft and you can look down. The men are at work again now."

Excitement rose to fever pitch. By nightfall the hole beside the mighty stone door which closed the passage had been appreciably enlarged. But progress beyond this stage was a matter of patient drilling and chipping.

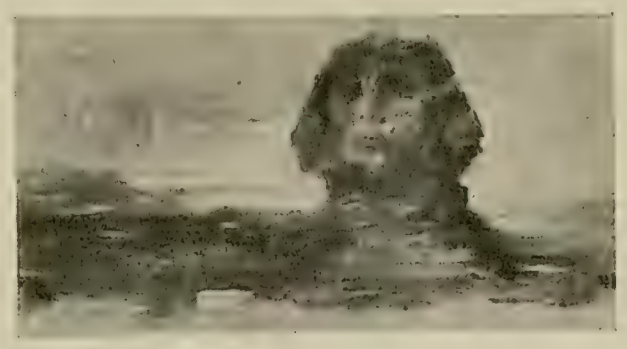
HOURS went by in constant work; blazing days and nights of ceaseless toil.

By Monday success seemed to be in sight; and as Danbazzar set out for Luxor to interview Mr. Tawwab, he gave orders touching the work on the lower passage. And so this day, which it was written should be a memorable one, wore on.

When the wonderful curtain of dusk was drawn over the valley, Danbazzar had not returned from his interview with Mr. Tawwab.

Having performed their somewhat limited ablutions, the others assembled in the tent over a surreptitious cocktail before dinner—a cocktail perforce without ice.

"It seems to me," said John Cumberland, "that this thing has developed into a race. The man Tawwab is out for blackmail. That's clear."



"Can we keep him off until we succeed?" murmured Professor Blackwell. "What is beyond that further obstruction no one can pretend to guess. But as to what it *is*, from my scanty observations—for the light was very bad—I have formed a theory that the first portcullis blocking the passage was built to be raised—I am sure of it—"

"I believe you are right," said Barry, "and it worked in deep grooves."

"Quite! Quite!" The Professor nodded. "I think the obstruction twenty feet down, from what I can see of it, is, or was, a second portcullis. The broken pieces look of about the same thickness as that at the top. I think that second portcullis, at some time when it was raised, fell, and was shattered."

"By Jove!" John Cumberland exclaimed. "You may be right!"

"I am almost sure I am," the Professor said. "I think I can see one of the deep grooves it worked in. If this is so, it should be fairly easy to clear the débris, and, unless there is a third portcullis intact, why should we not then find ourselves in the actual burial chamber?"

DINNER concluded, and Mahmoud having cleared the table, the Professor and John Cumberland, shirt sleeves rolled up and cigars lighted, settled down to poker. Barry, pipe in mouth, sauntered out into the *wadi*, vaguely wondering why Danbazzar had not returned.

He found himself following the familiar path. On he went and down, until he came to that little ravine which opened into the valley just above the tomb. In the nick of time he remembered the usual routine, and clapped his hands sharply three times.

Had he forgotten, the result would have been a blast of a police whistle and the suspension of operations!

The ingeniously screened working lay in deep shadow. He could see neither of the guards, but, standing there silent, he could hear, vaguely, deep in the heart of the rock, a sound of regular, muffled blows. He turned right, walking up the valley to where it came out on the shoulder of a hill. One of the guards stood up as Barry approached.

"*Lêltak sa'îda!*" said the man, saluting him. Barry echoed the words, to which he was now becoming accustomed, and passed on. The guard reseated himself under a rock.

Barry determined to walk up as far as the ancient caravan road which crossed the crest above, a spot from which, Danbazzar had informed him, the view by moonlight was remarkable. The path, however, disappeared into midnight gullies and twined about upstanding crags. The shadowy places might be full of pitfalls.

Barry paused, looking up at the ridge sharply outlined against the clear blue of the sky.

Upon a ridge fifty yards away, sharply outlined in the moonlight, a slinking shape appeared for a moment and as quickly disappeared. A jackal! Only the night before one had visited Mahmoud's pantry. Another, even more original in its tastes, had absconded with one of Professor Blackwell's slippers.

Barry determined to return to the camp by a circuitous route which he knew, and which would bring him out at the lower end of the *wadi*. Having satisfactorily lighted his brier, he set out, now walking more briskly and wondering if the night shift at work in

the tomb of Zalithea had succeeded in penetrating to the second portcullis.

If the shift which changed at 12 o'clock or that which changed at four should be in a position to report that their immediate objective had been gained, they were instructed to awaken Danbazzar, or in his absence John Cumberland.

Barry conjured up a vision of the chamber in which, if their hopes should be realized, they would find Zalithea. His impatience was so great that he could scarcely contain himself. He doubted if even his father's enthusiasm was greater than his own. Danbazzar, whatever he felt, revealed little. Hassan es-Sugra seemed to be removed from all human emotions.

Coming to the lowest point in his descent, about half a mile below the excavation, he paused.

He recalled that it did not matter which of the several paths to the left he took, since any of them would ultimately bring him to his destination. Crossing a flat-topped mound, he descended the slope beyond and saw beneath him a rugged bowl dotted with minor ruins, probably of those stone huts which occurred in the Valley of the Kings. He stood looking down.

Suddenly he saw something that caused him to shrink back, to inhale sharply—to wish he were not alone.

A figure was moving in the deep shadows of the hollow—a figure definitely horrible in such a place at that hour. It presented the appearance of a tall, gaunt man. There was a faint light, too—a fitful, elfin light which rose and fell—rose and fell—among the ruins!

All the old confidence with which Barry had walked through this place of the dead now deserted him. He recognized that he was afraid—and was ashamed of the recognition. But he retraced his steps swiftly, never pausing or glancing back until he had regained the main path.

Then, from behind him, far behind him, came a sound.

SOMEONE or something was climbing up from the bowl of the little valley! In the profound silence of that place the noise was clearly audible. Footsteps! Unmistakably those of a man and not of any four-footed beast!

Immediately facing him where he stood was an irregular mound of rock and sand, outlined on the right by the silver of the moon, but a place of ebony shadows on the left. He crossed into the shadow and waited. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps. Whoever was coming up from the valley of the ruined huts was about to enter that narrow gully through which Barry had walked!

Barry's heart was beating rapidly. He was afraid—and did not know of *what* he was afraid. And now he realized that the one who walked had cleared the gap, although he could not yet see any movement in the shadow.

A second—two seconds—three seconds elapsed—and a man came out into the moonlight.

IT was Danbazzar!

Automatically Danbazzar's hand dropped to his hip, the first intimation Barry had of the fact that he carried arms; then:

"All right," cried Barry, and stepped out of the shadow, conscious of an almost ridiculous sense of relief.

But for a moment Danbazzar did not move.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded—for it was less a question than a demand.

Barry experienced a momentary vague resentment.

"If it comes to that," he replied, "what are *you* doing here?"

Danbazzar smiled and came forward, shrugging his broad shoulders.

"I believe," said he, "that we have both got the jumps. *I* am here because my donkey boy refused to come beyond the end of the valley at this time of night. And as we have no accommodation for a donkey, I let him return to Kurna. As a matter of fact, I helped him start!"

"I see," said Barry, meeting the fixed stare of those strange eyes. "For my part, I was taking a walk because I couldn't sleep. But weren't you prowling about in the hollow down yonder?"

"I was," Danbazzar replied gravely. "I had an idea that someone was hiding there, watching me—and I won't be spied upon."

"That's odd!" said Barry; "because *I* had a notion I saw someone there about five minutes ago."

"Is that so? What was *your* impression—a tall, thin man?"

"Yes," Barry nodded; "unpleasantly like an unwrapped mummy!"

"Humph!" Danbazzar lighted a cigarette. "Very queer! Evidently you're not aware of the fact that that little hollow is supposed by the Arabs to be haunted!"

Side by side they proceeded up the slope, Danbazzar heading confidently for the camp. He seemed to know these desolate hills as he knew every street and every alley in Cairo. For Danbazzar, Egypt had few secrets.

"However," said Barry, "if we really saw anybody, it was probably some harmless eccentric who lives alone in one of the ruins."

"It may have been," Danbazzar murmured, "or it may not! What news of the tomb?"

"They are still enlarging the opening, but, except for Hassan

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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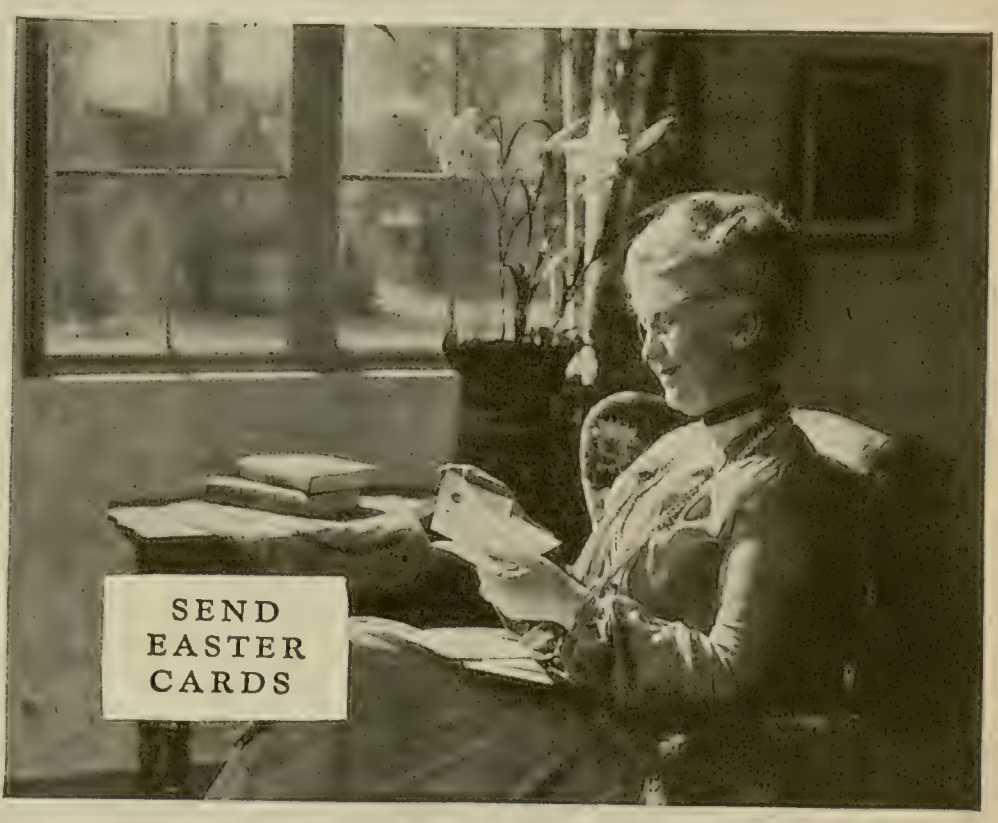

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Palmolive Shaving Cream is a triumph of one of the world's greatest soap laboratories. Sixty-five years' experience stand behind that name.

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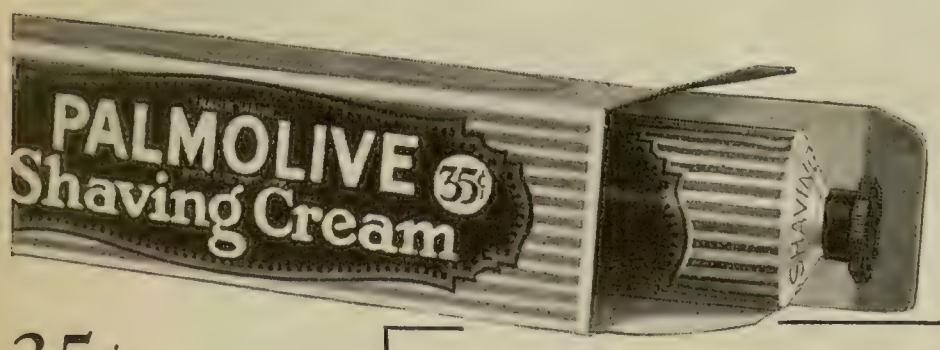

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Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-one]

and the younger Said, no one has been through yet."

"I'm very anxious," Danbazzar declared.

"You can't be more anxious than I am!" cried Barry.

"Possibly not," the other admitted; "but my anxiety may be different from yours. I have spent several hours today with Mr. Tawwab."

"Yes," Barry prompted eagerly. "What do you think he knows?"

"I don't think he knows anything. He's just guessing. But he takes it for granted that we're digging somewhere—for something. We're going to be watched, or intimidated, or both!"

"Intimidated!" Barry echoed.

"EXACTLY!" Danbazzar nodded in his slow, grave fashion. "I practically made Tawwab an offer in the roundabout, ceremonious fashion which alone they understand.

"He intimated with equal circumlocution that he didn't think the price high enough. I told him in a complimentary speech of fifteen minutes to go to the devil.

"He pressed on me several cups of coffee and nasty musk-scented cigarettes. Then he gave me to understand in the course of twenty minutes or more that I had his official permission to go to hell likewise. We parted perfectly good friends, though. It was a question of terms. But I think he holds the winning card."

"What do you mean?"

"Well!" Danbazzar shook his leonine head. "Mr. Tawwab reverted to the story of these Hawwarah Arabs reported from El Kharga. I thought it was just plain lying when he spoke of it at first, but as he came back to the matter today I knew there was more in it. He informed me, with deep regret, that a party of the Hawwarah had been reported on the caravan road some five miles south of Araki."

Coming from moonlight into shadow at that moment, Barry met the glance of the speaker's eyes.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that they are coming in this direction?"

"That's what Tawwab implied," Danbazzar admitted. "They must have come from the Farshut road and now they're heading our way. He professed to be much concerned about our safety, pointing out that at this season our camp was a lonely one."

"But what do you think he was driving at?" said Barry. "These Arabs are surely peaceable enough?"

"As a rule they are," was the reply, "but a wave of fanaticism will sometimes pass through a tribe, or a section of a tribe, and then they go Mad Hatter. However, I certainly know why Tawwab kept coming back to it."

"Why?"

"To drive the price up! He was good enough to mention that his relations with the sheik who seems to be at the head of this mysterious movement have always been of a most cordial character."

"The devil take it!" Barry muttered. "Why can't he mind his own business?"

"Well," Danbazzar smiled, "departmentally speaking, this *is* his business! If he handled it properly we should find ourselves under arrest tomorrow. No!" He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Mr. Tawwab holds the cards. We'll play as long as we can play, after which we must *pay*."

A pouring out of gold! Mystery! Romance! Barry Cumberland's fate is to lead him beneath desert sands into the strangest tomb that was ever opened. Go with him in next week's installment in Liberty.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Fifty-nine.)

1—On what two islands was Napoleon imprisoned?

2—Is one who leaves his own country for another called an immigrant or an emigrant?

3—What two cities are at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal?

4—How many men on a polo team?

5—For what term is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court appointed?

6—In what State is the Mt. Rainier National Park?

7—Who was the Republican candidate for President in 1916?

8—What is bronze?

9—What is a writ of habeas corpus?

10—What famous musician recently was prominent as a statesman?

11—For what Indian tribe is Utah named?

12—Where and when will the Democratic and Republican national conventions be held this year?

13—For whom is the month of March named?

14—How is the Congress which convened last December designated?

15—What distinguished British statesman died last month?

16—Who wrote the play Candida?

17—Which of these States extends farthest south: Arkansas, California, Oklahoma?

18—How does a farce differ from a straight comedy?

19—What prominent American woman was named Grace A. Goodhue before her marriage?

20—What is a moratorium?

The Manassa MAULER

Daddy of 'Em All

The Sharkey Battle and a $4,000,000 Champion —Is He Through?

By

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 20 minutes 36 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When Jack Dempsey lost the Heavyweight Championship to Gene Tunney in Philadelphia the night of September 23, 1926, there was closed the seven-year reign of the greatest champion, in point of number of victories and knockouts, the ring has ever known. Then arose the question: Could Dempsey come back? Mr. McGuirk goes on here to tell of the remarkable subsequent events in this unusual ring career.]

PART SIX (CONCLUSION)

THE comeback of Jack Dempsey is one of the marvels of modern athletics, an epic of persistence, determination, and grit. It consumed six months, and by it he proved that every rule has an exception and that he is the one and only to the law which says, "Heavyweight champions don't come back."

He did come back in the face of physical and psychological obstacles universally held insurmountable. On the night of September 22, 1927, at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, he momentarily regained the championship from Gene Tunney, the man who had taken it from him a year before, by knocking him down for a count of fourteen seconds. That he lost it by a special rule of the Illinois Boxing Commission does not alter this fact.

After the Philadelphia fight which cost him his title—about a week later, when his face had recovered somewhat from Tunney's jabs and hooks—the ex-champion left Philadelphia with Estelle Taylor, his wife, bound for California and oblivion. If Dempsey had had any illusions about the glories of being an ex-champ, they would have been dispelled on his departure from the Quaker City.

It was deeply impressed upon his mind that, for the first time in seven years, he was a private citizen. There was no mob at the Broad Street Station to speed him on his journey with cheers. He was not recognized. He and the beautiful woman by his side might have been a millionaire victim of a motor crash and his wife.

Even the porters who took their grips from the taxi drivers saw in him no one out of the ordinary. The porter on the train did recognize him and, with the infinite tact of his race, spread the impression that the late defeat of the Champion of the World was an unseemly prank of the Fates. And, strangely, Dempsey felt toward him an odd little feeling of gratefulness.

P. & A. photo

A loser's triumph—Jack Dempsey arriving in Los Angeles following his Philadelphia battle with Tunney. All Hollywood turned out to welcome him.

He was out of it. He was through. And he was glad of it. He could live easy and have nothing to worry him. He'd never again have to go through the grind of training. He'd spend his time looking after his business interests and playing around with Estelle.

In Chicago he met the same indifference as to either his identity or his future plans. He was interviewed perfunctorily by the reporters. But they handled him with the same directness they would employ in interviewing a mere financial magnate.

There was no awe concealed in their blunt manner. To them he was a has-been on his way to nowhere. All they wanted to know was whether he would try to regain the championship.

He was undecided, he told them. He had made no plans. He was going West to rest. Yes, Tunney was a great fighter, a much greater fighter than people gave him credit for. Then he dismissed them, a little wearily, and accepted service of several new suits begun

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Union Railroad Station, Baltimore

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Mt. Royal Station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Baltimore

Richest in cream

Richest in chocolate

[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Forty-three]

by Jack Kearns, his former manager, to recover $333,333.33 which, Kearns alleged, was due him from Dempsey's earnings.

HOLLYWOOD turned out *en masse*. Dempsey was greeted with a band and all the stars were at the station. They nearly shook his hand off. They made him glow with the warmth of their greeting. But something was missing. It was as if they were thinking, "Well, you did as well as you could. We're sticking with you because we're your friends, whether you win or lose."

Which was exactly what they were thinking.

Well, what could he expect? He was through. He'd been licked. He'd forget it. And that is what he tried to do. He plunged into his new career as realtor and mine owner. When the split had come between Kearns and him, they had divided their properties on a fifty-fifty basis.

He had taken over the Barbara Hotel, letting Kearns have an apartment building. He watched the management of the hotel and made some changes that improved the service there.

He bought a lot here, sold another one there, played much pinochle and solitaire, and "stepped out" with Estelle whenever he and she had a chance to do so.

Every once in a while he would jump out of bed an hour earlier than usual and rush down to the business section of Los Angeles on some errand which he had kidded himself was important. He would rush down, do his job, and then just hang around. He quit all training except morning calisthenics.

He did a little swimming. He raced Estelle up and down the beach now and then. But that was seldom. She was so busy with her work. Rapidly the weight crept around him, settling, quite a lot of it, around the old waistline. And he was bored stiff.

He was that most tragic of all human beings, a champion out of a championship.

Jack Dempsey thought he was through. But the public thought otherwise. If he had been an actor he would have thought of his "public" and talked about it all the time. But he didn't even know he had one.

The public, however, knew it had lost a great fighter. A champion had passed in a new manner. He had lost his championship while he was still on his feet.

The new rules never even considered aggressiveness. A contender could make a race track out of a twenty-four-foot ring and come out a winner if, by clever boxing, he could hit the champion more often than the champion hit him.

Only once before had a champion passed without being knocked stiff. And the exception was Tommy Burns, who had inherited the title when Jim Jeffries retired from the ring in 1906 because of a dearth of opponents. Jim named Tommy champion because he liked him.

Look over the records, advised the fans. Corbett knocked out Sullivan. Bob Fitzsimmons flattened Corbett. Jeffries put Fitz to sleep. Johnson smacked down Jeffries after taking the "championship" away from Burns in the fourteenth round. Willard knocked out Johnson, and Dempsey nearly murdered Willard.

And now here they were handing over the championship to a clever boxer and a fast runner, taking it away from the champion who was still on his feet and still strong at the end of the tenth and final round!

Thousands of letters poured into the sporting editors of the newspapers all over the country. Thousands more fell into the lap of Tex Rickard, tickling, while worrying, that cauliflower gardener. Gosh all hemlock! If Dempsey could get into condition again, a Dempsey-Tunney fight would gross a million. A million? Two million. Three!

Here was the greatest "natural" in pugilistic history—if Dempsey could "come back."

TEX pushed the perennial cigar over to the north side of his straight, firm mouth and instructed his secretary to "get Dempsey on the telephone. Tell him who 'tis acallin'."

"How you adoin', boy?" Tex casually inquired across the continent. "You adoin' any road work or fightin', or are you just aplayin' at bein' a bold, bad man out there in Hollywood?"

"Well," came back the ex-champ, "I ain't doin' nothin' much and it's the hardest job I ever tackled."

"Thought that was about the size of it. How'd you like another fight with Gene? Ought to pull a good-sized gate."

"No-o," said the ex-champ. "Guess I'm all through, Tex. Gettin' old. I had enough of it. Seven years. I ain't kickin'."

"Well, o' course, if you know he can lick you, I don't blame—" Tex left the rest of the sentence in the air and sat with his cigar pointing at the ceiling and an expression on his face like he was holding four aces pat.

P. & A. photo

Bob Edgren, noted sports writer and friend of Dempsey.

"I don't know nothin' like that about anybody." The answer was swift and decisive. "I don't know whether I can do it or not. I'm pretty fat."

Tex grinned. "That's all right. You go ahead and try, anyhow. We'll get you a match or two before you meet Gene so you'll have a couple of fights under your belt when you meet him."

"All right. I ain't sure I can do it. But I'll try."

That conversation took place on one of the later days of March, 1927, and Jack went back to the jungle around the first of April. He went into Ojai, California, a small town in the hills, ten miles from a railroad, and in the heart of a virgin wilderness. He weighed 227 pounds.

That 227 pounds represented his problem. It represented ease, soft living that was not cut into very deeply by Dempsey's daily routine as champion. The routine had meant daily road work, a run of five miles or so in the early morning, interspersed with sprints, calisthenics, and a trip to a gymnasium three times a week, where he would box from three to five rounds. Jack Dempsey always kept in training when he was champion.

AGAINST that daily grind there had fought the growing weight and the enlarging waistline. They had crept upon him insidiously, they and the years. If he had taken advantage of his opportunities to overeat, overdrink, and loaf, he would have been absolutely through, hopelessly beyond recall. Even as it was, the chances against his ever regaining anything like his old form were about seventy to thirty. But he was going to try!

He reverted to type. He shed the business man, the man of the world, the charming host, and the welcome guest. He became again the hobo, the quiet, deadly, good-natured fellow who worked when he could at hard manual labor that strained the thews and sinews—almost broke his heart.

His routine was not that of a fighter. At that moment he was not at all interested in his speed, his judgment of distance, or the placing of a blow on an opponent's body. He forgot that he ever had been a fighter. What he must do was to harden that excess weight into muscle.

Now it was clogging his muscles, intervening itself in flabby strata between the muscles and the nerves, and intercepting the lightning messages coming from his brain. He didn't care whether it hardened or rolled off. It was in the way.

The hardest part of that lacerating grind, Jack Dempsey has told since, was the absence it enforced from his wife and his home. He spent from Monday to Saturday noon in a log cabin in the hills and returned to Hollywood for Sunday. Sunday night he was on the way back to camp and Monday morning found him out working before sunrise.

The routine included anything which called for heart- and back-breaking labor. He felled trees, chopping for hours at a stretch. He built roads, working with the laborers in cutting, digging out the frost-imprisoned rocks, plowing the hard soil. Daily he carried rocks weighing from twenty to 100 pounds out of the roadbed and smashed them with a heavy iron sledge.

He walked at his greatest speed up the long, steep hills to strengthen his leg and back muscles. The legs were his chief concern. He ran over the hills at a dogtrot, not slacking his speed for steepness.

For the first three weeks he would come back to his cabin, eat

a heavy meal, and go from the table to the cot, where he would be asleep before the pillow got warm under him.

From time to time he would have for visitor a sporting writer, sent to find out how Dempsey was getting on. Inquiries were pouring in from all parts of the country. Dempsey was always noncommittal, not because he was trying to hold out information, but because he didn't know himself just how he was getting along.

Jack and his wife, Estelle Taylor, the film star.

"I guess I'm doin' all right," he'd say. "I'm workin' pretty hard. But it ain't easy to get back into shape after a long lay-off. I'd rather not make any statement."

Soon men all over the world were shaking their heads sadly and saying: "They never come back. Jack will never get in the ring again." So they proceeded to forget him and to watch with increased interest the outcome of the elimination tournament which Tex Rickard was running to his own immense profit and the sport world's satisfaction.

The tournament was uncovering a fair aggregation of what might develop into contender material.

Dempsey went on plugging. He hardened and browned in the wind and sun. The fat rolled off. In the first part of June he had worked himself down to 205 pounds and then he began to pay attention to punching practice. He worked on the bags, the heavy sandbag and the light punching bag. He shadow-boxed. He increased the rigor of his road work.

Never once did he think of his opponent. He was no more interested in Tunney's method of offense and defense than he had ever been in those of any opponent he had ever met. What he was interested in was getting Jack Dempsey into fighting condition. Subconsciously he knew that Jack Dempsey, fit, could whip any man in the world.

ABOUT this time,. Robert Edgren, artist and one of the best fight authorities in the United States, ambled up into the hills to look Jack over. Edgren doesn't get unduly enthusiastic about anything. He watched Dempsey's work; nothing escaped him.

He studied Dempsey both from the artist's and the fighter's standpoint. He knew fighters because he had been a fighter himself, an amateur and one of the best, so good that he often sparred with James J. Jeffries when Jeff was in his prime. And Jeff, like Dempsey, never learned to pull a punch.

He stayed in the camp three days, watching Dempsey closely, both for his physical improvement and his mental reaction. When he came out of the hills he wrote a story which simply said, "Dempsey has come back," and then went on to tell his reasons for believing it.

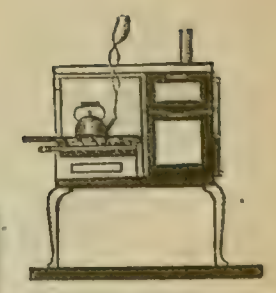
That story appeared in newspapers all over the United States, and it was greeted with cheers and a renewed anticipation of seeing the ex-champion in action again.

But the croakers knew better. "They never come back," they lamented. "When they're licked, they stay that way. Dempsey will crumple up under the punches of the first good man he meets. Look at old Jeff. He was the greatest fighter who ever lived and look at what Jack Johnson did to him."

Dempsey had done a lot of questioning himself when Bob Edgren went up to see him. The two men are friends. Edgren likes Dempsey because he is of the old breed of fighters who went in to fight and quit when they were knocked out—and not before. Edgren loves a fighting man; is not so keen on the fencer.

He has always claimed that Jeffries was the world's greatest

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Forty-five]

fighter whose boxing was much underrated. Dempsey had, and has, a vast respect for Edgren's judgment. He asked for a lot of advice and got it. He asked finally if Bob thought he could come back, and Edgren told him he believed he could.

It wasn't long after Edgren's story appeared that Dempsey telegraphed Rickard he was fit to fight any man he picked out for him.

Jack Sharkey of Boston, a young Lithuanian, won the heavyweight elimination tournament. In Brooklyn he proved that Harry Wills, the Black Menace, who had been on Dempsey's trail for years, was nothing but a bugaboo.

He won the fight on a foul after beating the colored man almost to a pulp. Rickard promptly signed him to meet Dempsey.

They met in the Yankee Stadium, New York, on the night of July 21, 1927, before a crowd of 84,000 people whose collective wish was that Dempsey would win. But Sharkey was one with the croakers.

"They never come back," he sneered in his corner, and glared over at Dempsey, trying to catch his eye. But Dempsey ignored him. He never looked once in his direction. Dempsey was cleanly and freshly shaven, because the New York Boxing Commission believes that a fighter at work should be just as pulchritudinous as an orchestra leader or an actor. So he didn't look quite as much like a Neanderthal man as usual.

Sharkey, up to that night, was of real champion caliber. He had everything—courage, boxing skill, speed, and excellent judgment of distance. He believes to this day he can lick either Dempsey or Tunney, and maybe both of them together in the same ring. This abundant self-confidence had a most direct influence on the result of that fight.

Sharkey whirled and charged at the clanging of the bell, and jabbed lefts into Dempsey's body. They clinched and Dempsey ripped into Sharkey's body in close. It was a bitter fight, and the crowd, which had come to cheer, at worst, an old man's effort to regain the strength of his youth, rose as one from their seats and yelled.

SHARKEY was fighting Dempsey's kind of a fight—more power to his gameness—and he bored in, welting his body. Dempsey slowed. He staggered. Got set. Crowded in close. And nearly knocked Sharkey out of the ring with rights and lefts to the head! But that flurry about finished him. He looked all in.

He wasn't weaving and bobbing. He was just staggering. One punch would finish him! Sharkey started it, but the bell saved Dempsey.

Experienced fans shook their heads. Well, Dempsey had put up a lulu of a try, anyhow. But they don't come back. They never come back. Too bad. Hard on Dempsey. Pretty tough on the old boy.

In his corner Sharkey growled to Johnny Buckley, his manager: "I'll take that baby in the next round. He's through."

"Sure," said Johnny, trembling with excitement. "But take it easy, Jack. That fellow's always dangerous. Better box him. Don't go trading wallops."

"Ah!" scorned Sharkey. "He hasn't a wallop left in him."

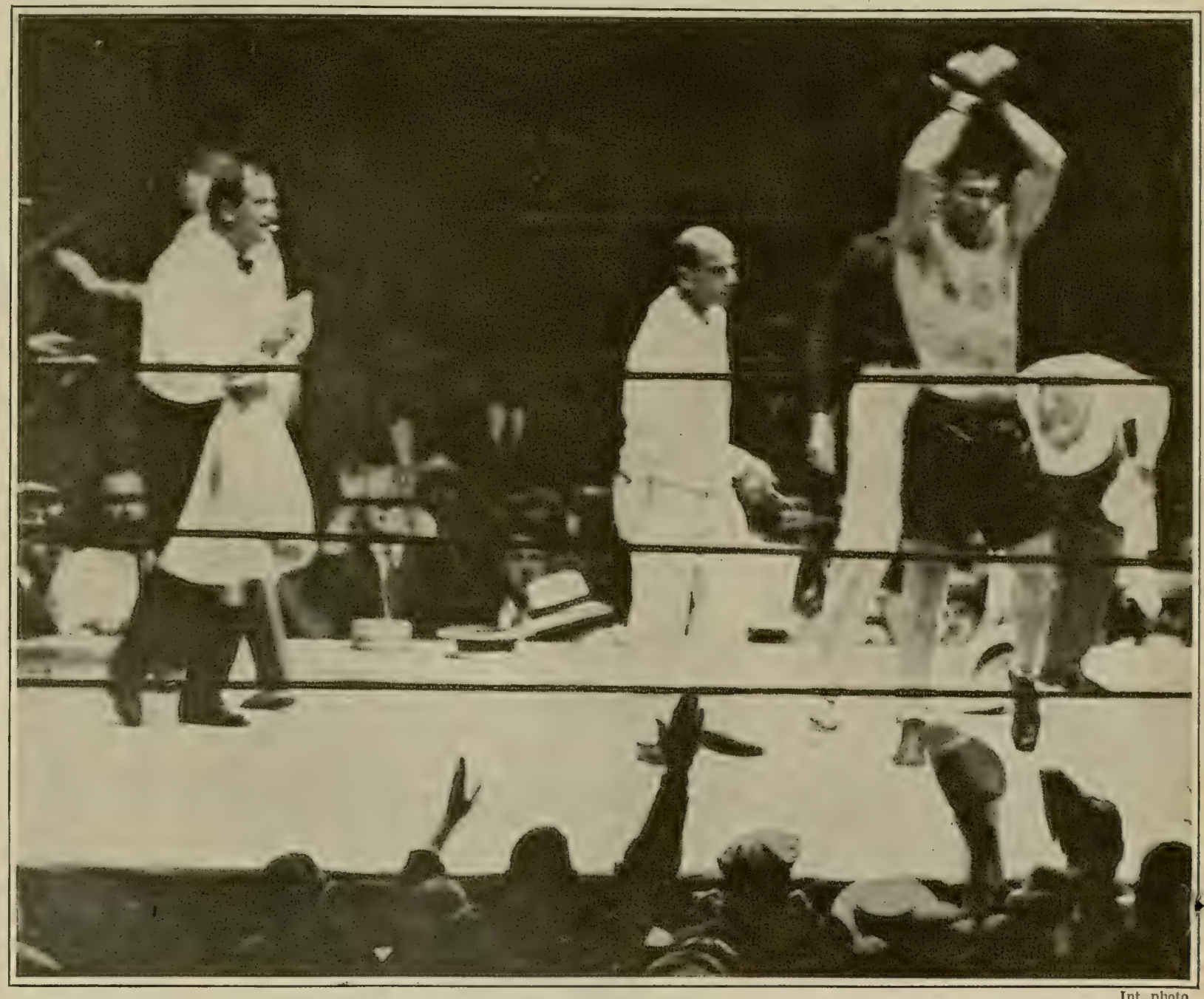
He believed it. He rushed from his corner again in the second and sent Dempsey to the ropes with a right and left to the head. Dempsey fought back doggedly. He'd been in this kind of battle before. This youngster wasn't like Tunney. You could find him and sock him. Tunney was a ghost.

"Hit him in the belly." Sock! Sock! "Hit him on the chin." He missed. And then two thunderbolts hit him. Sharkey's right crashed to his jaw. The left hit him on the other side. At the ringside, Jack Kearns, his old manager and partner, but now his bitter enemy, turned his head so he wouldn't see Jack go down.

But Dempsey wasn't going down any, thank you. His nose was bleeding and his eyes were glazed, but he rushed Sharkey to the ropes with hooks to the body.

In the third round Sharkey slipped on the wet canvas, but was up immediately. That round was even, but when Dempsey came up for the fourth, he seemed weak. Sharkey cut and slashed him, opening a gash over his left eye. Dempsey kept boring in. "Sock him in the belly and then hit him on the chin." That round, too, was even.

In the fifth, Sharkey, not quite so sure now that Dempsey was all through, stood off and boxed him. He fought away from the clinches, those terrible clinches in which



Int. photo

Dempsey shaking his hands to the crowd after he had knocked out Jack Sharkey in New York.

Dempsey beat a painful tattoo on his midriff. They hurt. Was there anything to that rumor that Sharkey couldn't take it in the belly?

Maybe. Because in the sixth Sharkey was altogether on the defensive and Dempsey was boring, boring . . . "Hit him in the belly—"

THE end came suddenly. The seventh round was much like the sixth, with Sharkey a little more aggressive. They were standing toe to toe in the center of the ring, slugging, while the maddened pack stood on its seats and screamed. Dempsey shot in two punches. Both seemed low.

Sharkey, instead of dropping on one knee and claiming a foul, half turned his head as if to appeal to Referee O'Sullivan. Dempsey whipped a left to the jaw. On his glove was written "Finish!" Sharkey dropped, cold.

They don't come back? The hell they don't! Dempsey came back that far as decisively as he came back to the second battle for the championship with Tunney in Chicago.

Nearly every champion, while he holds the championship or immediately after he has lost it, is almost universally acclaimed "the greatest that ever lived." And the question of who was really the greatest champion of all time is always a great source of argument.

The record book seems to say "Dempsey," and you can argue with it if you want to. But that he has exerted more influence on the pugilistic profession than any other champion, there can be no question.

During his reign Jack Dempsey was responsible for three important changes in the boxing rules. The first decreed that a champion must defend his title in six months. It was designed to force him into the ring.

The second eliminated the rabbit punch and was promulgated as a result of Dempsey's punishment of Carpentier with it in their fight in Jersey City in 1921.

The third required that a boxer retire to the farthest neutral corner before the referee could start to count over his floored opponent. It came as the aftermath of Dempsey's disposal of Firpo and resulted in the weird Chicago long count.

Paul Prehn of the Illinois Boxing Commission, defending the very special rule in the face of the howl of indignation which went up all over the country, declared that it was promulgated to prevent a repetition of Dempsey's alleged action in the Firpo fight. Dempsey, he said, had socked the Argentine from the side and behind while he was still squatting on the floor attempting to rise. If Dempsey did this, he was within his rights.

Under the Queensberry rules a knocked-down fighter is officially on his feet if both hands are not touching the floor. Dempsey hit Firpo while he squatted. The Illinois Commission couldn't bear to see that happen to Tunney.

Dempsey was the greatest pugilistic drawing card and the greatest individual money-getter in all sports of all time. He made somewhere in the neighborhood of $4,000,000 as heavyweight Champion of the World: $2,864,500 from the "gates" of the nine battles he fought from the time he came into the championship; the rest from vaudeville, moving pictures, burlesque, and requested appearances, indorsements of tonics, sporting equipment, etc., and his various "Lives."

He created opportunities for his opponents to make more money in one fight than most champions made in their whole careers. And he changed boxing from a stepchild of the sports into one of the leading industries of the United States.

The figures prove it:

Int. photo

Tex Rickard (left) and Jack Dempsey at a New Jersey court hearing of a suit brought against the ex-champ by Jack Kearns, his former manager.

Dempsey's Golden Gate

Date	Fight	Crowd	Gate	Dempsey	Opponent
July 4, 1919	Dempsey-Willard	50,000	$ 452,522	$ 27,500	$100,000
Sept. 6, 1920	Dempsey-Miske	17,000	200,000	100,000	30,000
Dec. 14, 1920	Dempsey-Brennan	14,000	200,000	100,000	35,000
July 4, 1921	Dempsey-Carpentier	90,000	1,626,580	300,000	200,000
July 4, 1923	Dempsey-Gibbons	12,000	130,000	287,000*	7,500
Sept. 14, 1923	Dempsey-Firpo	86,000	1,082,590	500,000	162,000
Sept. 23, 1926	Tunney-Dempsey	130,000	1,895,723	850,000	200,000
July 21, 1927	Dempsey-Sharkey	84,000	1,083,529	250,000	206,803
Sept. 22, 1927	Tunney-Dempsey	150,000	2,650,000	450,000	900,000

*Guarantee.

Totaling these golden statistics we find that since he became Champion of the World, Jack Dempsey drew 633,000 people to see him fight nine different opponents. These paid $9,320,944 for the privilege of seeing him work three hours and thirty-three minutes in the ring in eight years, two months, and three weeks minus three days. And all of them will admit that the sight was worth the money. If you're curious, you can add up what his opponents made yourself.

Dempsey, from the time he knocked out Freddie Woods, the blacksmith's son, in Montrose, Colorado, to the time he regained and lost his championship in Chicago-of-the-long-count, fought about ninety-five fights, eighty of which are in the record book. These eighty resulted this way:

Forty-eight knockouts; won eleven; knocked out by one (the fight with Jim Flynn in Murray, Utah, in 1916); no decisions, two; draws, four; lost, four; exhibitions, ten.

Of the knockouts, twenty-five were delivered in the first round; four in the second; five in the third; four in the fourth; two in the fifth; two in the sixth; three in the seventh; one in the ninth; one in the tenth; and one in the twelfth.

Whether Dempsey was the greatest fighter that ever lived, including John L. Sullivan, is a moot question, but his knockout record is by far the most impressive.

Against his forty-eight, the record book reveals twelve for Sullivan; five for James J. Corbett; twenty-two for Robert Fitzsimmons; twelve for James J. Jeffries; thirty-six for Tommy Burns; thirty-one for Jack Johnson; and nineteen for Jess Willard.

IS Dempsey still in the ring? His retirement was recently announced, but there stand before him two fights—one with the winner of Rickard's heavyweight elimination tournament and, if he wins, another with Gene Tunney.

Will he fight and, if so, will he win? There is a decided difference of opinion, but that of experts was pretty well epitomized by Jack Kearns, Dempsey's former manager and his bitter enemy.

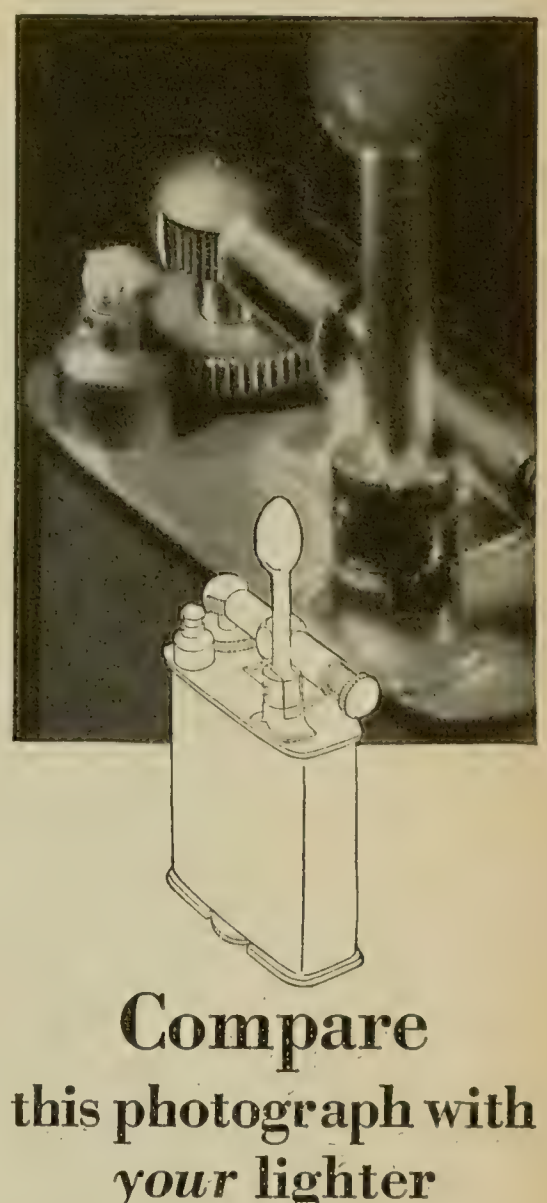
"I don't know how another fight will go," he said. "I think Dempsey is through. I think Gene can take him. But he's got about two good socks left in him. And if he lands either one of them, good night —anybody!"

Meanwhile Dempsey remains the most popular fighter that ever lived and, in the opinion of many experts, the greatest fighter of all time. As a money getter for his promoters he never had an equal. Men say he never will.

Whether he wins or loses, the customers are eagerly awaiting his next start. They will be there, whether the fight is staged in London, Paris, New York, San Francisco, or Timbuktu. Rickard believes another Tunney-Dempsey bout would draw bigger than the last one.

Regardless of the outcome, the customers expect one thing—another "Battle of the Century," crammed with drama, action, and blood. Those three things simply clutter up the ring when Jack Dempsey fights. He is that kind of a fighter.

THE END



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VOX POP

Answering the 100% Alabaman's Letter

TRENTON, N. J.—Just a little comment on the letter written by that bird who signed himself: "A 100% Alabaman." I see he had an effusion in Vox Pop which blew off steam as follows:

"Is LIBERTY controlled by Catholic gold, so that it is compelled to run articles glorifying the Pope of Rome and Rockne, the coach of Notre Dame? Shame on you!"

All that I can say for the "100% Alabaman" is that he is so narrow-minded that he could stick his head through the eye of a needle and still have plenty of room to move it around in.—*A Reader.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In reply to one of the narrow-minded rebuffs of a "100% Alabaman" from Jasper, Ala., let me fling back the same exclamation: "Shame on him." He may be a 100% Alabaman, but he certainly is not a 100% American, whose slogan should be: "Live and let live."—*A 100% American.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Let somebody enlighten the 100% Alabaman from the wee city of Jasper that his idea of Knute Rockne being a Catholic is woozy.—*One Who Has Been There.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—How can people like the "100% Alabaman" get that way? Was he born narrow minded or was it acquired?

I am a Unitarian, not a Catholic, but I was greatly interested in "The Pope at Home." Articles like that help "the other man" to see that even Catholics are human beings.—*Gerard H. Gover.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Three jeers for the "100% Alabaman"! It's persons like him that must rate themselves 100%. Nobody else will!

Have you ever heard a Catholic knock an article because it wasn't Catholic? No, you never have nor ever will.—*Kathleen.*

HAMMOND, IND.—That 100% Alabaman who said his piece against the Pope of Rome and Rockne of Notre Dame belongs just where he is—in the wilds and mountains away from civilization.—*J. K. Toman.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your correspondent from Jasper may be 100% Alabaman, but a 100% *man* signs his name.—*A. G. Jensen.*

MINDEN, LA.—Sam Jones, that famous Methodist revivalist, once said, "Some people don't have as much sense as cows." Explaining: "If you throw a cow a bale of hay, she will eat the hay and leave the thorns."

It is evident that some of the fatheads squawking through Vox Pop about your wonderful article entitled "The Pope at Home," picked out the thorns and left the hay. I am not a Catholic, but the time I spent reading that article was well invested.—*J. W. White.*

The Judge Says We Don't Understand Him

MEXIA, TEX.—Nice helpful man to our fair nation is Judge Ben B. Lindsey who advocates as a way to lessen sin—according to your article, "Lindsey and Companionate Marriage"—his simple little idea of calling sin something else. I believe there will be a nice cozy little corner in h— for him and anyone else who purposes to upset the very laws of God and legalize adultery. If he wants such conditions I'd suggest that he go to Russia and let America stay decent.—*M. C.*

The Test of Time

NASHVILLE, TENN.—That "Talking Dog" story you printed! Now

there's a virile tale—it must be to have lived so long. Forty-eight years ago I heard it first. I hope that LIBERTY will last for another half-century just to have this "dog-tail" sprung for new on another generation.—*Hallie.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—What had your manuscript perusers been inhaling to cause them to permit two such mildewed chestnuts to slip by as Cosmo Hamilton's "The Talking Dog," and the sixteenth spasm of Bert Green's Interior Decorator series?

The "Dog" story in tabloid, but with one or two embellishments, has been current in Pullman smoking compartments for years.

As for Green's Murphy and Reilly story, with three words substituted, I'll wager that the boys with the white coats in every respectable speak-easy in America heard it at least a dozen times in 1919.—*M. A. C.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Your story, "The Talking Dog," was an old-timer in my boyhood days. It was my favorite story. I first heard it during President Hayes' administration. The only difference was in minor details.

It took about two minutes to tell the story instead of twenty-one minutes and forty seconds reading time, and when I told the story, instead of getting paid, I was in luck if I wasn't razzed.—*G. J. Weaver.*

POCATELLO, IDAHO—That story, "The Talking Dog"! I hurt my head falling out of the cradle when a baby, years and years ago, laughing at that joke.—*Oliver Cogwell.*

It Did NOT Slip

COLUMBUS, OHIO—While rambling pleasantly through LIBERTY this afternoon I came upon a terrible snag in the shape of the most insipid story I have ever read; namely, "The Sword of Damocles."

This horrible example of what may slip into a magazine while the editor has an unguarded moment begins in the center of an extensive mental fog, and ends not far away. At no time does it threaten to become intelligent.—*T. L.*

All Right. What?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Please do something about Bert Green's articles. They are downright vulgar. —*Karel Clarke.*

Then Don't Throw It in the Furnace

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—LIBERTY is getting worse every week. There used to be at least one good story in each issue, but now it is so rotten that it puts the fire out every time we throw it into the furnace.—"*Pete and Cle.*"

Why Wait Till Afternoon?

POMONA, CALIF.—Your slogan is: "A Weekly for Everybody." It should read: "A Weekly for Those Who Are Lucky Enough to Get Them." There is never a single copy to be found in this town after Monday noon.—*A. E. Lusk.*

And Maybe More

AKRON, OHIO.—Many compliments to Charles J. McGuirk on his articles, "The Manassa Mauler." I'm for Dempsey and I think seven out of ten are for him.—*Ralph C. Denning.*

But, on the Other Hand

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—In a recent edition you had a story about Jack Dempsey by Charles J. McGuirk in which he told of "Jack the Barroom Bouncer," "Jack the Miner," "Jack the Lumberjack," etc. But I don't believe I saw anything about "Jack the Soldier." Will you please explain this, Mr. McGuirk?—*Clara McNeill.*

Matrimonial Hint

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your article on "How to Choose a Wife" was—

goose grease. The best way I know of to select a running mate is to make a list of the girls you consider eligible. Write each one's name on a slip of paper, and place the slips of paper in a hat. Then throw the hat away.—*One of the Boys.*

It's Part of the Fun for Some

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—May I suggest that you print in the Table of Contents, or at the beginning of the story (if it is a serial) the number of parts. Do not keep us guessing when it is going to end.—*T. R. Williams.*

Still 5c Worth?

BESSEMER, ALA.—Your magazine used to be the best nickel's worth of junk on the news stand. But now it's passed on to garbage.—"*Hop.*"

Hands Across the Border

NOVA SCOTIA, CAN.—Say! When are you "Yanks" going to stop yapping about the war? I don't know what you people know about it, anyhow. You were only in it for five minutes and you are doing more yelping than people who were in it for years. Don't ever forget you never saw the *real* German soldier. He was mopped up before you Yanks finished writing notes. God help your crowd if they had met that first German Army that our people met in '14-'15.—*Ed. McKensie.*

Not Always

HOUSTON, TEX.—I'd like to hand that Vox Popping Mr. G. C. Nelson

an uppercut for his sarcastic allusion to women: "If men had the courage of their convictions, women would not have votes now. Neither would they be tolerated so much in business."

It's as plain as Mr. Dempsey's remodeled nose that Mr. Nelson has been stung by some woman who was far cleverer than he. It irks me to hear a man presume to decide the fate of woman's place in the world.

Since time began woman has *led* and man has *followed.* Ask Adam!—*Frances Boggus.*

Thanks

HARTFORD, CONN.—Most of your editorials are fine. They are the best feature of your weekly. Exploding myths and debunking the halos which, in the popular mind, surround the great and near great, is a worthy object for any good editor.—*G. K. R.*

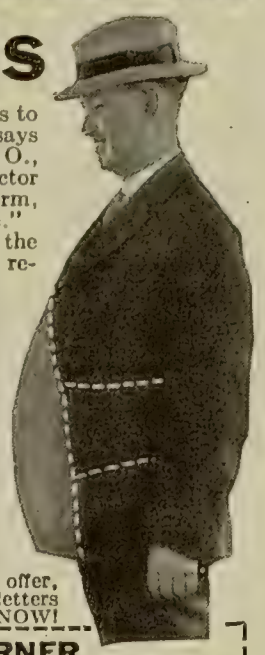
Sorry; It Ends This Week

NORFOLK, VA.—Keep up the "Balloon Buster." It's the best story I have ever read in LIBERTY. Get them all as good as that and I will be willing to pay ten cents for a copy.—*Santa Claus.*

Dear, Dear!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I don't mind whisky, I love it, but if friend Springs perpetrates about one more like "The Lost Chord," we'll have to find a rope and use it, too. I'm still blushing.—*Truthful Jerms.*

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



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Lifting a New Face to the World

By Eileen Bourne

IS face-lifting a success? Every woman is actually or potentially interested in this question. Many of us are wondering whether we might not pitch out of the window all our creams, lotions, and patters, and abandon the daily grind of care and exercises for a short cut. Others who have never followed any course of beautification suddenly wake up to their wrinkles and long for a speedy cure. Why not face-lifting?

For the affirmative side of this question we have consulted the man acknowledged by most of his confrères as the surest expert in Paris. He is M. le Docteur Raymond Passot.

This specialist has, by demonstrations in England and through his large American clientele, done much to popularize the particular operation of face-lifting. And he believes it is increasing in importance. "Aside from individual surgeons of distinction to be found in most large cities," says he, "the great centers of successful facial operations for æsthetics are Paris, New York, and Los Angeles."

He declares that a most tremendous change for the better in this field has occurred since the war. Before then few reputable surgeons would operate for improvement in beauty, but confined their attention to cases of accident or malady. Consequently, women had to go to the quacks or to the unskilled. They thus had to run the risk of hemorrhage, permanent injury of the facial nerves, or, at best, the aftermath of ugly scars. Now, however, in most countries, medical authorities accept æsthetic surgery as perfectly legitimate and women have the advantage of expert work.

Dr. Passot's most typical operation is to remove the wrinkles about the eyes, nose, and chin by cutting out a section of skin and flesh and sewing together the edges.

The incision, like a slim half-moon, is made mostly behind the ear so that the scar will ultimately be covered by the hair. Over the aperture the skin is stretched in three diagonal lines so that the wrinkles in those three sections will be taken up.

Sometimes, when the face is to more than average degree fat or flabby, the muscle is also shortened. But this process is less common.

For this operation only a local anæsthetic is used. It hurts a little, but no subsequent pain is felt. It is not at all unusual for a patient to talk with animation during the entire operation. Usually she gets up immediately afterward and takes a taxi home.

In two or three days, under the protection of a brimmed hat or a little face veil, she can go out.

In eight days the stitches are taken out. Then, as soon as the hair which has been cut away grows out again, the new face is ready for general exhibition. Thus has modern science devised a process which, although it may be considered decidedly unpleasant, is neither dangerous nor painful.

AND what about its value? Well, it does exactly what it claims to do—it removes facial wrinkles. It makes no claim to keep them away permanently. Dr. Passot frankly admits that the operation has to be repeated every three or five years. Here, therefore, is one count against this method as a significant beauty aid.

Another is that not for a long time can one do anything by manipulation or exercises to make firm and resilient the underlying flesh and muscles. There is too much danger of opening the wound. The threat of flabbiness is therefore increased—at least for a time.

Third is a certain artificiality in the subsequent look of the face which has been lifted. Sometimes this only means a smooth emptiness of expression. Sometimes the eyelids are subtly affected or the eyes given a slightly slanting look.

Of course, most of us would not be altogether averse to certain changes of expression, but, on the other hand, we are bound to regret loss of the mobility on which the eloquence of a face depends.

Thus rests the case. Under the hands of an expert you lose your wrinkles and gain a greatly increased look of youth for the time being. Your sole risk is of some loss of naturalness of appearance.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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FISH *in Tasty* Variety

By ETHEL SOMERS

Salmon Timbale baked in a mold, garnished with pan-fried bean sprouts and cheese-filled green-pepper rings.

Oyster cocktail is specially attractive when served in shells.

Preparing small fish for cookery: 1, Cut off a narrow strip of skin, including the fins, with shears. 2, Next, with a sharp knife, remove the head. 3, Slit open, remove entrails, and skin the fish. 4, Heads and pulled-off skin.

WITH the Lenten season in full swing, it is necessary for the housewife to look for a tasty variety in her fish cookery. To produce the most palatable flavors, the seasonings must be added before the fish is cooked. It is even more important to salt fish before cooking than it is to salt meat during cooking.

When properly seasoned and put to cook, both the time and temperature of cooking become the paramount issues. Cooking should be stopped when the fish flakes can be easily separated with the aid of a fork.

Lastly, the manner of serving fish is most important. Colorful garnishments and tasty accompaniments are essential to complement the blandness of the fish itself. A gay fish platter with brightly festive vegetables, plenty of parsley, and tasty potatoes will truly be welcomed. An insipid array of poorly seasoned and carelessly chosen accompaniments brings out the family cry, "What, fish again?"

Oyster Cocktail

1 cup thick stewed tomatoes
1 clove garlic
1 slice onion, medium
1 bay leaf
1/16 teaspoon pepper
1/4 cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, if desired
2 drops tabasco sauce, if desired
36 raw oysters

HEAT the first five ingredients to boiling. Strain. Add the remaining seasonings and set aside to cool. Chill before serving. Serve the oysters in chilled sea shells, green-pepper cases, or cocktail glasses. Arrange 6 oysters for each individual serving and divide the sauce among these. Garnish with parsley.

Deep-Fat-Fried Oysters

36 oysters
1 egg
1 tablespoon cream
2/3 cup dry bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper

WASH the oysters carefully and dry on a soft cloth or paper napkin. Sprinkle the *dried* oysters with salt and pepper. Beat the egg slightly. Add the cream. Coat the oysters with egg and then with crumbs. Spread on wax paper and let stand at least 10 minutes. If this precaution is not taken and the second coating of egg and crumbs is applied immediately, the crumbs will come off the oysters during the frying. Fry in deep fat at 385° F. about 5 minutes or until well browned.

Variations may be produced by using a Mayonnaise or Tomato Sauce coating in place of the egg and cream, or by rolling the oysters in grated cheese immediately after the first coating with crumbs. If a tart product is desired, the washed, dried oysters may be sprinkled with lemon juice and allowed to dry one hour before coating.

Variations may be obtained also by serving with Tomato, Tartar, or Horse-Radish Sauce, or Parsley or Lemon Butter. If bread crumbs are not available, cracker crumbs may be used, and if neither are at hand, the oysters, after washing and drying, may be dipped in a thick batter, using oyster liquor in place of milk when making the batter.

Oven-Fried Oysters

36 oysters
1 1/4 cups milk
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
2/3 cup dried bread crumbs
2 tablespoons vegetable oil

WASH the oysters. Dip in the salted milk and then completely coat with crumbs. Place the coated oysters in a single layer at least 1 inch apart on a buttered baking pan or sheet. Sprinkle with the oil. Place in a very hot oven (550° to 600° F.) for about 5 minutes, or until well browned. This oven-frying method will be found very satisfactory if bread crumbs are used. Cracker crumbs will not brown under these conditions.

Salmon Timbale

2 cups flaked salmon (1 tall can)
1 or 2 eggs, as desired
1/3 cup cream, milk, or water
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon paprika

MIX the slightly beaten eggs and the liquid. Pour this into the seasoned salmon. Chopped green pepper, celery, hard-cooked eggs, pimento, cooked rice, or pan-fried mushrooms may also be added for variety. Place in a buttered mold. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until the mixture is firm and slightly browned. Test by inserting a knife in the center. It should come out clean.

HOW would you like to eat your favorite dish three times a day? That would be rather monotonous, even in Lent! LIBERTY'S three handy cookbooks show you how to prepare the foods you can eat and like in many different ways, giving you endless, tasty variety every day of the year. LIBERTY'S cookbooks cost only 10¢ each—all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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3-24-28

Codfish Balls

1 cup salted codfish, shredded
4 small potatoes
1/2 tablespoon butter
1 egg
1/8 teaspoon pepper

AFTER carefully washing the fish in cold water, tear into small pieces. Wash and peel the potatoes. Place the fish and *whole* potatoes in boiling water. (No salt is added to the water, as the codfish is already salted.) Cover and boil gently until the potatoes are just tender. Drain thoroughly. Shake over a low flame until dry, and mash. Add the beaten egg, butter, and pepper, and beat until light. This mixture may be molded and fried while hot or may be cooled and more carefully molded before frying in deep hot fat (385° F.). Fry the mixture in two batches in order that the fat will not cool too much during the frying. When well browned, drain, and serve on a hot, garnished platter. Tomato Sauce or White Sauce to which cheese has been added makes an attractive accompaniment.

Fried Fish

SMALL varieties of fish may be prepared by any of the methods recommended for fried oysters. If the fish are small they should be skinned. To do this, cut off a narrow strip of skin the length of the backbone. Shears perform the task most efficiently. Next remove the head with a sharp knife. Slit the belly cavity open and remove the entrails intact. Then, starting at one side of the bony part of the gills, loosen the skin from the flesh with the aid of a sharp, thin-bladed knife.

Large varieties are fried by any of the methods used for oysters, except that the time of frying is longer. Oven-frying of fish requires 10 minutes. In the case of deep-fat frying the temperature of the fat should be lower (360° to 370° F.).

MAR. 24 1928

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VOL. 1 No. 2

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

Headquarters, The Borden Company. Service Stations—all places where the famous Diamond Sign is shown. This Diamond identifies fountains serving Borden's Malted Milk—the leading and most up-to-date fountains all over the country.

Address all communications to The Borden Co., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.
or The Borden Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

"A malted milk is the American national drink today."
NORMAN S. HALL

IF THE BUSINESS MAN KEPT HOUSE

In a recent issue of Liberty appeared an article by a "better half". It described what a tough job housekeeping is, and prophesied that the average business man would be ready for an asylum after one week of it.

Far be it from us to join this controversy. But we *do* venture that if the business man kept house, he'd have Borden's Malted Milk handy.

For he knows the value of Borden's for a light nourishing luncheon; whenever he's hungry, yet too busy or tired for solid food. Yes, if the business man kept house, he'd *need* Borden's Malted Milk close beside him, to give him strength and energy for the job. And some job, too!

NO MORE "FORCIBLE FEEDING"

Often we envy the children of *this* generation. We used to be *made* to drink milk. Today mothers just add Borden's Sweet Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk—and the glass of milk becomes an honest-to-goodness treat.

What a saving of time and temper—for both mothers *and* children! What happiness for both!

This new product makes milk more nourishing, too. It adds all the food value of full-cream milk and nutty wheat. While the barley malt makes it easier on young digestions. Good to taste, good to take.

Don't resort to "forcible feeding" with your children. Give them all the milk they'll drink—but let them *enjoy* it (and so benefit far more by it) by mixing it with Borden's Sweet Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk.

KEEP YOUNG BY BEING YOUNG

At what age does a person become middle-aged, settled and stodgy? When his figure becomes so. Such is the modern dictum of both fashion and science.

In the days of our great-grandparents corpulence was a sign of prosperity. Today, it's something to be ashamed of.

The younger generation has taught us a great deal about eating for efficiency and good looks. You don't catch *them* "digging their graves with their teeth".

Some noon slip into one of our up-to-date soda fountains. There you'll see slim, vivid girls, clean-cut young chaps, and older men and women, who still look young. They all order the same lunch—Borden's Malted Milk.

Why? Because Borden's gives them what they can get in no other way. Healthful energizing nourishment—yet so light and digestible it puts no drag on body or brain.

Drink Borden's. Made by experts, with 71 years experience behind them. And put off indefinitely that day when *you* might become middle-aged, settled and stodgy.

IN THIS ISSUE

Here's a *whole page* devoted to Borden's Malted Milk

Its *goodness* as a food-and-drink . . . .

But the House of Borden has *other equally famous* milk products . . . .

There's Borden's Evaporated Milk—*rich full-cream* country milk—

It makes all *good cooking* better.

There's Borden's Condensed Milk (sweetened)—*delicious in coffee* and many *distinctive dishes* . . . .

Known the world over for the *millions of babies* it has reared.

In fact, *for 71 years* Borden has been "the nation's milkman."

Reading time: 3 *minutes*, 7 *seconds*.

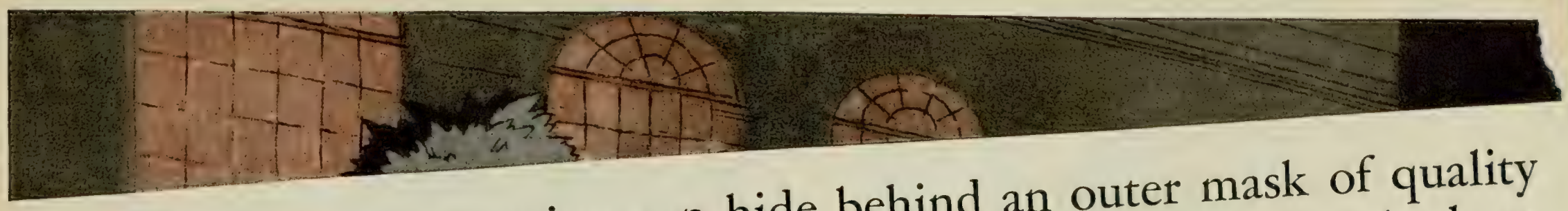
IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

"SPARKLE WITH THE GLOW OF HEALTH AS DIAMONDS BLAZE THE WAY!" This is the inspiriting title of our big feature, to appear April 21st. It's a *2-page Center Spread*, done in four colors. It tells in vivid, simple language just how good and healthful a food-and-drink is Borden's Malted Milk. Carl Mueller, the well-known artist, was engaged to make the painting, and he's outdone himself! Look for it in the April 21st issue. *Of interest to all dealers.* This Liberty spread is admirably designed for display purposes. This is just one of the pieces of material we are providing to make it easy for dealers to sell and customers to buy Borden's Malted Milk at soda fountains.

Diamonds for Dealers

If you want to flash the message to customers that you serve Borden's Malted Milk, get one of the new Diamond Sign outfits and dress up your fountain with it. All kinds of novel and attractive material included. Order a set today "and make your fountain famous."

Write The Borden Company, 510 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., *or* The Borden Co., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.



MANY a shortcoming can hide behind an outer mask of quality in tires. General has always made a beautiful tire to look at and every tire that General makes bears its name—but the outstanding preference it enjoys is due to qualities that go deeper than the tread—qualities you can see and feel as well as prove in service.

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The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

Styles that Smack of the Smock

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

CERTAINLY the smock idea has hit the country hard. We imitate it in every kind of garment, including even the one for which the design was intended—the working dress or apron. Many so-called New York housekeepers wear smocks while doing their so-called housework in their so-called homes—that is to say, they turn the hot-water faucet on the morning coffee cup, while waiting to answer the ring of the iceman, the milkman with his weekly bill, the laundryman, or perhaps the exterminator. At any rate, it is for this contact with masculinity that one dresses, and at present one very likely dresses in a smock.

For this semisocial purpose, as well as in the more elaborate situations around a more elaborate home, such as sitting on a Long Island veranda, or gardening, or serving chocolate in a booth at the charity bazaar for the local hospital, the American woman more than occasionally wears this style of costuming.

An American girl in Paris last year mounted, by capricious and whimsical elevator service, to the high recesses of the men's department in the Galerie, or perhaps it was one of the other big stores, and there she bought an all-linen apron (for a single dollar) and brought it in with her (without duty).

That smock, if it had led the life for which it was in the first place intended, would have costumed a French workingman while he painted a house or mended a roof, probably singing arias from the operas as he did so. This girl used the original model for wear while painting portraits in her studio or putting red Chinese lacquer on her white-pine drop-leaf breakfast table; also while doing her sketchy housework, and receiving at the cocktail hour.

Besides these, she used it as a model on which to design an evening coat, then another for day wear, and also a shaved-hair fur coat, a dress-up blouse made to represent very rigidly a workingman's attire, and a working blouse looking fancy with embroidery all over the front of it.

This is only a partial list of the garments on which the smock has set its impress. Perhaps if any other article has had as wide an appeal, it is the officers' trench coat, and both of these have tended to make the wide, full, raglan back a smart fad indeed, particularly in wraps.

THE center model has the smock for its inspiration, and, besides the loose back, has incorporated another of its popular features, which is the tiny neckband of a collar. It has the shirt-front yoke and the belt coming through front openings in the coat—thus leaving the back to flare. The wrap is of French angora wool in gray.

The other important incoming style, which is the cape in its various aspects, also is pictured in the left-hand figure, and incorporates the popular collar-band neck finishing. As the top article in a four-piece suit, the cape will certainly not diminish in popularity, for it is graceful as well as most practical—and the worst thing said against it was that it was not appropriate to our times. Now designers have recast the Victorian cape on modern lines.

This one is smart and quite in keeping with the sports costume it accompanies. To begin with, it is in dark blue shantung of three-quarter length, and this is nothing like so cumbersome in feeling or appearance as the long ones of old, which were made to cover long skirts. The one on this page accompanies a quite short skirt of blue shantung and acts in the same capacity as the tailored jacket. Its smartness is re-enforced by the striped cardigan under it, and this in turn covers a little straight, sleeveless blouse of the lighter shade of blue which appears in the stripes.

The satin ensemble model on the right is worth a whole letter in itself. You know, one of the pastimes of the designers has been cutting up materials and sewing them together again in blocks, in squares, and—I was going to say—in cubes. It is almost like the juvenile pastime of building something with blocks.

The wrap shown here consists of blocks of material sewed together on the bias. The diagonal slant of the material gives the garment a look very draped, very soft, very shimmering.

Quite as popular as the shirt-band collar is the style of no collar at all, and this wrap follows the latter inspiration.

Very smart is the all-day suit (left) of blue shantung cape and skirt, pale blue blouse, and striped sweater. (Center) The new topcoat made on the lines of the smock. A satin ensemble (right) has a coat made up of squares of material.

Paris Makes Sports Clothes Sportier

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, February 26.

WHAT will women do about sports clothes this spring? The official style springtime, which opened in Paris February 1 with the fashion shows here, has given a somewhat icy welcome to the sports costume for daytime.

"Sports clothes for sports" is the Paris slogan. The French fashion makers would eliminate them for other occasions; but a good many great American style purveyors, who disseminate Paris modes all over the world, say that sports clothes will reign during the daytime, as usual. Women will settle this argument when they get around to it. Whether America's favorite child, the sports ensemble, will be partially disinherited depends on them.

In any case, every woman will want, at the minimum, one sports outfit this spring. And it will be a sports outfit, no matter how many hours a day she wears it. While you are making up your minds about whether you will put the sports costume on the all-day or part-time shift in your wardrobe for daylight hours, here are some of the sports innovations from Paris:

Sweaters: Sweaters will be sweaters this spring. They will be knitted in the loose tricoting employed for men's sweaters. They will, however, be really feminine, because they will be of *fantaisie* patterns. These patterns will be geometric and futuristic; they may take the form of stripes and bands, or they may be polka dots and small floral motifs. Colors will be neutral and motifs rich.

From the newest of sports-clothes creators, Schiaparelli, comes this black-over-white sweater (left). Jane Regny gives us geometric designs in red, brown, and green, knitted into a sweater of beige.

Heavy real silk jersey combines with small-printed silk in this model.

Skirts: Skirts will have plenty of movement and they will be short. Circular movement, achieved with plaits and flaring gores, will be important. Straight skirts will have deep inverted box plaits or wrap-around closings.

We shall gird our waistlines with belts. They will be either of leather or of cloth tailored like leather.

Jackets: Jackets will be a bit looser and a trifle longer. Cardigan jackets and straight jackets with collars will be worn. They will have pockets of the patch variety. They will be of tissue, not tricot.

Materials: Fabrics will sparkle with small designs or with fancy weaves, of which the most important will be the basket weave. We shall wear silk and wool jersey in new weaves, and shantung will be a favorite silk. Tweed will remain for coats and skirts. We shall wear handkerchiefs, half-handkerchiefs, and short scarfs around our necks.

In short, our sports clothes this spring will look like sports clothes for sports, even though we wear them for other things.

The model on the left in the center sketch is the latest and most exclusive of styles from the newest of sports creators, Schiaparelli. This costume is in black and white. The sweater, knitted as explained above, has an overweave of black and a basic weave of white. The stripes are in white, and their great chic lies in the asymmetrical arrangement.

Irregularity rules today in sports clothes as in every other kind of garment. The skirt is one of the new circular types, which is straight in back and pressed into plaits in the circular front portion. It is also wrap-around, and it combines all of the comfort possible with the new cachet of grace.

The right-hand model in the center sketch is a sports costume from Jane Regny. Mme. Regny uses the masculine knitted sweater, and makes it feminine by giving it a very modern pattern of geometric figures, knitted into the beige body of the sweater in wine red, leaf green, and brown. The belt is knitted and has a buckle of metal.

This sweater owes its distinction to the fact that the two sides and the two sleeves are beautifully patterned, and patterned *differently* each from the other.

The skirt is made of beige basket-weave, semitransparent woolen.

Our small sketch on the right shows the Jane Regny sports costume in shantung. There is a loose jacket of natural-colored shantung, with raglan sleeves, a small turnover collar of the shawl type, and big patch pockets of polka-dotted shantung, the dots in white, brown, and red being outlined with embroidery.

The dress is one-piece, with a wrap-around skirt tucked around the hips and topped by a belt of white, brown, and red, passing beneath the loops that come down and join waist and skirt. A deep yoke and these strips are polka-dotted.

ONE of the significant features of spring sports fashions will be new uses of fabrics. Printed silks will be employed in many different ways, and silk jersey will come into prominence—rather coarse jersey of the finest quality of silk.

This fabric, combined with small-printed silk, is used for the ensemble sports costume (small sketch at left) from London Trades. Silk jersey makes the jacket and the sweater of this ensemble, the jacket having fine strips of color at the cuff-line and the pull-over at the waistline.

A black leather belt with a buckle in many-colored stones further emphasizes the waistline. The skirt is made of small-print material, plaited, and incrusted with bands of black jersey, and the handkerchief is of the printed silk.

Shantung and polka-dotted silk make this sports ensemble.

Paris is showing such smart and novel sports clothes that how we shall ever have the heart to give them up, even for half the time, is a mystery. However, clothes-about-town, which are not real sports costumes, and the new and irresistible afternoon frocks are going to prove serious rivals to the sports outfits even in America, where the popularity of the latter is most strongly intrenched.

ONE, Sandy learned, actually worked on a newspaper. He was a sallow youth with a jaundiced eye and a practiced drawl.

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CHIMERA

The Story of a Wandering Wife

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 40 seconds.)

WHAT Alexandra Blake could never forget was that she had given up a career to marry. At least, that was what she always reminded her husband when she was tired and overworked, when the children were unusually cross, or when the town Fortnightly Club didn't seem to appreciate her papers.

"I should have stayed in Houston," she used to remind Clive Blake on these occasions. "Mr. Bert Robbins, the editor of the *Truthteller*, you remember? Well, he gave me a good deal of encouragement!" She would forget that she had told Clive the story a half hundred times before, as wives do.

Sure of an audience, even a listless, yawning one, she would plunge ahead with her narrative of her triumph before Mr. Bert Robbins. It was colored now with the years. Even now, Alexandra herself could scarcely have determined where truth left off and fiction entered.

"I'd written a real love story for their five-dollar contest," she would go on. "Well, and so I went in to thank the editor of that department. He was terribly nice! Somebody told me later he was one of the Robbinses from Charleston, kin to my cousin Allie. I didn't know it at the time. Anyhow, he was just as encouraging as could be—told me to send anything I had to him thereafter.

"He had the editorship of what they called the woman's page. I sold five other pieces to him that year. Father and all the rest thought it was just dreadful, my giving up the work so to marry and come down here to Shawnee!"

At this point it was more than likely that she would discover her husband nodding in his chair. And so she would sigh and shrug a little, in the manner of her favorite tragedienne, who played in the local stock company, and set about putting prunes to soak, or she would mend the children's sleeping suits.

What she neglected to mention to Clive was that three of the "pieces" bought by Editor Robbins had been recipes. The other two had been what she called "in verse form." One had begun, "Beloved South!" Mr. Robbins knew the value of patriotism.

Alexandra Blake was the type of woman inevitably nicknamed "Sandy." She was, or had been in her early girlhood, the Hebe type. She was built on a generous plan; she was called "matronly" even when little Ruthie was only a year and a half. Her ash-blonde hair had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CHIMERA
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

been rather splendid about the time Elsie Ferguson made that swirly, high-piled coiffure popular.

She still clung to that leaning-tower effect in hairdressing; she felt it became her. She did not scorn bobbed heads; she only felt, with a kind of regal satisfaction, that she was the type to stand out against the prevailing fashion. At the time when her regret for her lost career and her dissatisfaction with her life in Shawnee, Oklahoma, reached fever point, she was a mature thirty-five. She was old enough to know better.

BUT no man, least of all Clive Blake, least of all Bert Robbins, graduated from the feature page of a Texas news sheet to the editorship of a semihighbrow monthly, understands the groping yearning of a woman who feels the bursting need for self-expression.

All very well to remind Sandy that she had a "good home," "two lovely children," "a splendid husband." The yeast of creative energy worked violently within her. If it had not been for Mr. Robbins' earlier acceptance of that sophomoric romance, perhaps Sandy would have taken to painting parchment lamp shades for the living room, or made wax doodads for the desk and mantelpiece, after the traditions of Shawnee's best gift shop.

If she had been a better bridge player, if her chocolate cake had been the most famous specialty at the Ladies' Aid cake sales, if she had been content with Clive's new radio, if her Aunt Wiley Bottome in Dallas hadn't died and left her the princely sum of $500—well, there simply would not have been any story.

But when Sandy got her hands on that check, suddenly she knew what she wanted to do with it. She wanted to go to New York, to dash straight up to the offices of the magazine on whose cover appeared Mr. Bert Robbins' proud name, to pick up that dropped career of hers anew.

Clive's mother was spending the winter with them, anyhow. Clive was doing pretty well at the moment in the automobile accessory business, so she could afford to fritter away the entire five hundred on her whim. The children would be well enough with their grandmother.

Clive thought it might be a good idea for his wife to "go on a bust," as he elegantly phrased it. The elder Mrs. Blake thought: "What these girls nowadays don't appreciate is their husbands. If I'd tried anything like that on father, he'd have liked to died!"

But Sandy went, anyway. With the papers she had written for the Fortnightly Club in the bottom of her bag, Mr. Robbins' magazine fondly tucked in between her best green silk nightgown and her hot-water bag, she started out—for New York.

All the way, on the long train trip, she planned her campaign. Her first interview with the editor. For, of course, she would go straight to her old friend. Would it be hard to see him? What ought she to say, beginning? Something light about breaking into his "sanctum sanctorum"?

She had a small black notebook, crammed to bursting with "ideas." Every time she picked up a magazine of the popular type, she was sure to find some story which, she felt, she could have written with a surer, more sympathetic hand. For those stories in which women described personal experiences, "Why I Have Not Killed My Husband," "How I Want My Son to Be Brought Up," Sandy had only the purest contempt.

What she wanted to do was fiction of the rose-leaf variety. She admired heroines with prewar vocabularies and minds. She admired *Iris March* without ever quite knowing what The Green Hat was all about. Drawing-room atmosphere appealed to her. She could not understand people who liked stories about golf, prize fighters, Herrin gangsters, East Side urchins.

She herself had a variety of manuscripts beginning something like this:

"As Libby Van Lear lifted her sunny head from the silken pillow, and tossed aside the orchid coverlet, she called to her maid, Denise, in a sweet, imperious voice, 'Please bring my chocolate at once.'"

She was given to writing of "lithe young bodies," "eyes blue as gentians," and she saw nothing in the very least bit comic about describing her hero as "a splendid specimen of American manhood." Though, to tell the truth, she preferred her heroes to be British.

She was not so dull that she did not realize that the sort of thing she was addicted to was highly unsuitable for publication in Mr. Robbins' sardonic magazine; but she thought he might show her the way. He was of the elect, the charmed circle. And probably if he told her what he *did* want, she could rush right home and write it.

IT was midafternoon in the offices of the *Last Word* when Sandy arrived, breathless, having only just parked her bags at the Rockmere Hotel, which had been recommended to her as cheap and central. Mr. Bert Robbins still had the bad head he had acquired the night before when seeing some distinguished contemporaries off on the Ile de France. He had been *on* a party, as distinguished from having been *to* a party, and the effects still lingered.

He was not feeling any too amiable, and decidedly he did not feel like seeing any unknown contributor, name of Mrs. Clive Dickman Blake. Who the—? He turned the card over. Sandy had hopefully written: "You remember me on the *Truthteller*, Houston, 1912?" Well, there had been a lot of boys and girls around that office in 1912. Maybe he'd better see her. One of the girls who'd done

society, perhaps, married now, seeing the big city.

He removed his feet from the desk, cursed the departure of the Ile de France with elegant brevity, and rose to greet Sandy.

HIS adjective for her from the first was "gawky." He was touched by her eagerness, momentarily transformed into his version of a Southern gentleman by her accents, polite, and—when he had glanced at the first page of the manuscript she tendered him—appalled. He lied nobly to the effect he remembered their business transactions *re* the real love story, the recipes, and the verses.

He was appalled further when he heard that he had encouraged the talents that brought them to birth; that he had spoken of her work as "full of promise." He knew what a fatuous young idiot he must have been, enjoying his air of *maestro* in his first executive job, seeking "new talent." What other seeds of disaster, in Heaven's name, might he have sown?

None of his dismay was reflected in his editor's poker face. He bowed her out skillfully, promising to read all, to criticize, to communicate. Sandy went back to her hotel treading as lightly as a woman may tread who wears a 7-B shoe and takes a size 40 in tall women's coats.

She felt exalted. She called up two Texas girls she knew who were studying something or other at Columbia University, and prevailed on them to accompany her to the theater. The young Texans were ebullient, "thrilled to death" about everything. They pointed out this movie star in chinchilla;

that woman novelist in ermine, with star sapphires in her ears. Sandy instantly hated her tweed coat with its near-beaver collar.

Before, she had thought of fame as a tangible thing, an end in itself. To be envied, looked up to back home, had been her goal. Now, suddenly, the inevitable fever of New York seized her. She, too, wanted to be pointed out, admired, whispered about. She wanted to wear expensive furs, glittering dresses exposing her commendable shoulders. She wanted to have a glazed coiffure with ridgelike undulations; to speak knowingly of affairs sophisticate.

She knew now why the fever of achievement had burned in her so long. It was because achievement meant a place in the great world, where, surely, she belonged. So she went back to her room, and worked half the night on a story beginning:

"As Sybilla Van Alyn swept down the aisle of the theater, all eyes followed her. She wore a superb creation of sea-green crêpe, outlined with brilliants. . . ."

This story, she felt, would have hints of subtlety in it. She had heard a great deal of frothy small talk over her shoulder at the theater, a triumph when you considered the lung power of the young ladies who flanked her right and left. And the play itself had been a Frederick Lonsdale comedy, enough to inspire anyone to epigram making, she felt. Oh, she had been right to come to New York, the center, the very heart of things. Mr. Bert Robbins, a perfect gentleman if ever there was one, should not be disappointed in his expectations of her.

"I'll do anything to go on with my career. Anything. I'd even sell my soul."

IN the weeks that followed, it seemed to Sandy that the eleven years of her marriage, Clive, the children, the house, all receded like characters and places in a dream too elusive to remember fully. Days, she tramped the streets looking almost too obviously for what she called "color."

"I am a writer," she would say to the information clerk at Macy's. "I am working on a crowd story. Tell me, do you see interesting types? Are you asked strange questions?" Or she would deliberately invite a tête-à-tête with a dreary-looking woman lunching on rice and other calories at Child's, searching for "character hints," or "motivation," as one of the Columbia students had it.

She sent a raft of material to the *Last Word* offices, and because Mr. Bert Robbins was by nature a procrastinator, and hated, especially, to turn people down, she did not hear from him. She tried to secure another audience, and his stenographer baffled her with the staggering word "conference" and turned her away.

She was spending more money than she could afford, lunching at restaurants where, the Texans told her, the "intelligentsia" collected. She was writing feverishly. She felt her stuff now had a sardonic tinge. *After all, I've lived,* she used to think, as she battered at her brains for new words to express old feelings. *I've had children; that's the biggest experience of all.*

HER student friends asked her to what they called tea one Sunday at their cramped flat uptown. The people were garrulous. They all knew each other, it seemed. All were boastful about their lines of endeavor.

One, Sandy learned, actually worked on a newspaper. He was a sallow youth with a jaundiced eye and a practiced drawl.

He informed her, when she breathlessly asked, that he "did Broadway." Sandy breathed ecstasies at him about this star and that. Oh, he knew them? How wonderful!

"Those dames? Wonderful?" The youth who, according to his own advices, practically held the fate of Broadway in the hollow of his hand, uttered a short, bitter chuckle. Then he told Sandy what he thought of their talents and their methods of arriving at their present state of eminence. He mentioned producers and managers, agents and so-called butter-and-egg men. When he had finished, Sandy was rather pale. He had shown her the sinks of iniquity. "So that's the way?" she breathed tensely.

That, obviously, was the way to fevered fame. In all the arts, the jaundiced youth implied, it had been ever thus. Men were men—what would you?

Over her bristly pillow that night, Sandy Blake wrestled with the problem. Dreadful it was, but there it was. You could take it or leave it. If you wanted to have your name written in what De Mille called the Book of the Ages, you had to be above and beyond lesser women. These people, these broad-minded New Yorkers, they weren't shocked at the idea. Sandy shuddered again.

As Fate arranged it, Mr. Robbins was in the anteroom when she called next day. He responded to her greeting with false cordiality, the bluff heartiness of the trapped man. Dripping her umbrella all over his new red carpet, she followed him into his office.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Find the Twin Autos To start off my big advertising campaign, I'm offering a thousand dollar first prize. To hurry it along I will give away a *Buick Sedan* for promptness. First prize winner, by being quick, gets BOTH prizes—a $2,200 reward! And that's just the beginning. There are NINETEEN OTHER PRIZES and DUPLICATE prizes in case of ties.

If you can solve this puzzle, you'll not be far from first prize. Here are eleven autos. They all look alike, but really only TWO are EXACTLY alike. Can you find them? Look carefully for the tires, the lamps, the bumpers, the radiator or motormeter may be different. To find the twins may take a little time, but with $2,200.00 to win it's worth it. When you're through, put an "X" over the twins and mail your answer to me at once. Remember—the first prize winner, by being on time, gets a

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Free Kennel Manual
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[CHIMERA Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

"Now, about these—er—stories of yours, Mrs. Blake," he began embarrassedly, shuffling over the alarming pile of assorted pieces in the wire basket. "Tell me, have you had much experience? It does seem to me that is what the work lacks—yes, experience!"

Delighted at having discovered a hook on which to hang his reasons for turning her down gently, he rambled on in this vein until he discovered Sandy staring at him fixedly. He paused in his eloquence to permit her to put in her wedge.

"You mean—? Yes, I quite agree," she said feverishly. She leaned forward, as if nerved to a solemn resolve. "Mr. Robbins," she said impressively, "my money's about given out, and I'll have to go home and lose whatever chance I have for getting ahead at this writing, unless I make good now. I want you to understand," mouthed Sandy determinedly, "that I'll do *anything* to go on with my career. Anything. I'd even sell my soul. . . . No, I don't quite mean that. Yes, I do, too. Sell my soul."

She fixed him with a hypnotic gaze. She was *Trilby* to his *Svengali;* she was Helen, Ninon, Cleopatra, Salome. She was a bulky young-old woman in a tweed coat, with big hands and a hat riding awkwardly on her masses of fading blonde hair. She didn't realize that, in a city where competition is so stiff among women that débutantes have to bribe four boys to attend parties with them to insure popularity, she was already on the shelf so far as marketable charm is concerned.

POOR Bert Robbins! He wanted to look out of the window. He wanted to ring his buzzer, call his secretary, shout, "Buy this lady a through ticket South on the afternoon train." He was sadder about the affair than he had any need to be. He wanted to blush. If he hadn't so many masculine inhibitions, he might have wept for embarrassment. As it was, he merely toyed with his paper weight, suggested in a dull voice that Mrs. Blake try the literary agents. They were very good. Some of the less important ones tried beginners.

He talked long enough to give her time to collect herself, to permit the slow red tide to recede from Sandy Blake's neck, her chin, her ears. Somehow she managed to get out of the office without stumbling; back to her hotel. Her whole being was flooded with the anguished shame of the woman who knows how deeply she has made a fool of herself.

She thought momentarily, as humiliated females will, of the river, of gas, of flinging herself tragically from a high window. It was bad, it was ignominious enough, to have failed at the work she had chosen; but to have nerved herself to the point where she offered her—here she searched for a dignified word—her honor, seemed to her, now, unthinkable.

She plunged desperately through the shabby lobby of her hotel, wincing at casual glances, fancying the clerk's smile was meant for her, and that it spelled derision. In her room, she paced angrily to and fro, rehearsing the scene again and again. And suddenly, from the depths, as sometimes happens in times of mental stress, the golden thought rose to the surface—*he hadn't known what she meant!*

HE hadn't in the least taken her seriously. His dry advice had been merely in the way of routine, not a rebuff, as she had first decided. That, anyway, was the way in which she chose to regard the incident. It restored her pride, helped her to laugh at herself—but to laugh alone. She did not mind a private joke at the expense of her own ego.

She was conscious of a warm tide of generous emotion for Mr. Bert Robbins. Once a Southern gentleman, always a Southern gentleman, she thought, in a glow of enthusiasm. Some men—rougher, cruder products—might have taken her at her foolish word, led her to the brink of the horrid abyss she had contemplated with such shrinking, such martyred resolve.

Her revulsion for the business of fame at such a price was now violent. She seized bag and slippers, lingerie and toilet articles, hurled them together at a furious rate. She sought frantically the placid welcome of her husband. She remembered instantly the small, eager faces of her children, with a poignant sense of having been restored to them from unnamed dangers.

With dramatic emphasis, a telegram interrupted her labors. Clive announced the children had measles, nothing serious, but they wanted her. She had an optic flash of all the years to come, the brows to be soothed, the midnight vigils to be kept. Her life, with all its irritations and dullnesses, called to her with a clarion sweetness.

With a virginal heel she spurned the modern Babylon that measures from Battery Park to the far ends of Spuyten Duyvil. She rejoiced that she would have casual names, adventures with which to regale her club. But as for the other—the chimera of success—she was abandoning it for all time. She thanked a divine Providence, as the train sped through the tunnels toward the Jersey marshes, that she had been saved from the loss of her virtue.

For her pride's sake, it was well that she never knew how impossible it would have been to lose it.

THE END

Capitalize Your Skill *at* WORD GOLF

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every original WORD GOLF problem that it prints, but there are *no awards for solutions.*

You are not limited as to the number of problems that you may submit; neither are you hampered by intricate rules. You are asked simply to avoid obsolete and foreign-language words and to confine yourself to such words as are reasonably familiar to everyone. Solvers don't want to be driven to the innermost recesses of dictionaries. It spoils the fun.

Perhaps you are not familiar with WORD GOLF. In this case just consult the solutions of last week's problems, printed below. They will demonstrate how one word is converted into another by steps or strokes, changing but one letter at each stroke and leaving the positions of the others unaltered. Simple enough, isn't it?

Unaccepted entries cannot be returned and, since the whole simple story of WORD GOLF is told here, we hope you will not ask us to correspond on the subject.

Address your entries—as many as you wish—to
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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

LARK	LIME	FLESH	WEDDED	INNER	WILD
PARK	LINE	FLASH	WELDED	INTER	WILT
PART	FINE	FLASK	MELDED	ENTER	TILT
PANT	FILE	FLANK	MELTED	EATER	TILE
PANG	FILL	BLANK	PELTED	CATER	TALE
SANG	KILL	BLAND	PETTED	CUTER	TAME
SONG	KILN	BLOND	PATTED	OUTER	
		BLOOD	PARTED		

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 42

1—Elba and St. Helena.

2—An emigrant.

3—Cristobal and Colon.

4—Four.

5—For life, or "during good behavior."

6—Washington.

7—Charles Evans Hughes.

8—An alloy of copper and tin; sometimes with other elements, as zinc and phosphorus, included.

9—A writ requiring the production in court of one who is held in custody, for the purpose of determining the legality of his detention.

10—Ignace Jan Paderewski.

11—The Utes.

12—Houston, Texas, June 26; and Kansas City, Missouri, June 12, respectively.

13—For Mars, the Roman god of war.

14—As the Seventieth Congress.

15—Herbert Henry Asquith, a former Prime Minister.

16—George Bernard Shaw.

17—California.

18—It is concerned chiefly with the humor of situations, without regard for their plausibility.

19—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

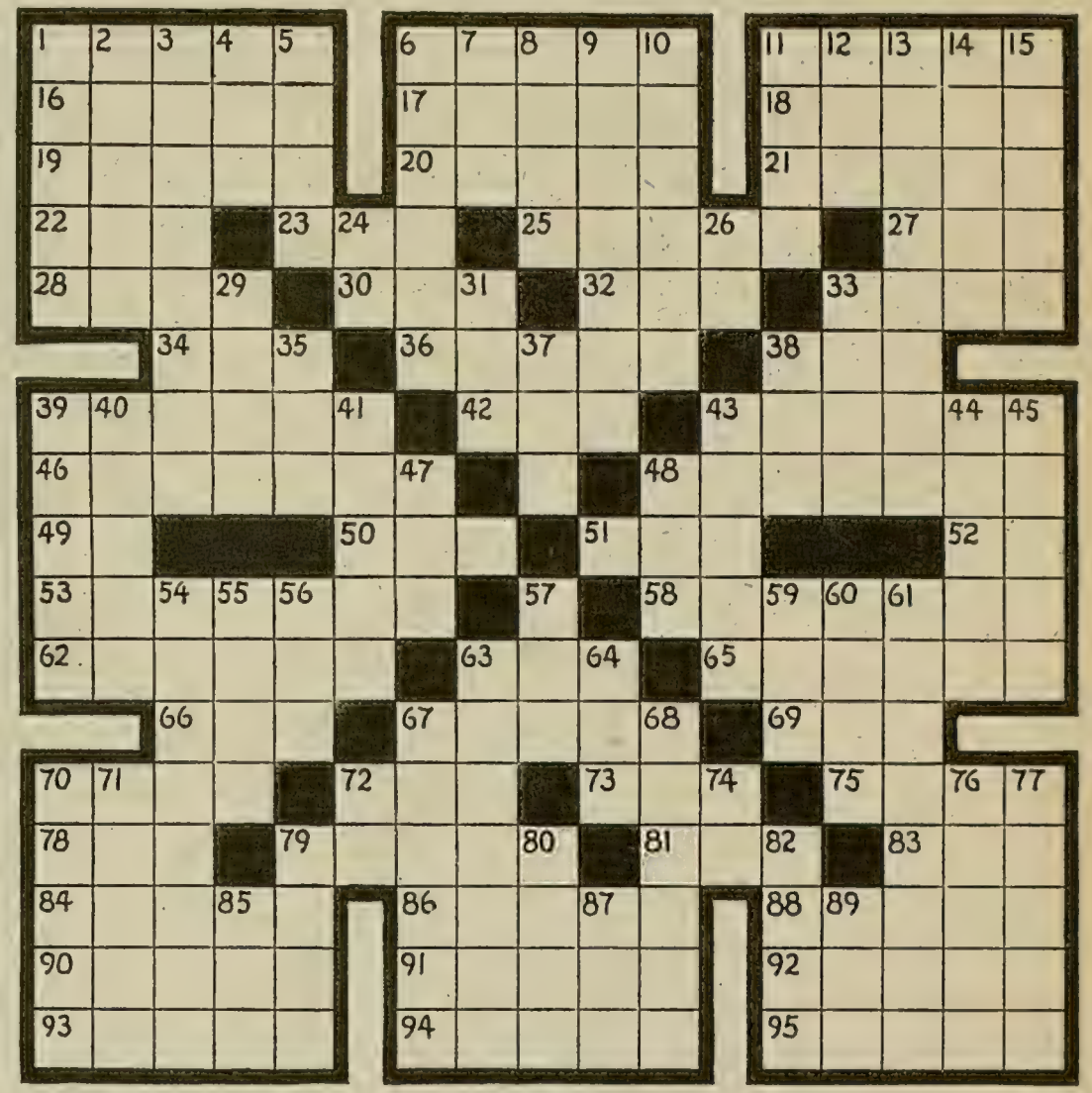
20—A period during which a debtor may legally defer payment of an obligation.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS PUZZLE

IN recent LIBERTY puzzles the Greek cross and the swastika were employed as the design's central feature. This week we use the St. Andrew's cross, another one of the twenty which have had a place in the art, as well as in the religion, of various peoples since the dawn of civilization.

According to tradition, St. Andrew was put to death on a cross of this kind, from which fact it derives its name.

By many of the ancients the St. Andrew's cross was held in especial reverence because it is in the form of the Greek *chi*, initial letter of *Christos* (Christ) in that language.

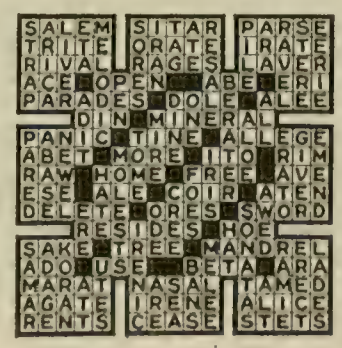


HORIZONTAL

1 South American parrot
6 Long pointed weapon
11 Iambics
16 Feminine proper name
17 Faint trace of color
18 Man's undergarment
19 Large volumes
20 Driving lines
21 Landed estate of a nobleman
22 Before
23 Definite article
25 Fruit of a palm
27 A kind of snowshoe
28 Transmit
30 Sheep
32 Cardinal number
33 Pace
34 Light blow
36 Horse
38 Neither
39 Appeared
42 Metric measure of area
43 Most painful
46 Made broader
48 Talebearer
49 A hypothetical force
50 A fruit
51 Swine
52 A Southern State (abbr.)
53 Declined
58 Glanced off
62 Expunger
63 American author
65 Salty
66 Mesh fabric
67 Carries
69 Alcoholic liquor
70 To box
72 Wager
73 Devoured
75 Lubricates
78 Domestic animal
79 Smaller in number
81 Measure of work
83 To sup
84 Ascend
86 Pleasant odor
88 Classifier
90 Happen again
91 Repulse
92 Woman's name
93 City in Germany
94 Paradise (plural)
95 Describe the elements of a sentence

VERTICAL

1 Companions
2 Worship
3 Held together firmly
4 Malt liquor
5 Point of the compass
6 Scatters
7 Pastry
8 Character in Idylls of the King
9 Relatives whose relationship is through males
10 Relaxed from toil
11 Doctrines
12 Exclamation
13 Wandering musician
14 Shattered
15 Denude
24 Pronoun
26 Type measure
29 Woman of station
31 Greek letter
33 Kind
35 Sty
37 Eagle
38 Nu
39 Made oath
40 Large duck
41 Postpone
43 Scandinavian myths
44 Cardinal number
45 Commerce
47 Accomplished
48 Nervous twitching
54 Zealots
55 Employer
56 Put in place
57 Extinct New Zealand bird
59 Tatter
60 Medley
61 Preacher of the Gospel
63 Became exhausted
64 Period
67 Take heed
68 Goes by stealth
70 Alarm
71 Peels
72 Exist
74 Syllable indicating hesitation
76 Mortgages
77 Debauch
79 Flowerless plant
80 Heavy cord
82 Grasp firmly
85 Entreat
87 Mortals
89 A constellation



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

All WASHED Up!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 3 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I am warm and DRY. I tingle here and there—especialty there! I think if I could see my—I think if I could see behind, I would find a picture of Mom's hand there—oh, especialty there.

It is red. And warm. I want to sit down, and when I sit down I want to stand up right away. It don't hurt so much.

My very, very, very best dress is all WET. The green velvet bow on it is all wet. I was all wet until a tiny bit ago. Mom just finished drying me. When she was drying me she patted me here and there—especialty there. I'd say "Ouch!" when she patted me, but it didn't stop her. Her face was as red as—as red as the picture of her hand on the place I could see if I could look at myself behind me. Daddy says they call that patting a mass-sawje. I don't like mass-sawjes.

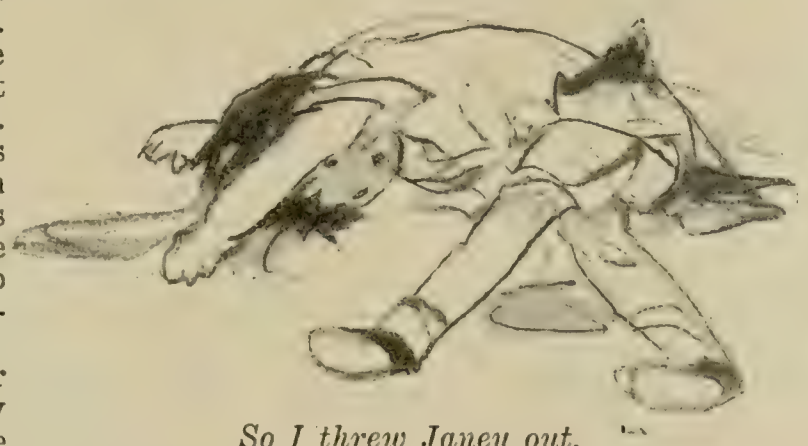
When I get out of this bed—maybe next week sometime, 'cause Mom says she's going to keep me here a week—I'm going to mass-sawje Janey.

Janey started it. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be all tingling. And my nice green dress wouldn't be all wet. And neither would the great big green velvet bow.

Daddy once said this was a tough world. He said it when he told Mom he'd just lost some dollars in a poker game. Mom said—well, she said things. She said many things. But then Daddy told her he was only fooling and he'd won the dollars. And Mom said well, the old world was tender in spots. She was right. I know it is tender in spots, because I got one of the tender ones on me.

Company was coming. I'm getting sup-er-stishious about company. Every time company comes something happens—to me, especialty there. Why is that?

The company was Mrs. Osborne. She is a LADY. Mom says she is. And she did act real nice through all the un-pleasant-ness. Mom dressed me scrump-shous. She put on my company dress. My company dress only comes out when visitors come in. It's green. You can see through it. I have to wear a petticoat under it.



So I threw Janey out.

I don't have to wear a petticoat under my checkered dress. The checkered dress gets washed every day—like me and Mary. I only wear panties under it. They are better than petticoats. You can't climb things in petticoats.

There is a big green bow on the company dress youcanseethrough—or there WAS a big green bow on it when they peeled it off me. Mom says it's rooned. And I KNOW I'm rooned—especialty there.

Mom dressed me first in the green dress youcanseethrough. She tried to make my hair curl. It wouldn't. She said: "Stut! Stut! You can't do anything with that child's hair. She'll have to wait till she grows up and gets a per-ment."

I asked her what is a per-ment. She said it's something that lasts a long time—maybe. I said is Daddy a per-ment? She said she hoped so. I asked her if Mary is a per-ment too, and if I was, and she was, and she said yes; but one of us—and she wouldn't mention any names—wouldn't be if I didn't stand still till she got my dress on.

So when I was all ready, Mom told me to run out and play while she dressed Mary. Mary's the new one. She's my sister.

So I went out to another room to play. And I found Janey. Janey's my doll. Daddy says she is a dis-rep-utabbubble woman. She's made out of rags and you can peek at her insides if you know where to look. Janey had a big spot on her. I think it was ink. I picked her up and shook her and I said to her, "For goonnesssakes, what am I ever going to do with you, you naughty girl! Now I'll have to wash you thor-oughly all over again." Because that's what Mom says to me when I get dirty.

So I took her in the bathroom. And I got the wash rag and wetted it. And I washed Janey's face. But the dirt wouldn't come off because I guess the rag wasn't wetted enough. So, I soakened it and washed her. And the spot wouldn't come off, but it spread. And I washed and washed, and the spot got bigger and bigger on Janey. So when it grew all over her, I threw her out.

But I was all heated up and I wanted to wash. I wanted to wash everything. I washed the basin. And I washed the bathtub. And I washed myself—a little. I washed the walls as far as I could reach. I washed the flowers on the rug. And I was just starting on the floor when in popped Mary.

She looked very pretty indeed. Mary is nice — sometimes, if only she wouldn't always run and tell Mom things about me. And she stood there in the door. And she said, "Ooo! Toni, you're all wet." I laughed hartily indeed because I thought she was making a wise crack. But I didn't think Mary's wise crack was funny. I laughed just to be polite.

"I'm gonna tell Mom," she said. And I said, "You do and I'll bite you." Then I said, "Come here, dear" (just like Mom says it when she's feeling pretty good); "there's a spot on your dress." And Mary says, "There is not."

But I grabbed her just as she was going out the door. And I planked the soakened wash rag

And I washed Mary all over.

right on the place where the spot should have been. And when I took the wash rag away, Lo and Behold, as they say in the fairy stories, there WAS a spot and even Mary could see it.

So I washed and washed her. And the spot spread. And I washed her all over. I washed her hair with the soakened wash rag. And I washed her dress. And she helped me. And we washed the bathroom all over again.

The doorbell tingled and Mrs. Osborne came.

We heard her say, "How are your lovely kiddies?" And Mom says, "They're just fine. They've been perfect angels all day."

And then she called us.

Something told me we ought not to go. We didn't look so bad. But we didn't look so good. But Mary went. She danced in and said:

"Look, Mom, Toni washed me and she washed herself. And she washed the bathroom and the bathtub and the basin and the walls as high as she could reach."

And Mom didn't say anything. And she said it so funny that it didn't mean me no good. I tried to get under the bathtub, but there wasn't any room.

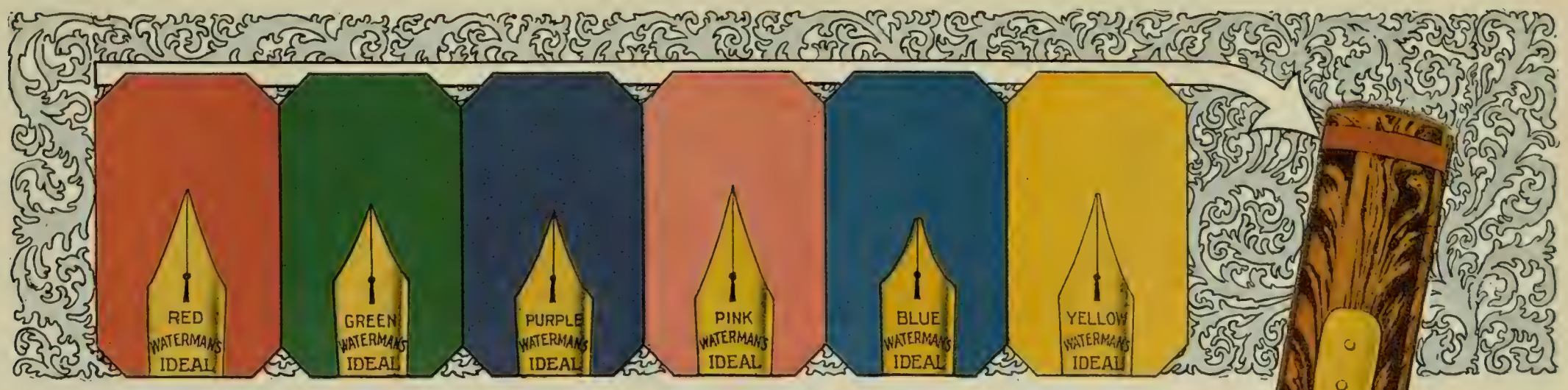
AND the door flew open. And Mom flew in. I tried to fly OUT. But she grabbed me. She said, "You little vixen!" And she and I went out to see Mrs. Osborne. I was attached to Mom's hand. I was kind of flying. Mom said, "Look at it. It will be the death of me yet."

And Mrs. Osborne laughed very hartily indeed. And I started to laugh very hartily indeed, but Mom nearly pulled my arm off. So Mrs. Osborne didn't stay long.

When she went out, Mom says, "Your dress is tee-toe-tally rooned." And she says again, "Tee-toe-tally rooned"—and then she mass-sawjed me.

Well, I guess I'm tee-toe-tally rooned. In spots here and there. Especialty there, where I could see the picture of Mom's hand in red if I could see it.

Another of Toni's adventures, told in her own delightful style, will appear in next week's Liberty.



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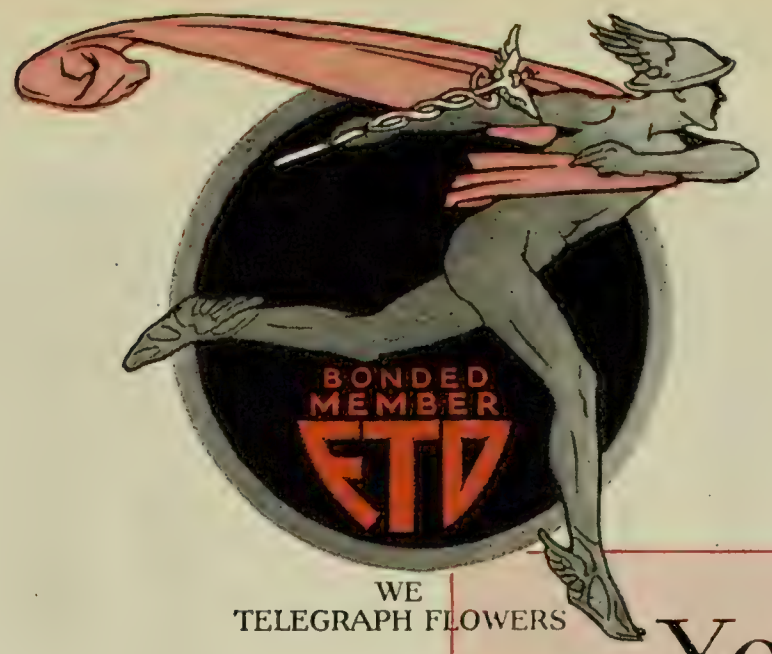

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Say it with Flowers BY WIRE WITH SAFETY

I TAKES Dixie in the cab with me and we go right away from there, two jumps ahead of the cops.

SHOW Girl

A Second Mystery Enters the Hunt for Dixie Dugan

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

[WHO'S WHO, AND WHY: Who kidnaped Dixie Dugan? That is Broadway's newest sensation. Jack Milton, wealthy broker, who was stabbed in a love duel over her, suspects Alvarez Romano, the jealous night-club hoofer who wielded the knife. But the Open-Eye Detective Agency, employed by Jack, hasn't been able to get anything on him. She seems just to have walked off the stage of the Newark theater, where she was playing, into thin air. The *Evening Tab* is still publishing daily installments of her life story supposed to be written by Dixie. Even Denny Kerrigan, Dixie's old-time sweetie, who got leave of absence from his job of selling greeting cards on the road to come to New York and join the search, hasn't any clew. Begin the story here by reading what he says.]

PART SIX

Hermitage Hotel, Times Square,
New York City, July 14.

Mr. Al Evans,
Gleason & Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR AL:

Well, Al, I sure am putting in a busy session down here in New York, what with this and that, and I sure seem to be getting the low-down on this here Dixie Dugan disappearance. That is—a sort of low-down, so to speak.

Yesterday I went down to Wall Street and met this fellow Milton I told you about—you know, the broker that was stabbed by this crazy Costaraguan at a party which he—the broker, I mean—gave for Dixie and some of her girl friends from the night club.

Well, it seems this broker is a sort of a broker—just what sort I don't know—but he is about fifty years old, and looks like a fat spider, and is crawling with jack.

Gee! when I sat there and looked at him and thought of him pawing Dixie, I wanted to tear his heart out with my bare hands. But he wasn't a bad sort after I got talking to him, and he told me how he has a lot of detectives out trying to find Dixie, and that he suspects this dancer, Alvarez Romano, is mixed up in it, because he disappeared the same time Dixie did. But he says he'll find her, if he has to spend his last dime to do it. I hope he does—I mean spends his last dime—and finds her too, for that matter.

I says to him, "Why are you so hot and bothered about all this?" And he says, "Because I'm in love with her." And I says, "What good'll that do you? I'm going to marry her."

And then he has the gall to tell me I wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

be doing her any favor. "You couldn't keep her in cigarettes, let alone stockings," he says. And I says, "All the cigarettes she gets from me won't give her a cough. I'm going to make her cut out this rough-and-tumble night life and settle down in a nice little quiet home." And he says, "And raise a lot of nice little quiet kids, I suppose, with sticky faces and feet that go pitter-patter?" And I says, "That's the idea—

"I love to hear the friendly sound
Of little children pattering round,
Pattering round about the floor—
Oh, how could you or I be sore!"

And then I goes on and recites the rest of it, and he seems surprised. But, you know, I know every sediment in our line and could recite 'em all backwards—which is the way most of 'em should be recited, because if we haven't got a cheesy bunch of poets writing our stuff, I don't know poetry.

And, by the way, that reminds me. He's got a sign over his desk that would make a swell motto. I copied it while I was talking to him. Look it up, and if it isn't too protected let's use it. It goes like this: "Cheer Up! Remember Today Is the Tomorrow You Worried about Yesterday. Whoopee!"

I can see that done in bold-face lettering in gold against a black background, about 4 by 5½, say. We ought to sell a slough of them to offices and places, because there's a deep thought underneath it—a kind of philosophy, you might say. Am I right?

I've been picking up some very nifty ideas for the line while I've been hunting for Dixie; but I've got to ring off now, as I'm going to a good dancing show tonight to take my mind off my troubles. I bet I'd go crazy if I didn't get some sort of relief like this.

Best regards, and tell the Old Man I hope to be back on the job soon. And I'll fill every little Indiana home so full of mottoes they'll be sweeping them under the beds.

DENNY.

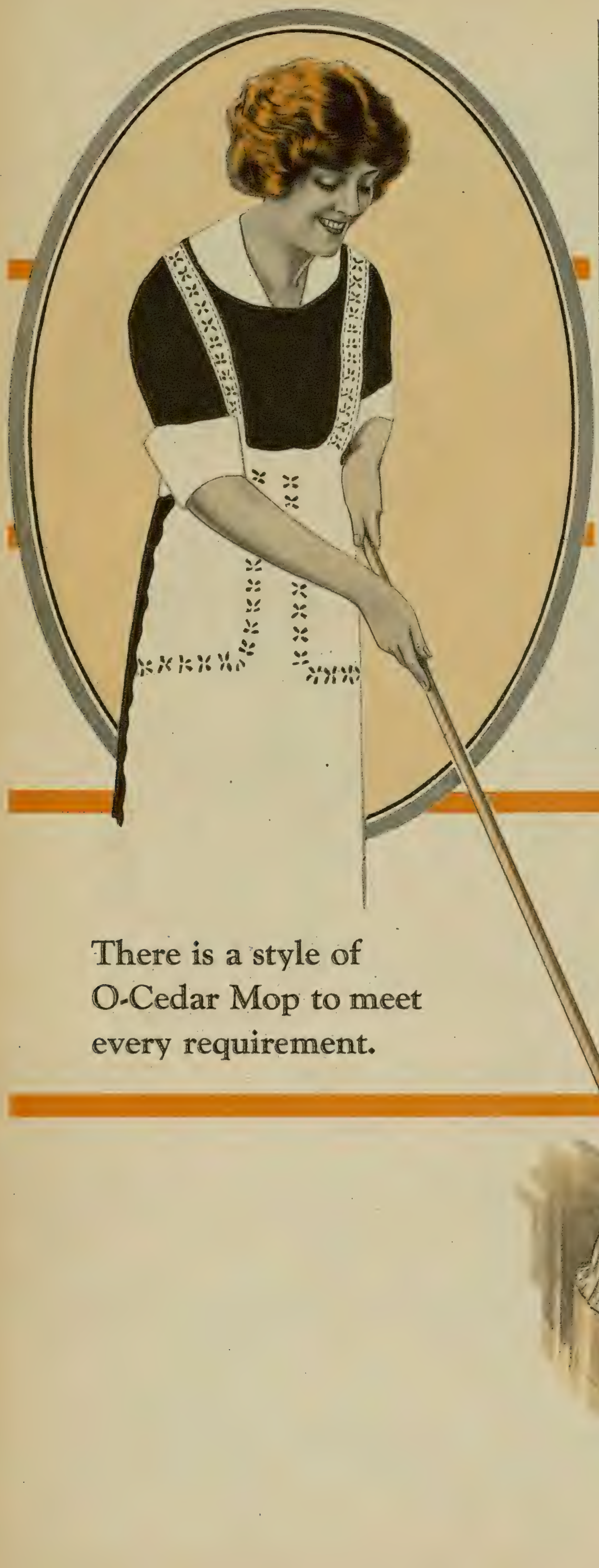
New York City, July 15.

Mr. Kirk King,
Scenario Department,
Colossal Film Corporation,
Hollywood, California.

DEAR KIRK:

Well, baby, this week has been a cuckoo. You know, when I wrote you about a couple of weeks ago, I told you I was one of them there ghost writers doing my bit for belles lettres, as we call our *Evening Tab* magazine page, by knocking out bogus autobiography. Well, I'm still Dixie Dugan, and my contribution to the Fine Arts is monastically entitled Ten Thousand Sweet Legs. Boy, it's hot.

With one hand I offer them sex, and with the other I rap them over the knuckles and say, "Mustn't touch. Burn-y, burn-y!" Then I sling them a paragraph of oldtime religion, and single-standard, and what will become of this young generation. (I hope nothing ever



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O

becomes of it. I like it just the way it is.) And then another paragraph like the proverbial flannel undershirt, that is supposed to make you hot and drive you crazy—and, presto! the uplifted forefinger: "But this is not what you should be interested in, children."

And then a little *Weltschmerz*, and then the old *Sturm und Drang*—a *Sturm* to the nose, followed up with a *Drang* to the chin—the old one-two. So, as you may gather, this opus is like the kind of picnic that might result from an Atlantic City week-end party with the *American Mercury* and *True Stories* occupying adjoining rooms. So much for literature!

Now for facts. This Dixie Dugan person is a hot little night-club dancer who got into a jam where one of those not-so-tired business men was stabbed in the giblets by a sun-kissed tango dancer from the coffee belt. Then she went into vaudeville and was kidnaped, and that's just where the handsome speaker fell in soft, thanks to his native intelligence and that special Providence which watches over drunkards, children, and newspaper men.

Keep it under your hat, because it is one of those big office secrets. But we have so many, I can be lavish with this one.

This Dixie baby was doing a vaudeville turn over at Newark, and she walks out to the alley to puff a cigarette. She couldn't smoke on the stage—because the fireman was either too old or too young—and she is standing out there in the alley, just ready to go on, when up comes one of those long, black cars we newspaper men are so fond of.

Who should step out of it but Alvarez Romano, the old knife tosser from down Firpo's way. And who should be just behind him in a taxi but little Jimmy, the boss having sent him over to get some dope for Installment Number 12 for Ten Thousand Sweet Legs.

WELL, the Spick and the little dame had a powwow which I couldn't hear, and she steps in the car, presumably to finish up her smoke, and, bingo; the car goes right away from there, like one long, black bat out of hell, and Jimmy (that's me) says, "Ah, ha! This ain't regular, but maybe there's a story in it, or maybe it's just a nice ride; but I'm on the expense account, so what of it?"

And I tells Jesse James, up on the front seat, to whip up his horses and follow them over hill and, if necessary, over dale. Which he does. Well, that Spanish caballero sure switched a mean tail light through the Newark traffic, but we dashed right along after them, and he starts to turn a corner which ain't there, and a truck had the same illusion, and they both went socko!

We pulled up just in time to hear the swellest assortment of curses and breaking glass you ever listened to, and, what with the truck driver yelling curses in very bad Italian, and this Spick responding

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Jersey City, New Jersey

[SHOW GIRL Continued from Page Sixty-five]

with swell Spanish comebacks, and little Dixie jumping up and down on the sidewalk, it was hotsy-totsy.

Well, Dixie sees me and I see Dixie, and while the wop is looking for a club and Romano is looking for a knife, I takes Dixie in the cab with me and we go right away from there, two jumps ahead of the cops, who begin to hover around like country mechanics over a dead Ford.

After we are some distance away, Dixie tells me this Spanish influenza guy invited her into the car to finish her smoke; then kicked the gas right in the nose and told her he would do the same to her if she started to make any screams with her pretty face; that he had his plans made to take her with him out of the country, and they could be married or else—

I told her I didn't blame him a bit. In fact, I was indebted to him for an idea. And she says, "What do you mean?" And I says, "This kidnaping. It's a great hunch; only, instead of Alvarez kidnaping you, I'm going to do it." And she says, "Over my dead body." And I says that isn't necessary. So then I tell her my scheme.

I'll take her into New York, hide her in a swell apartment, and the paper will pay all her expenses while she stays kidnaped, and the paper advertises extensively and offers fabulous rewards for anyone who can find her; and my job would be to see they don't. Meanwhile, this would keep up the interest in her daily story even more than my swell writing, if possible. And then we can cook up any kind of a yarn about how she was kidnaped, either by bootleggers, or hijackers, or the Fascisti, or the Ku Klux, or the Shuberts.

It won't make any difference which, because the dear public will promptly forget all about it as soon as we start something else.

The public is the loveliest gift God ever gave a newspaper—it can always be depended upon to get excited one day and forget what it's all about the next. This breeds circulation and democracy, one and inseparable.

Well, anyway, Dixie falls hard for the idea. She's a good scout, and, besides, she could see all the publicity in it and the chance to have a lot of fun and be paid for it, and getting mixed up like this with the insides of a newspaper story struck her as plumb romantic. I bet new medical students feel that way about their first gallstones.

Ah, well, what is life without romance? Woe is me! that I ever went into this newspaper game, as it is erroneously called, and no longer can recapture that first, fine, careless rapture! Maybe that's from Swinburne.

So, as I write these few vague, general, and inadequate words to you, I and my paper have succeeded in kidnaping our star writer, and from all over the country telegrams are coming in saying where they think she is.

There's a big thought in this which you, out there in Hollywood surrounded by big minds, can't miss.

More anon!

JIMMY.

July 17.

DEAR SIS:

Well, Nita, this letter is being smuggled out to you only to keep you and the folks from worrying. I am all right and living the life of Riley right here in New York, while a nation-wide search is being pushed by the paper which is paying my kidnaping expenses.

I know this sounds ginny, but there is nothing stronger than aspirin on the baby's breath. I cannot tell you any more, except that I am well and happy, and you are not to get excited or spill anything about this to anyone but the

Milton sees him and starts to duck under the desk, and, boy! I never felt so neutral in all my life.

folks, and you are to tell them as little as possible to keep them from worrying.

Well, sis, you should see Jimmy. And what about Jimmy? says you. Ah, that's what I'm trying to find out. But he sure is sweet and has lots of pep. Besides that, he is my ghost. That means he writes the stuff for the *Evening Tab* that I write; only I get paid for it. And more besides, he is my jailer. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." And that's not from one of Denny's mottoes either.

One of Jimmy's first jobs as my abductor was to buy me some clothes, as I was kidnaped in my stage costume. You should see what he bought! Maybe, if the paper will stand it, we can have a party up here in my solitary cell, consisting of two rooms and a bath overlooking the Park.

You know, I've rode many a taxi through this Park, and this is the first time I ever saw how it looked. Why, the darn thing has trees in it with leaves on 'em just like that tree in The Student Prince. I always thought Shuberts faked it.

One of the kicks I get is reading how lost I am.

Have you heard anything from Denny? I wish I could write to him, but I have my literary career to consider.

One of the kicks I get out of life is getting the papers every day and reading how lost I am. You certainly have to read the papers to find out what's going on in the world.

Your loving sister,
DIXIE.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY
We Never Sleep
12 Exchange Place,
New York City

July 17.

To: Mr. John J. Milton,
67 Wall Street,
New York City.

SUBJECT: *CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.*

Nothing new to report. Operators 411 and special theatrical operator working on clews.

We are inclosing bill for $1,800 for services and expenses to date and would appreciate check.

CARMODY.

Hermitage Hotel, Times Square. New York City, July 18.

Mr. Al Evans,
Gleason & Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR AL:

This is getting more and more delirious, and now I don't know where I am; but I'll tell you what happened up to now, so you can see what I mean.

After I had that talk with Milton, I thought it over, and it dawned on me that he was playing me for a sucker; that he probably had Dixie hidden somewhere, and all this talk of detectives and suspecting Romano was a lot of baloney.

The more I thought of it, the madder I got. And yesterday I went down to his office and told him pretty. I says, "Where do you get that stuff?" I says. And he says, "What stuff?" And I says, "You know what stuff. If you think you can play me for a sucker, you're crazy." And he says, "Who's playing you for a sucker?" And I says, "You are." And he says, "Is that so?" And I says, "Yes, that's so. And I know you've got a lot of money, and you think you can get away with murder; but I'm going to find out just where you've got Dixie hidden, and," I says, "all that talk about this Costaraguan being mixed up in it is a lot of hooey too." And he says, "You're crazy."

And then he shows me a report on his desk from the Open-Eye Detective Agency saying they were still looking for clews, and he says: "You see, they're trying to find her and the Spaniard, and they haven't located either one. But they'll get them. These private detectives are smart."

And I says, "Any good stenographer can write a letter like that. You don't expect me to swallow that, do you?"

And I started to tell him again where he got off. And then who do you suppose comes busting into the office?

A tall, dark, skinny bird sputtering broken English. Milton sees him and starts to duck under the desk, and this guy, who is nobody else than Romano, which the detectives can't find, starts over the desk after him. And, boy! I never felt so neutral in all my life.

Well, finally the rumpus settled down so they could hear each other talk, and what do you suppose comes out? This Spaniard guy says he had Dixie in a car, and he had an accident, and when he looks around, Dixie's gone—kidnaped from him.

He says he didn't expect anything like that, but he's sure he knows who did it, and that guy is nobody else but my friend Milton. Milton keeps saying he doesn't know anything about it, and he keeps saying it so hard and so fast that Romano begins to believe him.

And just then a boy comes in with a note for Milton, and Milton says, "Wait a minute; maybe this is news." And he opens the note, and it is from the Open-Eye Detective Agency. It says: "Shadow still following Spanish subject. Have no clews. Am sending bill herewith."

And then Milton gets mad and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

Really

it's a different KIND of catsup!

Wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced!

OF course all catsups do not taste alike. For instance there is the flavor which a decidedly individual recipe imparts to Snider's.

This secret recipe, exclusively Snider's for the past forty years, owes its success not only to the careful blending of ingredients but just as much to the *mulling*.

The result is that Snider's, the mulled catsup, has an added zest. This condiment has been well called the wine of tomatoes gorgeously spiced—and indeed it has a "bouquet" all its own.

When it comes to catsup many people who apply intelligent choice to the foods they eat, specify "Snider's."

You will agree with them that Snider's is different

Snider's

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CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE
FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

THE ERA OF AEROTYPE IS HERE

Moon's Great Gift to Motordom

By STANLEY MOON

MOON brings the *Aerotype*. Moon brings one of the greatest engineering advances in a decade.

After years of hope and planning, and twenty months' intensive effort the *Aerotype* is here, a fact, an achievement, a triumph. Stylists, designers and engineers concede, "Moon's *Aerotype* is the one new and outstanding concept that 1928 has shown."

Moon-*Aerotype* (water-cooled) takes its design from the highest development in aircraft practice—a design that many predict will so affect the course of automobile manufacture that forecast is reduced to a certainty. The pendulum swings—*this is the Era of Aerotype.* High Compression Engine with *White Flash Head,* Anti-Knock construction with patented Dual Carburetion and Bohnalite steel-strut aluminum pistons. Ideas that helped carry Byrd on his memorable flight to the Pole, features that snapped Chamberlin across the Atlantic from Curtiss Field to Germany.

"What is it?" "What is *Aerotype?*" It's the "IT" of Motordom. It's power, pep, pick-up. It's what you've craved, it's everything a fine car ought to be. It's acceleration from five to fifty miles an hour in 13 seconds *by the watch.* It's speed. It's 80 miles an hour in the Moon *Eight*—72 in the *Six.* It is earmarked by its Franco-Italian body trend, styled by the reigning designer of Paris. It's the last word and the first. It's style. It's fashion. It's Fifth Avenue. It's an entire book summarized in a word—*Aerotype.*

Come, get in at the wheel and drive. Step on her—see her go—up to the peaks of thrill-packed performance—*and how!*

Stanley Moon

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SIX
"72"

MOON

WITH THE NEW FRENCH

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY,

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

begins to do some of the swellest swearing I ever heard. And then he pulls out the drawer of the desk and produces a bottle and three glasses, and we all have a drink and talk it over. Now it looks as if there must be a fourth guy that's stolen her.

Boy! I never saw anybody disappear like that girl. She's just like one of those Irish fairies you used to read about when we were kids—leprechauns, I think they call them. They're hard to get, and you got to watch 'em all the time, because the minute you take your eye off them they disappear.

And all the time we were talking, I kept looking at that fool motto over Milton's desk—"Cheer up! Remember Today Is the Tomorrow You Worried about Yesterday. Whoopee!"

DENNY.

THE OPEN-EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY
We Never Sleep
12 Exchange Place
New York City

July 19.

To: Mr. John J. Milton,
67 Wall St.,
New York City.

SUBJECT: *CONFIDENTIAL REPORT.*

Operators 411 and special theatrical operator are diligently pursuing clews. Think we have discovered new lead. No trace yet of Spanish subject, but shadows are busy. Could we have check?

CARMODY.

(Scene in the office of George Carmody of the Open-Eye Detective Agency, July 23)

SECRETARY: (*On phone.*) Well, what does he want to see him about? . . . Mr. Carmody never sees anyone without an appointment. . . . Who? . . . (*Covers transmitter with hand.*) Mr. Carmody, it's a reporter from the *Evening Tab*. He says he must see you right away.

CARMODY: Don't you know I always see reporters? Send him in.

SECRETARY: All right. Tell Mr. Doyle Mr. Carmody will see him. (JIMMY *enters. There is the usual exchange of greetings, and then*—)

CARMODY: Well, what can I do for a representative of the press?

JIMMY: It's like this. We got it you are working on this Dixie Dugan disappearance.

CARMODY: I couldn't say yes or no to that. We work on so many cases.

JIMMY: Well, as you know, we are pretty interested in this case—the paper, I mean—and I wanted to have a little heart-to-heart talk with you. You'd like to find her, wouldn't you?

CARMODY: Sure; but we'll find her. We never sleep.

JIMMY: Well, if we found her before you did, there wouldn't be much glory in it for you, would there?

CARMODY: My boy, we'll find her. Quick as anybody. Quicker, maybe. I don't mind telling you—in strict confidence, understand—I have three of our best men working on this night and day. (*Impressively.*) Night and day, mind you! We never sleep!

JIMMY: I heard you the first time. Listen, I have been handling this Dixie Dugan stuff for the *Evening Tab* since it broke. I'm writing her life's story, too, and I'm in a position to give you all the breaks, pictures, publicity, anything you want, provided you play ball. Is that clear?

CARMODY: (*Eagerly.*) Now you're talking. What do I do, pitch or catch?

JIMMY: Well, give me some facts first. Who's putting up the dough for these three sleepless wanderers of yours?

CARMODY: Jack Milton, the broker.

JIMMY: And you'd just as soon have him keep on putting up, wouldn't you, just so long as he finds her?

CARMODY: Well, that's rather a crude way of putting it, but I can't find any flaws in it.

JIMMY: All right. Then here's the racket. In the first place, I know where Dixie is.

CARMODY: (*Genuinely surprised.*) Thahellyasay! How do you know that?

JIMMY: Because I put her there.

CARMODY: You mean you kidnaped her?

JIMMY: Sure. And I want her to stay kidnaped until I get ready to spring her, and I want to spring her my own way. And I don't want any of your flat-footed sleepwalkers wandering in on this accidentally.

In other words, you come in on the party and I'll tell you where she is, and if I move her I'll keep you posted. Meanwhile, you can send all the reports you like to Milton—good ones: I'll help you write 'em.

We'll give him his money's worth. I'll put some literary invention in 'em. You know—instead of the usual dumb "Shadow follows subject," we'll just have that a part of the time, and the rest of the time we'll have "Subject following shadow." That'll be an innovation.

CARMODY: But where do I come in?

JIMMY: Well, when we get ready to spring her, you're going to find her, with my help, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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R AND FRENCH BODY

EIGHT
"80"

ufacturers of Sixes and Eights · ST. LOUIS

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

then you get yours from Milton, and the paper plays you up all over the first page, with close-ups of your eagle eye, and your rubber heels, and everything. What say? Why, you'll be made famous overnight.

CARMODY: That's K. O. with me.

JIMMY: All right. Now, the first thing we'll do is call in those three shadows—they're probably in that speakeasy around the corner there—and I'll take 'em up to Dixie's apartment and we'll introduce the shadows to the subject, and, in fact, I don't think it would be a bad idea to throw a party—we could write some reports for Milton between drinks. Besides, I've got to get some more material for the serial.

CARMODY: Say, that's all right about the girl, but what about this Costaraguan? We're following him too, for Milton.

JIMMY: Don't you know where he is?

CARMODY: (*Defensively.*) Well, we've got clews.

JIMMY: That's bad. Now, if you just had something important. Why the devil didn't I kidnap him too, while I was at it? It would be just like him to stumble in on this and bust it all up.

TELEPHONE: Br-r-r-r-r-ng!

CARMODY: Yes. . . . Hello. . . . This is Carmody. . . . What? . . . Well, hold him there! . . . What? . . . What? . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Don't tell me that. . . . Oh, my God! (*Hangs up.*)

JIMMY: What is it?

CARMODY: Milton's office—the Costaraguan just left there. Milton told him about my having him shadowed, and he went out with blood in his eye. Said he'd kill 'em—my best detectives, too. (*Sadly.*) My God, I bet he finds them!

JIMMY: Aw, you can get some more detectives.

CARMODY: Yeh, but these boys owe the office a lot—they're away overdrawn on salary and expenses. It'd just be my luck to have 'em bumped off owing me a lot of money.

JIMMY: I got it! Why don't you keep 'em right on the case? In that way they'll never find him—or he them, either.

CARMODY: Not a bad idea!

One hour later. Same scene.

TELEPHONE: Br-r-r-r-ng!

CARMODY: Hello, who is it?

VOICE: This is Jimmy Doyle. What the hell do you mean by double-crossing me?

CARMODY: What are you talking about?

VOICE: Dixie. Where did those flat-footed sleepwalkers of yours take her?

CARMODY: Why, nowhere! They're right here in the office now. They ain't been out all day.

VOICE: Oh, my God! Then where is she?

CARMODY: Where is who?

VOICE: Why, Dixie Dugan, of course.

CARMODY: Well, how should I know? (*Struggling for something to say.*) Isn't she there?

VOICE: Hell, no! She's gone. Vanished! Not a trace to be found anywhere.

CARMODY: (*Wailing.*) Now we got to go and hunt for her all over again!

Now whadayaspose has happened to Dixie? Denny don't know, nor Jack, nor Never-Sleep, nor Jimmy. We don't either; but the next installment ought to give us a clew. Watch for it.

ONE of Jimmy's first jobs as my abductor was to buy me some clothes. You should see what he bought!

LONG DISTANCE

Being the Jenkinses' Telephone Duet

The Thrilling End to a Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

SPLURGING with a red-and-gold loge chair, Sandy was enjoying a vaudeville show in Chicago!

"Please quit kickin' my chair!" whispered a fat gentleman with a crackling shirt front. And he peevishly about-faced to glare at Sandy.

This show, costing him one dollar and ten cents, had many free audience side shows of its own: Happy lovers, romantically supporting each others' heads; popping candy machines on chair backs; ushers' snappy "clear-the-aisle" intonations; whispered curses due to fluffy-furred feminine bulks squeezing past aisle-seat victims; and, every so often, Sandy's merry "Ha-ha-ha!" at jokes which had tickled the rest of the audience five minutes before!

Between acts he squinted at his watch. He was really killing time. It had been a day of days—not only for his disposition, but also for his bank account: He had signed the contract for his firm to exclusively supply John Henry, the Leather King, with trucks! And his own commission, figured and refigured since morning, made him dizzy. He had jotted it down on menus, on the back of his favorite weekly, and even on the dusty fender of a car at the curb before his hotel!

It had been a thrilling *coup de business* for such a young man. But the climax of the clever (?) deal would not be capped until he told his wife.

That is why he kept peeping at his watch, anxiously awaiting midnight, with its cheap long-distance telephone rates!

"Did you like the show?" a pick-me-up voice asked.

"What?" Sandy stared at a smiling painted face with its array of gold fillings. "I'm hard of hearing." And he made an impromptu ear trumpet out of his program.

Not being hipped upon falling for a deaf man, no matter how sheiky, the dolled-up young thing disappeared in the crowd.

The mystic hour—midnight!

Back in his hotel room, Sandy put in a person-to-person long-distance call to Lil!

"Mrs. Jenkins speaking."

"Hello, dear. It's Sandy!"

"Oh, I've so much to tell you," Lil said. "But it would cost too much. How much does it cost for three minutes? I'll be brokenhearted if you don't come home for Sunday: I don't dare draw any checks, but thanks for the money orders you sent me. Twinkie caught one of the goldfish! And she hid it under the bureau. A tramp got into the hall and knocked at the door. Lucky for me you'd mended the door chain. Oh, and hurry home: The radio battery—"

"Give me a chance, dear," Sandy said meekly. "The time's nearly up. I pushed through the contract—tough for most men, but a cinch for yours truly. John Henry was like a lamb bein' led to the slaughter. I missed the train home, but I'm takin' the early one tomorrow A. M. Goodby, dear, and dontforgetyour Sandylovesyou!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

As Seen by His Child

Recently, while doing some survey work, I walked through a field up to a farmhouse, and a bright-looking pair of little boys came out to where I was. After asking their names and ages, I asked the older boy what his father did, and he replied in a solemn voice:

"He chews tobacco and snuffs and whips us most of the time and the rest of the time he hauls brick."—John H. Steward, 1024 N. Tyler St., Little Rock, Ark.

A Remedy Was Near

Thomas was fond of perfume, especially that of a guest in the home. His mother had told him never to ask for any. Sunday morning, after being bathed and dressed for Sunday school, he went to the guest's room.

"Oh, how sweet and clean you look!" she said.

"Yes," replied Thomas, "but I smell like a dog."—Mrs. E. P. Petticrew, 808 Northumberland Ave., Virginia Heights, Roanoke, Va.

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

Frank Luke's Last Fight—What Witnesses Saw of a Hero's Thrilling End

By

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 17 minutes 12 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Ordered under arrest for recurrent infractions of army rules, Frank Luke, Jr., staged his last great aërial show on September 29, 1918. Three enemy balloons went down in flames before a German bullet ended his brief career as America's most spectacular ace.]

PART ELEVEN (CONCLUSION)

MISSING in action!

Among the direful destinations to which a soldier marches, count that the least to be desired. If he is killed, he is killed, and that's an end to it. Those who loved him can do their weeping and go about the business of finding solace gracefully. Wounds speed a bath, a shave, and a bed to sleep in. But to be "missing in action" is to inhabit the limbo of war.

He may be on the barbed wire, crucified by the stuff with which men in peacetime safeguard cattle and crops. He may be wallowing in a shell hole, whining curses at shrapnel that only shattered his legs. He may be in the hands of the enemy, who may be a magnanimous enemy—and who may not!

He came back over Murvaux and killed six Germans. Frank Luke, pilot of the plane, is shown below.

Picture by Clayton Knight

Wherever he is, he is dead for the missing-in-action period; of the grave, yet lacking the cold, gray dignity of a corpse. The counted dead can be buried, the known wounded can be healed—or numbered with the other dead—but a missing in action can have none of these services.

Hope springs eternal — in the breasts of mothers 6,000 miles from the battle line and group commanders who need pilots for tomorrow's dawn patrol. Not until the last will they consider him a victim of the fate he is most apt to have encountered—death!

For three months Frank Luke was carried on the rolls as "missing in action."

During the night of September 29, Luke's home field at Rembercourt was marked by the firing of rockets and signal pistols. By noon of September 30, American Balloon Headquarters had confirmed his three victories, but there was no word of Frank.

ONE of the barbed courtesies of air combat was the custom of dropping a note within the enemy's lines, informing him of the fate of a noteworthy flier. Although there were many cases wherein this service was not rendered, it is entirely possible that Luke's death was not so reported because he did not fall as a result of battle between fighting planes.

As time passed and no word of his arrival in a German prison camp came from the various agencies, official and underground, through which such news traveled, his squadron came reluctantly to regard him as dead.

The Armistice came; the world got drunk, boasted about its hangover, and went back to work. The armies retired to the nameless

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Seventy-one

places where disbanded armies go. New quarrels arose to obliterate the old. And still Frank Luke was missing in action.

Not until January 3, 1919, when the following letter was written, did the American military authorities have definite word of his death:

FROM: Graves Registration Officer, Neufchâteau Area No. 1.

TO: Chief of Air Service, A. P. O. [American Post Office] 717.

SUBJECT: Grave, unknown American aviator.

1. Units of this service have located the grave of an unknown aviator killed on Sunday, September 29, 1918, in the village of Murvaux.

2. From the inspection of the grave and interview held with the inhabitants of this town, the following information was learned in regard to this aviator and his heroism. He is reported as having light hair, young, of medium height, and of heavy stature.

3. Reported by the inhabitants that previous to being killed this man had brought down three German balloons, two German planes, and dropped hand bombs, killing eleven German soldiers and wounding a number of others.

4. He was wounded himself in the shoulder and evidently had to make a forced landing. Upon landing he opened fire with his automatic and fought until he was killed.

5. It is also reported that the Germans took his shoes, leggings, and money, leaving his grave unmarked.

CHESTER E. STATEN,
Captain of Infantry,
G. R. S. Officer.

Lieutenant B. Mangels, whose anti-aircraft guns brought Luke down.

ALTHOUGH everyone at air headquarters believed this to be Luke's grave, General Pershing personally ordered a General Headquarters staff officer to make an investigation. The Distinguished Service Cross, issued primarily on Captain Grant's recommendation, already awaited Luke, and the Italians desired to confer upon him the Groce di Guerra. The bronze for his chest was accumulating.

The staff officer's report reads:

UNIDENTIFIED AVIATOR

1. This officer was killed at Murvaux (five kilometers east of Dun-sur-Meuse) on Sunday, September 29, 1918. The Germans stripped him of all identifications, but Captain McCormick of the Three Hundred and First Unit, Graves Registration, stationed at Fontaine near Murvaux, stated concerning the death of this aviator, that he exhumed the body, that it was a man of medium height, heavy set, and with light hair. On his wrist he found an Elgin watch No. 20225566, which was under the sleeve of his combination and which the Germans had evidently missed. . . .

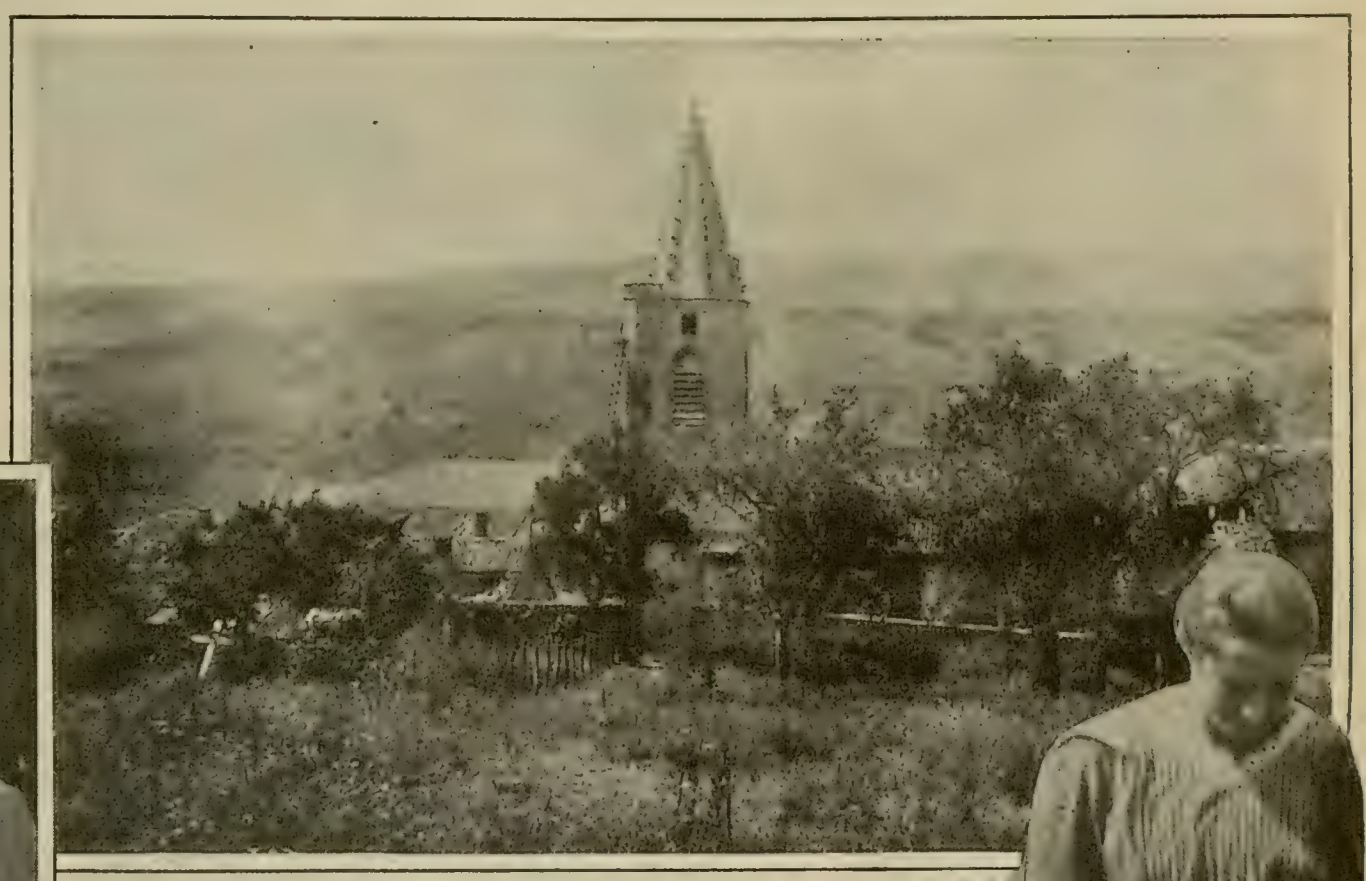
4. The description of this aviator by Captain McCormick, and the fact that Lieutenant Luke dropped a note to a balloon company that day stating that he was going to shoot down the balloons which were shot down, make it almost certain that this officer was Second Lieutenant Frank Luke, Air Service, whose nearest relative is Frank Luke, 2200 West Monroe Street, Phœnix, Arizona.

5. If the Air Service wishes to check this case it is suggested that a representative of the Air Service be sent to Murvaux and obtain sworn statements from the French people of that village.

Officers of the Rembercourt Field went to Murvaux, a scant two hours' ride by motor car, and obtained the following sworn statement from some of the citizens of that village:

AFFIDAVIT

The undersigned, living in the town of Murvaux, Department of the Meuse, certify to have seen on the twenty-ninth day of September, 1918, toward evening, an American aviator, followed by an escadrille of Germans, in the direction of Liny, near Dun (Meuse), descend suddenly and vertically toward the earth, then straighten out close to the ground and fly in the direction of the Brière Farm, near Doulcon, where he found a captive balloon,



The cross marks Luke's original grave at Murvaux. His body now rests in the American Military Cemetery at Romagne.

With other inhabitants of Murvaux, this woman helped bury the "Balloon Buster."

which he burned. Following this he flew toward Milly (Meuse), where he found another balloon, which he also burned, in spite of an incessant fire directed against his machine.

There he was apparently wounded by a shot fired from rapid-fire cannon. From there he came back over Murvaux, and with his machine gun killed six German soldiers and wounded many more.

Following this he landed and got out of his machine, undoubtedly to quench his thirst at a near-by stream. He had gone some fifty yards, when, seeing the Germans come toward him, he still had strength to draw his revolver to defend himself, and a moment after fell dead, following a serious wound received in the chest.

Certify equally to having seen the German commandant of the village refuse to have straw placed in the cart carrying the dead aviator to the village cemetery. This same officer drove away some women bringing a sheet to serve as a shroud for the hero, and said, kicking the body:

"Get that out of my way as quickly as possible."

The next day the Germans took away the airplane, and the inhabitants also saw another American aviator fly very low over the town, apparently looking for the disappeared aviator.

Signatures of the following inhabitants:

Perton
Rene Colin
Auguste Cuny
Henry Gustave
Eugene Coline
Odile Patouche
Richard Victor
Leon Henry
Cortlae Delbart
Gabriel Didier
Camille Phillipe
Voliner Nicholas
Valentine Garre
Gustave Garre

The undersigned themselves placed the body of the aviator on the wagon and conducted it to the cemetery:

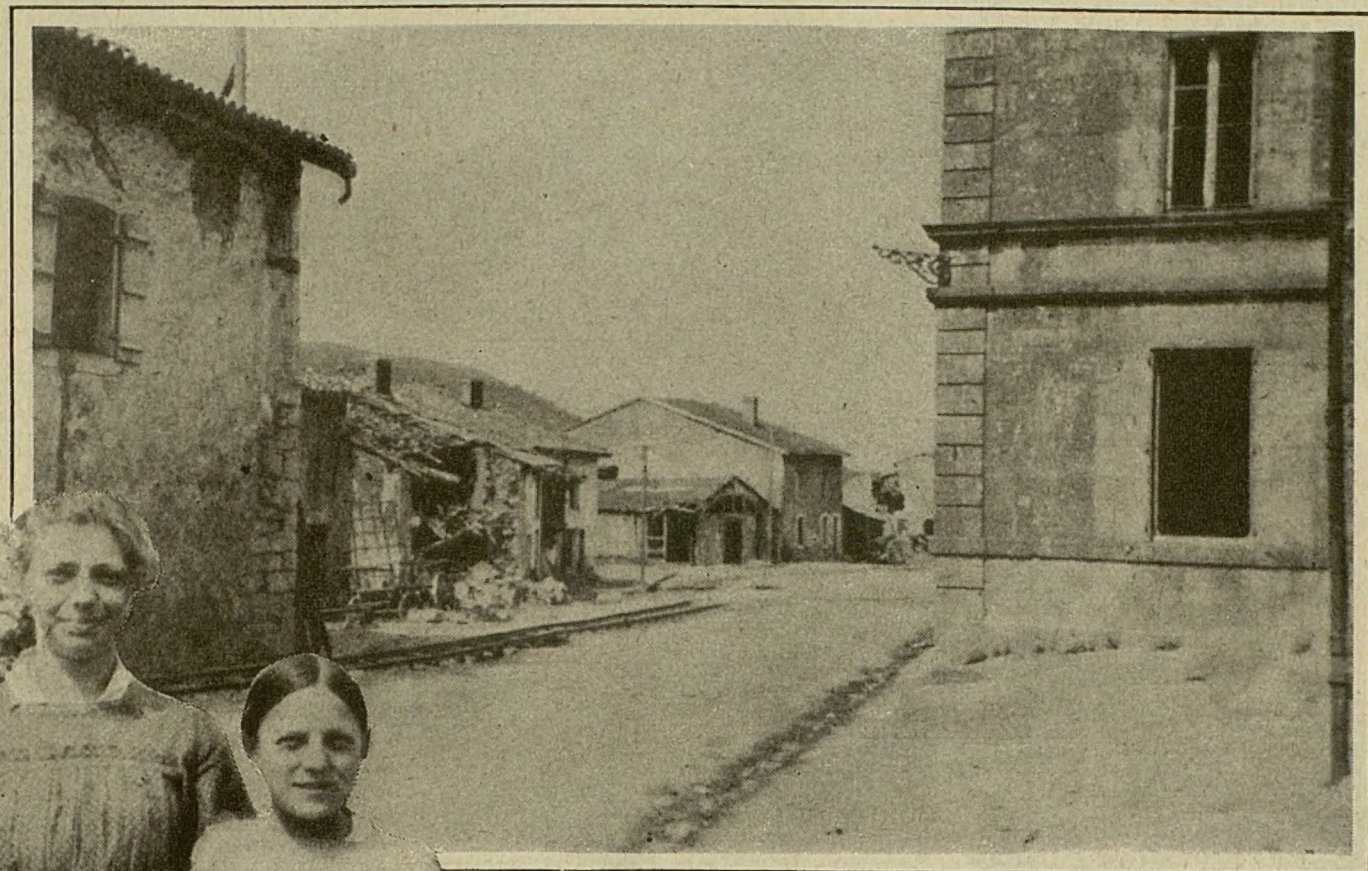
Cortlae Delbart, Voliner Nicholas

Seen for legalization of signatures placed above:

The Mayor, AUGUST GARRE,

Murvaux, Jan. 15, 1919.

[Seal of Murvaux]



A street in Murvaux, scene of Luke's last "kill," before he was shot to death by German soldiers.

This trio, fired with admiration of Luke's valor in face of great odds, cared for his grave.

THE German version of Luke's death, never before published, is almost identical with the French.

Lieutenant B. Mangels, now residing in Münster, who commanded the balloon company controlling the last two drachens Luke vanquished, directed the machine-gun fire that gave Frank his death wound.

For some time there was a controversy between Lieutenant Mangels and Lieutenant G. Roesch, who commanded an anti-aircraft battery near the balloon; but Roesch has admitted that it was Mangels' machine gunners who brought the Balloon Buster down.

On September 29, one of Lieutenant Mangels' balloons was aloft northwest of Murvaux on the western slope of the Côte St. Germain. This was balloon Number Thirty-five of the Fifth German Army. A short distance away, over Briere Farm, hung balloon Number Sixty-four—the second bag Luke shot down on his last flight.

As Frank's plane dived for the third sausage, Mangels, who was on ground duty, personally directed a concentrated machine-gun fire against the Arizonan's plane and is certain he registered on the pilot's body.

Learning, a few minutes later, that Luke had crashed beyond Murvaux, Mangels hurried to the scene, but found Luke dead when he arrived. Mangels, the first officer to arrive, was able to identify the body as Luke's through an English citation, the finding of which he describes:

> In his pockets we found a letter of appreciation from English Headquarters testifying that he had shot down nine balloons recently. Unfortunately, the great responsibility which weighed upon me in those days as the leader of a balloon company made it impossible for me to attend his funeral. His insignia I took and kept in remembrance of this great and fearless sportsman. He was a man of dazzling courage, one of the bravest we fought in the war.

WHEN Captain Grant learned the details of Luke's last fight and his pistol battle with the enemy, he went immediately to Major Hartney.

"Luke ought to have the Congressional Medal of Honor," he told the Group Commander.

Grant was opposed to Luke's conduct from the standpoint of discipline, but he was the first to urge America's highest award for bravery for the flier he had ordered under arrest.

Of 1,390,000 American soldiers, sailors, and marines who actually saw battle service in France, but ninety received the Congressional Medal, and Frank Luke was the only army aviator so honored!

Sixteen British army airmen received the coveted Victoria Cross, and France has even been criticized for her lavish bestowal of the Legion of Honor. There is scarcely an aviator who saw air-battle service under the French who does not wear the red ribbon of the Legion.

The very requirements necessary for eligibility to the Congressional Medal—namely: "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty"—make it almost impossible for a pilot to win the decoration. Air combat, bombing operations, balloon strafing are a fighting pilot's allotted tasks, and the Congressional Medal is only for those capable of greater achievements.

Despite the exacting qualifications required of those who would be numbered among America's superheroes, there could be no doubt of Frank's eligibility after the story told by the peasants of Murvaux became known.

IN due course, the medal was presented to Frank's father with this citation:

> For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Murvaux, France, September 29, 1918. After having previously destroyed a number of enemy aircraft within seventeen days, he voluntarily started on a patrol after German observation balloons.
>
> Though pursued by eight German planes, which were protecting the enemy balloon line, he unhesitatingly attacked and shot down in flames three German balloons, being himself under heavy fire from ground batteries and the hostile planes. Severely wounded, he descended to within fifty meters of the ground and,

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

flying at this low altitude near the town of Murvaux, opened fire upon enemy troops, killing six and wounding as many more. Forced to make a landing and surrounded on all sides by the enemy, who called upon him to surrender, he drew his automatic pistol and defended himself gallantly until he fell dead from a wound in the chest.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

" The German commander said, kicking the body: ' Get that out of my way as quickly as possible.' "
From a sworn statement by inhabitants of Murvaux regarding Frank Luke's death.

There's a patron saint for you, you grinning young hellions upon whose youthful shoulders the rod of wartime discipline fell heavily! Glory in him, you easy-going buckaroos who sang unprintable songs while you thumbed your noses at the martinet's idol, Discipline! Glory in him — Frank Luke — the only man in the annals of the nation who ever won its greatest honor while under military arrest!

In addition to the Medal of Honor, there were the Distinguished Service Cross, the Italian War Cross, the Aëro Club Medal for Bravery, and the Margarita Fisher Gold Medal for the first Rockwell Field pilot to conquer an enemy in the air.

The Distinguished Service Cross with oak-leaf cluster, equivalent to two citations, was awarded for his earlier victories. The citation reads:

For extraordinary heroism in action near St. Mihiel, France, September 12-15, 1918. By skill, determination, and bravery, and in the face of heavy enemy fire, he successfully destroyed eight enemy observation balloons in four days. He is also awarded an oak-leaf cluster for the following act of extraordinary heroism near Etain, France, September 18, 1918:

Immediately after destroying two enemy observation balloons he was attacked by a large formation of German planes (type Fokker). He turned to attack two which were directly behind him and shot them down. Sighting an enemy plane (biplane), although his gasoline was nearly gone, he attacked and destroyed this machine also.

He had won bronze for his chest, even beyond his dreams!

There were other honors. As a further token of its appreciation, the United States Government named its Hawaiian flying field Luke Field, and a new athletic stadium in Phœnix will have a memorial arch dedicated to him.

That is how he is regarded in Arizona, indeed the entire Southwest—one of the mighty. Nor is he held in this high regard only by the younger generation. The old-timers—there are a few of them left down there—are proud of him, too.

Let me instance that by quoting Scott White.

Scott White, now the superintendent of the Arizona Penitentiary at Florence, is the type of old-timer who might have walked out of the pages of your favorite " Western."

HE'S white-haired now, but his eyes are sharp. Scott White served his apprenticeship as a peace officer as Sheriff of Cochise County when that county was hell-roaring country. In his day, Tombstone was tough and raucously proud of it. He helped " gentle " it so it stands without hitching—most of the time. I asked him what he thought of Frank Luke, and he stared at me vacantly, looking through and beyond me down the years to other fighters he had known. He spoke slowly.

" I guess," he said, " he was the gamest human I ever met. It's too bad we can't keep his kind."

Frank Luke had to go!

This plodding world of ours wasn't geared sufficiently high for him. Our wide spaces were too narrow, our precarious places too secure. He required the limitless paths of the stars, the breath-taking moments that come when death rides out, flanked by danger and disaster, and most men cower. Think of men concerned about the morning train to the office, worried over a change in the weather, or perturbed because of dollars they will never touch. Then think of Frank Luke.

You see? His kind has to go. We little people are in the majority, and the speed of things must be regulated to our needs.

FRANK LUKE couldn't find the even tempo of minor men. His was the quick-step of a regiment hurrying to bolster a sagging line. The pace of his horse was the clattering gallop of a needed battery changing ground. His pattern of life altered as swiftly as the ground under the Spad beside which he died.

That's about all there is to tell. No, there is this:

Frank Luke's father and I stood on the balcony of the Arizona Club in Phœnix, looking off across the twilight-shadowed Salt River Valley to the desert beyond, and the challenging buttes of the Superstition Mountains beyond that.

We had put in the day talking of his son, stirring old letters, touching reverently the things Frank had touched. Until then I had regarded Lieutenant Frank Luke, Jr., as a figure austere, aloof—as most of us regard people history has marked.

" You were willing to have Frank's body remain in France? " I asked.

" Yes," Frank's father said. " You see, when they took him to Romagne where those thousands of other boys are, it seemed right to leave him there. He would have wanted it, I know that, and I wanted to do the thing that would have pleased him most. But sometimes, when I'm alone and get to going over the old days, I wish—I can't help wanting—"

His voice broke, steadied, and he concluded:

" He was such a darn lively kid! "

THE END

for 1928 Oh Henry! Advertising as it appears in LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

OH HENRY! home-made candy recognizes the superior quality of LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing—and for 1928, LIBERTY heads the list of magazines being used by this advertiser.

LIBERTY'S sincerity in four-color reproduction retains *all* the attraction-value of the original paintings and products. This, plus its 100% reader circulation, accounts for LIBERTY'S dominant lead in results as a medium for four-color advertising.

The advertiser's plates from the original Oh Henry! ad in the January 21st LIBERTY were used for this reprint. The paper is identical. LIBERTY uses an exclusively-made *58 pound cover stock* for all four-color advertising—eleven pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper does make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

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Oh Henry!
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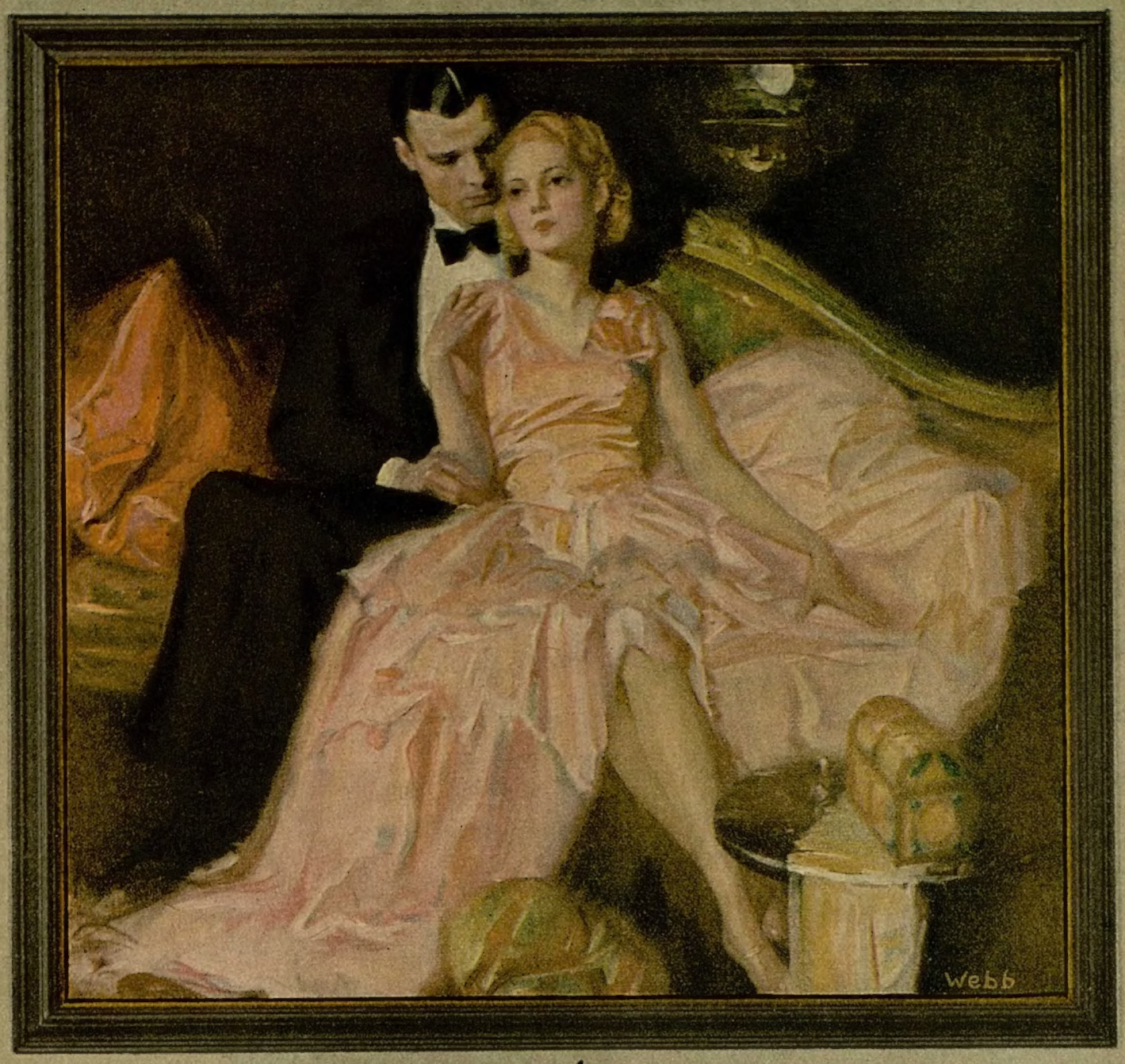

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1 *for Sports Wear*
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The well dressed man of today is a man of many changes. He changes his suits, his ties —and his BELT SETS. Today the "one Belt man" is about as up-to-date as the one-cylinder car. Hickok has made it possible for Belts to keep in step with the other articles of wearing apparel . . . At your Haberdasher's or Department Store you will find a Hickok Set for any type of dress or occasion.

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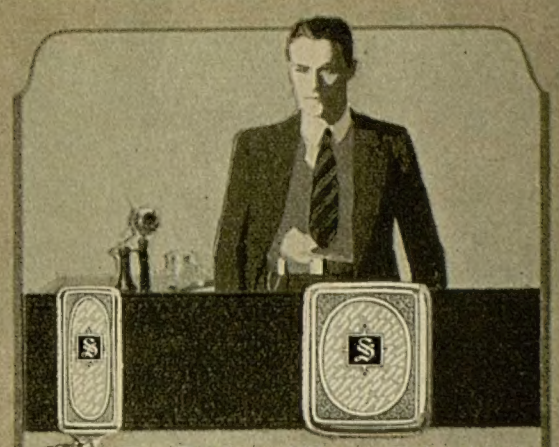
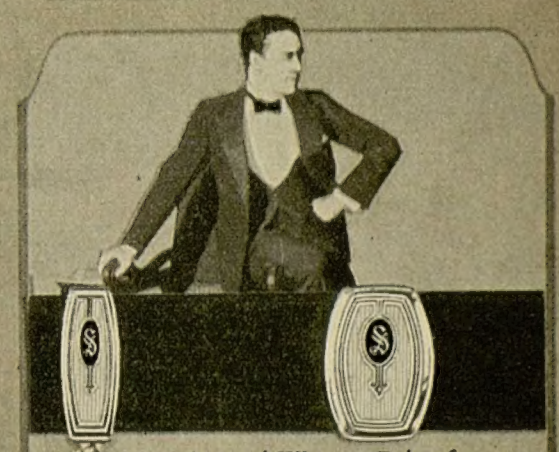
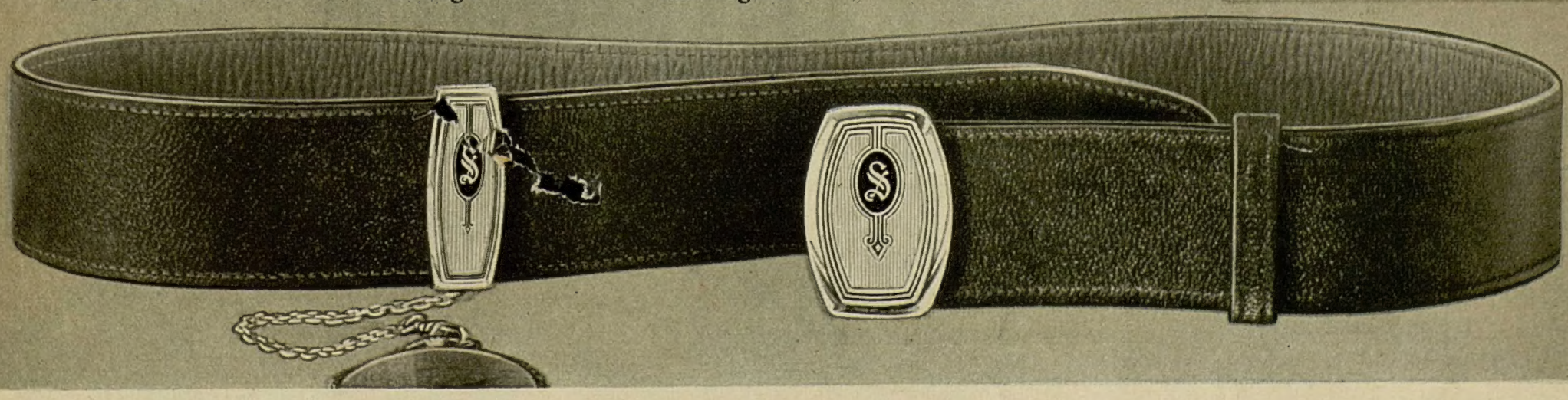
Belt and Buckle $2.50



For Business Wear—*Belt of full grain hand boarded calfskin with full grain suede cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate.* $5.00
Belt & Buckle $3.50. *Set complete*

For Sports Wear—*Belt of full grain cocoa brown cowhide with darker moire stripe. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate with Bronze stripe.* $3.00
Belt and Buckle $2. *Set complete*



For Formal Wear—*Belt of genuine pin seal with calfskin lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver beautifully engraved. Set complete . .* $7.50
Belt and Buckle $5.50